



FIELD AND STAFF.

Lt. Col. Wm. H. Seward, Jr.

Chaplain Warham Mudge.

Major E. P. Taft.

Surgeon S. A. Sabin.

Colonel Joseph Welling.

Q. M. H. P. Knowles.

Asst. Surgeon D. S. Chamberlain.

THE
NINTH NEW YORK
HEAVY ARTILLERY.

A HISTORY OF ITS ORGANIZATION, SERVICES IN THE DEFENSES
OF WASHINGTON, MARCHES, CAMPS, BATTLES, AND MUS-
TER-OUT, WITH ACCOUNTS OF LIFE IN A REBEL PRIS-
ON, PERSONAL EXPERIENCES, NAMES AND AD-
DRESSES OF SURVIVING MEMBERS, PER-
SONAL SKETCHES, AND A COM-
PLETE ROSTER OF THE
REGIMENT.

BY
ALFRED SEELYE ROE
of Company A.

" For freedom's battle, once begun,
Bequeathed by bleeding sire to son,
Though baffled oft, is ever won."
—Byron.

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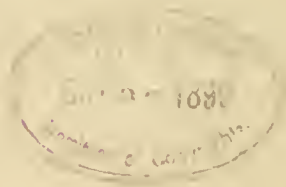


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PREFACE.

This book is in no way a history of the Rebellion. Not the slightest effort has been made to generalize, but throughout, the story is confined to the career of one regiment of soldiers. During the war more than 2,000 similar organizations did similar service, but what our regiment did, what our boys suffered, where they went, what they saw,—all these items make up the matter of this compilation, for such it is in the most thorough acceptance of the word.

General Sherman said that no two men ever saw the same battle in the same light; that their stories, both true, would differ in essential features; granting this to be so, how much more diverse must be the recitals of the nearly 3,000 men who constitute the vast aggregate of the Ninth? While the infantry regiment, as a rule, was kept together and moved compactly, our body was divided into three battalions, and these again were subdivided, oftentimes, into more parts than companies, till we had squads scattered seemingly over a large part of the District of Columbia. Even when our departure from the defenses came, and for a few days we marched together, we were soon separated, and an observer for each division was desirable. Under such circumstances it became necessary to call on all surviving members of the regiment for such data as they might possess. Many responded nobly. Some who promised much, failed to send anything. However, those who did comply sent enough to occupy the possible time of nearly four years in reading and copying.

Along with these letters, written home in war-times, and the daily record so carefully kept at the time, and preserved since, access should have been had to the regimental and company books, along with the pay-rolls now in the keeping of the War Department in Washington. Some organizations did not comply with the demands of the government at the end of the war, and retained their documents, to this day open to any one caring to read; but the great majority of the regiments obediently

turned in their books, and now when they humbly ask the privilege of referring to the record that they themselves made, they are told that the books are too precious for ordinary eyes, and moreover the custodians say they will not even answer questions. They tell us that transcripts have been sent, in our case, to Albany, and that there these records are accessible; but these same transcriptions are full of errors, which might be obviated by comparison with the Washington data, but we are refused the opportunity. That these Washington records might be examined, a request was forwarded to the secretary of war, endorsed by General William H. Seward, Colonel Anson S. Wood, at the time commander of the New York department of the Grand Army of the Republic, and by the Hon. Sereno E. Payne, member of Congress from the 28th District, and also by Governor Roger Wolcott of Massachusetts. To this seemingly reasonable request came the reply that the books referred to are in the custody of the office, but they can not be consulted for historical purposes, nor can access to the records be given to persons not officially connected with the department. A very long letter accompanied the refusal, which at the best is only a dog-in-the-manger proposition. At once the query rises, "Why are men who have reason to be interested in this record thus refused?" There is no good answer, but it has been surmised that the department contemplates a continuation of the Rebellion Record, already printed at an expense of two and one-half millions of dollars, picking out what may be supposed to interest the public. Then there is a possibility that they will be kept sealed, till the men most interested in them have passed away; they will become fair fields for the discoverers and explorers of the next century to roam through. Colonel Ainsworth, the officer in charge of the archives, has intimated that such publication, as indicated above, may come some day, but it will be like the Revolutionary rolls now issuing from the state of Massachusetts years after those who made the record have ceased to care. An extract from the letter written by the acting secretary of war to the Hon. Mr. Payne follows:

It is proper to remark, further, that there is no necessity that Mr. Roe should have access to the records on file here for the purpose described in the communication of Mr. Kenyon, which accompanied your letter. A complete record of all the officers and men of the 9th New York Artillery, as shown by the rolls

on file in this department, was furnished to the adjutant general of the state of New York in 1888, and it is understood that that official has already published, or is about to publish, the record of the regiment. At any rate, nothing additional can be obtained from the rolls on file here.

And there is no necessity that he should have access to the regimental books "so as to note the different orders issued covering the movements of the regiment." Such movements can not be ascertained with any degree of accuracy from those books; but all the important operations in which any regiment was engaged can be readily ascertained by consulting the volumes of the Rebellion Records, which have been published and widely distributed by this department.

To the foregoing I make this reply, that it is just the matter not deemed of sufficient importance to be printed that the regimental history needs. The world is not concerned about the 9th New York Heavy Artillery in the '64. The general history of the war, with its great leaders and battles, gives what the reading world desires; we wish to know what the individual accomplished. The history of a regiment becomes to that of the war what a local history is to that of the country. The people of the section from which the regiment was raised are interested in what their friends did, and it is for the compiler of the narrative to judge what will entertain them; he is better qualified to decide than a man though high in office, to whom the whole collection in his bureau is just an array of facts and nothing more. It is to be hoped that this unfair condition, at no distant day, though too late to be of service to us, will cease to exist, and the men whose deeds are recorded there may, with their mortal eyes, have the privilege of looking upon the papers. A campaign to this effect should be inaugurated.

Without the co-operation of many this history had been an impossibility. Fortunately, there was a long list of whole-souled, devoted men who said, "Go in and give the project a start, and we will back you up." To all such my thanks are due, and they are hereby rendered. An enumeration of all those thus connected would be difficult, but I must name General William H. Seward, who has helped in many ways from the start; Colonels Anson S. Wood, William Wood, and S. B. Lamoreaux, who by recollection, correction and suggestion have speeded the task; Major Chauncey Fish, whose untiring zeal has been an inspiration; Major George W. Brinkerhoff, Captains J. H. Hyde,

F. A. Sinclair, and S. A. Howe, whose readiness to respond to questions has been exceedingly helpful; Adjutant V. A. Kenyon for invaluable suggestions and data; Lieutenants S. F. Harris, E. L. Huntington, and J. D. Knapp, who furnished valuable data from their diaries; G. H. Alpeter, John Colligan, J. H. De Voe, W. G. Duckett, E. P. Dunning, C. A. Ford, O. J. Frost, H. P. Howard, S. E. Hurtubise, A. K. Long, Charles McDowell, J. H. Marvin, R. Morehouse, F. N. Parish, L. B. Rice, Steph. Reeves, C. L. Shergur, A. E. Stacey, Frank Tallman, F. A. Tallman, all of whom by diaries, letters, or memory supplied much of the matter herein recorded; the families of Surgeon S. A. Sabin, Captain P. R. Freeoff, Chaplain Warham Mudge, Lieutenant B. J. Yard, Sergeant N. G. York, Sergeant H. K. Austin, and Walter Deuel, for painstaking compilations and answers to questions; outside of the regiment and its immediate connections thanks are hereby tendered to Captain George E. Davis of the 10th Vermont for valuable suggestions; to Chaplain E. M. Haynes of the same regiment for the use of maps of Winchester and Cedar Creek battlefields; to Major E. Y. Goldsborough of Frederick, Md., for assistance; to Colonel Frederick Phisterer, assistant adjutant general of New York, with Mr. W. A. Saxton of his staff for most courteous and cordial attention and aid, and, finally, my obligations are acknowledged to Colonel John D. Billings of Cambridge, Mass., author of "Hardtack and Coffee," for the use of numerous cuts from that valuable publication.

Anticipating the criticism of some that no set rule has been followed in the size of portraits, I would state that the rule of necessity has been the only one heeded. Where a cut was already in existence, as those of myself and sundry others, the same has been used. Where new ones were made, only the best results possible were desired. A later portrait of Colonel Snyder was diligently but unsuccessfully sought. Should one ever be obtained I pledge myself to send an engraved copy to every purchaser of this book.

Comrades! The History, such as it is, is now yours. Its preparation has taken the time of nearly five years. I am not sorry that I have done the work, but I would not undertake such a task again. Read it carefully and, if it pleases you, give me the benefit of your approbation. If you find faults, as you must inevitably, criticise as sparingly as possible, remembering that

I have written with no axe to grind, no debts to pay, with no malice to satisfy, having one object only, viz., the perpetuation of the memory of our regiment, the 9th New York Heavy Artillery.

ALFRED S. ROE.

Worcester, Mass., September, 1899.

CORRECTIONS.

- Page 58, 19th line, Surgeon Dwight S., not D. W. Chamberlain.
Page 76, 2d line, for Frank W., read Frank A. Sinclair.
Page 79, 5th line, read Ninth, not North.
Page 120, 23d line, Colonel Tompkins, not Thompson.
Page 124, 1st line, for Colonel Harvey, read Henry.
Page 129, 2d line, R., not R. E. Burton.
Page 248, 1st line, Andrew S., not John S. Hall.
Page 320, Lieutenant Burton did not escape.
Page 459, C. W. Blanchard enlisted in 1863.

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NINTH NEW YORK HEAVY ARTILLERY.

CHAPTER I.

SECOND CAYUGA AND WAYNE REGIMENT.

What happy fate was it that associated these two melodiously named counties in the 25th Senatorial District, and thus made them parents of two as devoted organizations as from 1861 to 1865 went forth from the Empire State? Of the sixty-one names that make up the county appellations of New York we, who were fortunate enough to have lived among the drift hills and in the fertile valleys of this part of the state, count Cayuga and Wayne, if not the most beautiful, at least as lovely as any of the list which, from Albany to Yates, we were wont to repeat concertedly in our schoolboy days.

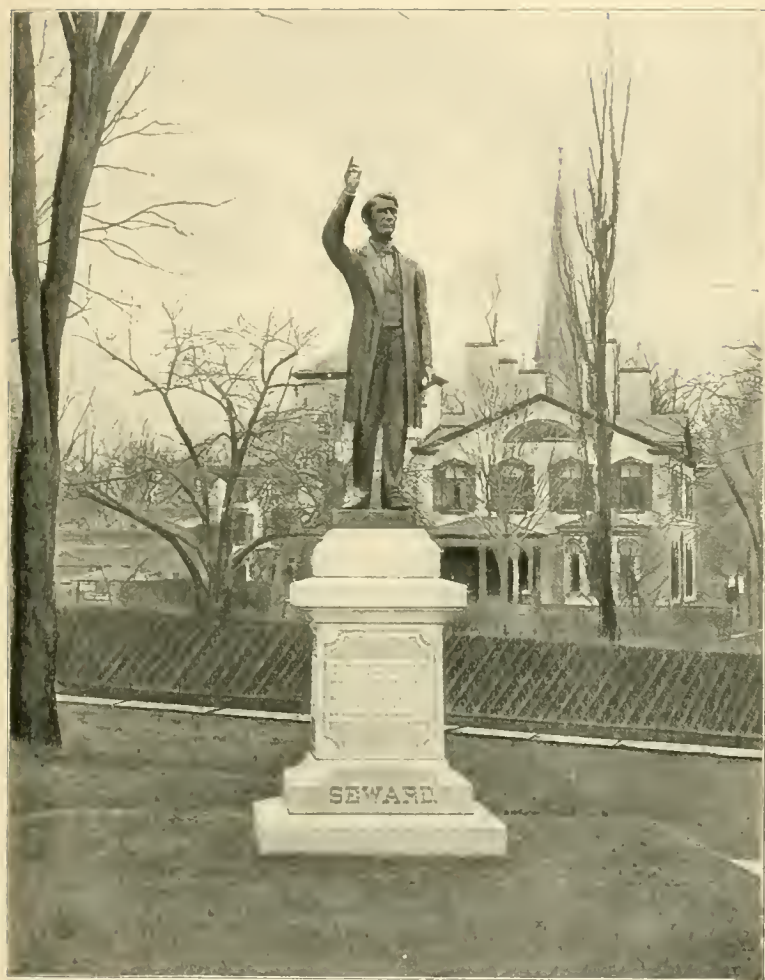
The first word recalls the lake of the same name—Auburn, ever loveliest village of the plain; the Indians whose tribal appellation was taken for that of the county, and above all the chief of the same tribe, whose melancholy epitaph every one who has visited Fort Hill cemetery readily calls to mind. "Who is there left to mourn for Logan?" hallows all the surroundings; the second name, covering territory once a part of the first, reminds us of that brave Revolutionary soldier who proclaimed himself ready to storm h—l if Washington would but plan the attack. From Stony Point to his final resting-place on the shores of Erie, was a weary march for Mad Anthony Wayne, but those who live under the sound of his great name falter not in their admiration for his vigor and courage.

To these regions came, after the Revolution, people of kindred birth and rearing, and for a similar purpose. Prosperity attended them. Free and independent themselves, they had little respect for a system that proposed to enrich one class at the expense of another. Nowhere in this broad land were there more or more willing laborers on the Underground Railroad. In Auburn lived for many years William H. Seward, the author of the Irrepressible Conflict, who, at a latter date,

through an assassin's knife, was to seal his devotion to his principles with his blood, and whose son, bearing his own honored name, was to be the esteemed leader of one of the regiments raised in this favored locality. Thus placed and thus reared, what wonder that the sons of Cayuga and Wayne early responded to the tocsin of battle! Indeed, it is claimed that men were enrolled in Auburn, eager for the fray, long before the first gun had been fired upon Sumter. The first call for troops found our fathers and brothers ready, and while no regiment at first hailed entirely from this section, yet by companies, squads and individuals they found their way very early into the ranks of war. Cayuga sent her earliest enlisted men into the 19th Infantry, afterwards the 3d [Light] Artillery, and the 75th; into the 8th, 10th and 11th Cavalry; the 1st Independent Battery, the 3d and 4th Artillery and the 50th Engineers; those from Wayne were more widely scattered, through the 13th, 17th, 27th, 33d, 67th, 98th and 105th Infantry; 8th, 10th and 15th Cavalry and the 3d Artillery. The 75th was called the "Cayuga Regiment," but Wayne and Seneca made up a part of its numbers.

When, July 2d, 1862, President Lincoln called for 300,000 additional men, the yeasty or frothy days of soldier making had passed. Bull Run, Ball's Bluff and the Seven Days' Fight had sent home object lessons to disillusion any and all who had thought that war was all glory. The South had evidenced sufficient strength to warrant the calling for three years of service. Under such circumstances, men knew that they were not entering upon a holiday picnic. Apparently the majority counted the cost, and with open eyes took the momentous step which entered them in a race with death.

Up to this date, individual effort had seemed sufficient to raise the regiments required, but now regular, systematic work was necessary. The senatorial district appeared to be a good basis of organization, and for the 25th a War Committee was appointed whose chairman was Major William C. Beardsley, and William H. Seward, Jr., was secretary. Already talk of a draft was heard, and it was dreaded alike by two classes, viz.: those who feared they themselves might be chosen, and those who thought the necessity an aspersion on patriotism. To ward off this infliction, New York struggled zealously. Her quota of 59,705 men was exceeded by 18,199 recruits. The proud



THE WM. H. SEWARD MONUMENT, AUBURN, N. Y.

SEWARD HOMESTEAD IN BACKGROUND.



distinction of sending nearly half a million soldiers into the War of the Rebellion was not gained without arduous labor. Eloquent speakers descanted upon love of country, saying, "Go to defend it." But the newly enlisted man more effectively said to his neighbor, "Come, go with me." It was a never-to-be-forgotten whirlwind of patriotism which swept through our counties in July and August of 1862. Special meetings of the respective boards of supervisors were held to further the cause. The Hon. E. B. Morgan of Auburn, a recent member of Congress, and ever a devoted friend of humanity, was conspicuous in his efforts to start the enlistment ball in motion. The Hon. T. M. Pomeroy, also of Auburn, then member of Congress, gave his entire time to furthering this object. Throughout both counties, every public hall and school-house resounded with pleas to help save the country by immediate enlistment. Flags floated in every breeze, as they had never done before, and the air was vibrant with the words, sung to "Patsey" Gilmore's music:

"We are coming, Father Abraham, three hundred thousand more,"

Enlistments were not the results of sudden freaks, nor spasms of love of country, but with a full sense of the peril incurred, men of all vocations thronged to the enrollment stations and entered their names. That they took their lives in their hands they knew full well, and the sequel showed how deep was their devotion. Better material never essayed the soldier role than that which went out in the summer and fall of 1862.

The meeting of interested citizens, held in Port Byron July 12th, took action which resulted in the formation of the two regiments, the 111th and the 138th, that look to Cayuga and Wayne for paternity. To Joseph Welling, Esq., of Lyons, was proffered the honor of calling public meetings to stimulate recruiting, and, on his declination, the same was offered to Jesse Segoine, who became the first colonel of the 111th, or the first Cayuga and Wayne regiment. Had the offer to our Colonel Welling been accepted, in what changed relations might the names upon the Roll of Honor appear!

East and west of us, in Syracuse and Rochester, there had been regimental headquarters to whose numbers our counties had contributed, and distinguished honors had come to those who had led the organizations there formed. Now the happy

thought of raising regiments by senatorial districts was to give to us similar distinction. Henceforth, the two counties, between Onondaga and Monroe, were to claim and to hold their own.

Colonel Segoine received his authority to raise a regiment July 19th, and before the month was ended it was evident that the district would readily fill another. Accordingly, Auburn parties visited Albany and obtained from Governor Edwin D. Morgan authority to organize a second regiment. The order is as follows:

GENERAL HEADQUARTERS, STATE OF NEW YORK,

ADJUTANT GENERAL'S OFFICE.

ALBANY, August 8, 1862.

Special Orders No. 419.

The Regimental Camp established in the 25th Senatorial District is hereby continued, and a second Regiment of Infantry is hereby authorized to be raised in said district. General Jesse Segoine, Colonel of the Regiment now quartered there, will act as Commandant of the Camp.

By order of the Commander-in-Chief.

..... (Not signed.)

Adjutant General.

Of the original 101 men of Company A, more than three-fourths had put down their names before the date of this order. Subsequent Captain, then First Sergeant, Chauncey B. Fish of Company B had enrolled himself August 1st. Even while this delegation from the War Committee was on its way to Albany, August 7th, Captain James W. Snyder, from the town of Wolcott, drove into Auburn with his would-be soldiers, receiving such an ovation as was afterwards paid to those who came home from the war. That was before the days of electric railways and cross-country railroads, so the trip was made in wagons, drawn for the most part by four-horse teams, and, though the way was long and dusty, it was memorable alike to those who rode and to those who beheld. The array was escorted through the principal streets, and citizens vied with each other to make the reception what Cayuga ought to offer to Wayne. However, for their own convenience their coming was a trifle previous, since the 111th was still in camp, and

temporary quarters were sought in hotels, private houses, unoccupied floors of business blocks, and, on the authority of General Seward, one or two patriots slept in empty dry goods boxes in the street. At any other time than this, other reasons than crowded quarters, very likely, would be assigned for the latter lodgings.

Either pure patriotism or fear of the draft was doing excellent work in central New York. At a single meeting in Red Creek, forty men signed the roll, and in two weeks, from July 25th, 143 enlisted in this village. The future Colonel Snyder did telling work. At a war meeting in Rose July 27th, addressed by the Rev. A. M. Roe, then of Oneida county, but formerly of Rose, the assembled farmers subscribed \$100 to help on the cause.

As the 111th did not depart for the front till August 21, it will be seen that for some time furloughs home were not very difficult to obtain. To go home and to remain there till directed to report in Auburn, was the welcome order to many a boy to whom enlistment began to have a serious flavor. It is safe to say that never in his life had that same home seemed dearer than when he contemplated the possibilities of an everlasting farewell. One young man's story may serve as a picture of many experiences: "I enlisted Sunday, about 5 o'clock in the afternoon. I hitched the bay horse to my sulky at 9 P. M. and started for Auburn, which place I reached at 1 A. M. the next morning. That twenty-seven miles' ride in the night can never be forgotten. The leaving of wife and little boys and parents, with all that I had held dear, made me, several times, pull the reins and say, 'I can't go,' then the thoughts of rebels, marching northward towards those same loved ones, would come into my head and I shouted, 'Go on, Jack,' and I was duly mustered in."

Had all the fervid words uttered in Cayuga and Wayne, during these enlistment months of July and August, been preserved, while they would be found freighted with intensest loyalty, readers of to-day would be vastly more interested in what the soldiers did than in what their prompters said. Every township and almost every calling had its representatives, thus confirming the words of Count de Rochambeau, our French ally in the Revolution: "In America, men of every trade are soldiers, but none are soldiers by trade."

On the departure of the 11th August 21st, Camp Halleck was immediately organized, and the men were called in. Colonel Welling assumed command in accordance with the following order from Albany:

GENERAL HEADQUARTERS, STATE OF NEW YORK,

ADJUTANT GENERAL'S OFFICE,

ALBANY, August 12, 1862.

Special Orders No. 425.

Captain Joseph Welling is hereby appointed Colonel of an additional Regiment of Volunteers to be organized in the 25th Senatorial District of this State under the call of July 2d, 1862. The Commission to be issued on the completion of the regiment.

Colonel Welling will without delay establish his headquarters at the city of Auburn and proceed in the organization of the Regiment in conformity with the provisions of General Orders No. 52 from this Department.

By order of the Commander-in-Chief,

THOMAS HILLHOUSE,

Adjutant General.

The spot selected for the camp on Moravia street, south of Owasco creek, did long and valuable service, during the war period, as a mustering place for regiments and recruits. It was central, conveniently reached, and thousands went thence to the field of strife, many never to return. When last visited there were no traces of the ancient camp, but thistles and other weeds grew rank over the area where erstwhile, beginning soldiers learned their rudiments and dreamed of glory to be won in coming days. So near the city, it is not a little strange that building advances have not covered these acres with the abodes of men. They are still bare, and he who will may sit upon the enclosing fence, possibly a war relic, and moralize on the mutability of human plans. By far the greater number of those who here essayed the fortunes of war have, ere this, been mustered into another life.

Camp "Halleck" was a tribute in name to Henry Wager Halleck, an Oneida county man, a graduate of West Point, then gaining some distinction in Washington circles as "Old Brains," but he never won, in the Cabinet nor in the field, the honors that his admirers would have been glad to see him wear. However, places must have names, and the first camp

of our regiment was thus designated. Hither repaired the boys and men from Cayuga and Wayne. The ranks were practically full when the camp was formed, and it is safe to say that no similar organization, in the Empire State, ever had a more spontaneous nor enthusiastic raising than this of ours.

THE FIELD OFFICERS AND STAFF WERE:

Colonel, Joseph Welling of Wayne.

Lieutenant Colonel, William H. Seward, Jr., of Cayuga.

Major, Edward P. Taft, Wayne.

Adjutant, William R. Wasson, Cayuga.

Quartermaster, Henry P. Knowles, Wayne.

Surgeon, Samuel A. Sabin, Wayne.

Chaplain, Warham Mudge, Wayne.

The first ten companies, ready August 26th, were as follows:

FROM WAYNE COUNTY:

- Co. A*, Captain, James W. Snyder; First Lieut., James H. Hyde;
Second Lieut., Rufus M. Campbell.
- Co. B*, Captain, Truman Gregory; First Lieut., Nelson F. Strickland;
Second Lieut., William E. Greenwood.
- Co. D*, Captain, Charles L. Lyon; First Lieut., Anson S. Wood;
Second Lieut., Samuel C. Redgraves.
- Co. G*, Captain, William Wood; First Lieut., William Hawley;
Second Lieut., Seymour Woodward.
- Co. H*, Captain, John L. Crane; First Lieut., Tunis Vosburg;
Second Lieut., Daniel B. Harmon.

FROM CAYUGA COUNTY:

- Co. C*, Captain, Loyal W. Alden; First Lieut., Harvey W. Follett;
Second Lieut., Marshall W. Burke.
- Co. E*, Captain, Selah Cornwell; First Lieut., Seth F. Swift;
Second Lieut., George C. Stoyell.
- Co. F*, Captain, Charles Burgess; First Lieut., Geo. W. Bacon;
Second Lieut., Sullivan B. Lamoreaux.
- Co. I*, Captain, Hugh Hughes; First Lieut., Orson Howard;
Second Lieut., Philip R. Freeoff.

FROM CAYUGA AND WAYNE:

- Co. K*, Captain, Irvin Squyer; First Lieut., Dennis E. Flynn;
Second Lieut., George P. Knapp.

The foregoing represent the organization as affected in Auburn. Later, when the regiment became the 9th Heavy Artillery, two new companies were added, as follows:

Co. M, Captain, John D. Numan; First Lieuts., Melanchthon W. Brown and William DeW. Pringle; Second Lieuts., Robert C. Worthington and Edwin J. Clark.

Organized at Lockport as the 22d Independent Battery, it was principally a Genesee county company. Its final disposition, as is seen, was a union with the 9th.

Co. L, Captain, Frank A. Sinclair; First Lieuts., S. Augustus Howe and Joseph W. Jewhurst; Second Lieuts., William W. Sinclair and Charles W. Squyer.

This company, made up largely of veterans, was recruited in various parts of the state, but to a considerable extent in Oswego county.

Camp life in Auburn or Camp Halleck differed in no essential respect from that in scores of similar places in other portions of the country. To a considerable extent, officers and men were beginners together. While Colonel Welling had the title of captain from some local company, Lieut. Colonel Seward had been a private in the Auburn Cadets. Major Taft and Lieut. Wood had served in the militia, and very likely other officers had had more or less of similar service. There were no West Point attainments to which the greenness of newly enlisted boys was almost criminal. Alike learners, all had charity for the defects of each. Field, line, file, and the ranks had need of close study of Casey's Tactics, and nearly every man tried to do his best. Military rigor in the maintenance of camp was not only distasteful, but, to the minds of many of these lively country boys, quite unnecessary. Except for the temporary restraint of school days, there had been few days in their lives when they could not come and go when and where they chose. Hence, guards, passes and countersigns were not over-popular. Indeed, on one occasion, September 5th, just one week before the departure of the regiment, a barn was consumed by fire in plain view of the camp. The boys, many of them, were not used to conflagrations like this, and those who were had been accustomed to run when they liked.

In spite of guards, they went, pell-mell, to the creek which intervened between them and the fire. Nothing but a thorough drenching brought some of them to their senses, and a realization that they had flagrantly violated the rules of camp. The guards had threatened to shoot with their unloaded guns, but were only laughed at for their pains. In fact, all things considered, said guards are entitled to considerable credit, in that they did not run also. The boys, however, were culpable, and before morning they began to comprehend the nature of their offense. The officers held a council on the matter, but finding fully one-third of all those in camp to be offenders, it was concluded to strain the quality of mercy and to let them off for this time. This wise conclusion was all the more readily reached in that punishment for so large a number was difficult to devise. As an offset, it is chronicled that certain soldiers, on their very first Sunday in camp, went to the Episcopal Church, where the Swards attended, and on that same Sunday organized a Bible class with twelve members. Stephen Reeves, of Company B, was chosen teacher, and the class had regular meetings till active service in the field began. Their first lesson was the second chapter of Matthew. Apparently only the "begat" recital prevented their taking the first chapter, for it is evident they set out with the intention of going through the New Testament if the war lasted long enough.

Perhaps no more ludicrous incident is recalled of the stay in Camp Halleck than that on parade, when Lieut. Colonel Seward's horse, like many of the soldiers, just from the farm, deliberately lay down, so frightened was he at the firing of a cannon. Even military dignity could not restrain the risibles of amused beholders.

Camp regimen and lodging had their day and night of wonder. The secrets of his prison-house, which the ghost of Hamlet's father wisely withheld, could not have been more astonishing than those of the cook-house, whose mysteries few ever had the temerity to penetrate. The preparation of food in large quantities for so great an array of eaters, inevitably produced conditions quite repulsive to boys who, in the main, had known only "mother's cooking," but even they, in time, grew used to "salt horse," potatoes with "skins on," and the entire absence of side dishes, which so bountifully bespread the home table. Crockery and cutlery were not of an extrav-

agant nature, and men soon learned how many seeming necessities there were without which they could get along nicely. No feathers nor spring mattresses wooed the drowsy god's embrace, nor were there sheets of snowy whiteness to receive wearied bodies. Three-tiered bunks, with not over-generous supplies of straw, covered with blankets, soon proved a bed on which the sweetest rest could be found. So readily on necessity do we part with the veneer of civilization! The very wisest of philosophers do not yet know when we live nearest to nature's heart.

There were amenities in those days worthy of record. Thus, on August 30, Lieut. S. F. Swift, of Company E, was made the recipient, on dress parade, of a sword by his parents and wife. The Hon. Christopher Morgan made the presentation, and it was received for the modest officer by N. T. Stephens, Esq. The same day saw sword, belt, etc., given to Captain Burgess, of Company F, by the North Street Methodist Church, and on the following Sunday, the Sunday-school gave to him, the retiring superintendent, a Bible. On this same Sunday Captain Squyer was presented with a sword by his fellow citizens of Ira. Monday Lieut. Col. Seward was similarly remembered. September 4th Company I indicated its appreciation of Captain Hughes by giving him a sword; Lieut. Hyde received his weapon from the ladies of Huron and Wolcott, and on the 10th came the presentation of regimental colors.

On the 8th of September all the companies, except Company B, were mustered into the service of the United States for three years by Captain H. DeB. Clay, of the 14th U. S. Infantry. Company B, with the field and staff, were mustered the following day, but it was not till the 29th day of the month that the organization was officially designated as the 138th Infantry.

The twenty-four hours immediately following the muster-in appear to have been particularly lively, for again the careful chronicler states that police and guard duty kept him up all night. Possibly exhilaration incident to new obligations was responsible for the pandemonium that ensued. "Many ran the guard; the sutler's quarters were attacked; the barber-shop was burned; one man was put in the dungeon for inciting a mob against the cook-house. His fellows pulled the staple and let him out. An officer, high in command, chased a private around the camp, swearing at him and even threatening to

shoot him. The men were paid, but not in full, two dollars each being retained to be distributed later; reason, a lack of small bills. Citizens were driven from the camp, all of whose approaches were thronged with people. At dress-parade the men were told that no orders to move had been received. During the night a party of men went out after water. While away the guard was changed and the new one refused to let the men in, who, nothing loth, proceeded to the city for accommodations." Thus the story runs on, trivial, possibly, to-day, but exciting and interesting then. A peculiar entry is made in one diary to the effect that, September 10th, ladies of the city fix pockets on the soldiers' coats, certainly ministering angels then. During all of these days in early September, rumors of departure were rife. Uniforms had been distributed and arrangements made to leave on the 10th and again on the 11th, and on the later date citizens sent in a lunch for the men. This proved to be the last day in Camp Halleek for the 138th New York Volunteer Infantry, or the second Cayuga and Wayne regiment.

CHAPTER II.

FROM AUBURN TO WASHINGTON.

The morning of Friday, September 12th, came early, for the camp was roused at 4 o'clock. This was to be the day of departure, so long expected and so often deferred. Few thought of it as an unlucky day, since the inherent desire for a change, of whatever kind, overbore all ancient superstitions. Still it was 8 o'clock before the extra train drew out of the city. Enlisted to its maximum, officers and men were justly exultant over the prospect. The first intentions had been to go south by the way of Harrisburg, but possible troubles on the Northern Central railroad rendered the New York city route preferable. If the old station in Auburn could only talk, what a recital it might give of leave-takings beneath its somewhat dingy covering. Hearts in the nearby state's prison* could not be sadder,

*The main entrance to New York's largest prison, where several thousands of convicts are confined, is just opposite the railroad station.

though theirs were sad enough, than those which beat with extra emphasis as the hasty good-by kiss was here snatched and hands were finally shaken. Friends, to remain in the now shadowed homes, strained their eyes for a last glimpse of those whom the iron horse bore swiftly away. The latter, though hurrying to scenes of toil and danger, were still to have their minds absorbed by new sights and new interests. The departing ones were to act, and so be diverted from absorbing thought, but those at home, with the monotonous round of daily duties, were to think and think—to consume their souls with carking care, and thus, with wrinkled brows and whitened locks, to grow old before their time.

All this is retrospective. At the time itself the long train sped away towards Syracuse; Oneida was reached at noon, where some may have lunched, but cooked rations of bread and meat were distributed through the train. Again the boys felt the restraint supposed to be necessary when the sovereign American became a soldier. Lest the freely enlisted man should leave the cars without asking, the doors were locked, but budding battle heroes were not to be thus deprived of freemen's privileges, and they proceeded with improvised tools to unscrew the locks and to lay them one side, though the way to escape, thus opened, does not seem to have been utilized. As Americans, they breathed more freely when they knew that they were not under lock and key. If those boys used their eyes and their memories as they rode through central New York, there was abundant opportunity to burnish up their country's early history. In Rome they might have seen the site of old Fort Stanwix, repeatedly besieged by hostile foe, the last time during the Revolution. At Oriskany, toward the south, some person might have pointed out the place where General Herkimer bravely died in 1777, doing his best to withstand the Indians' savage assaults, and so advance the American cause. Utica could show the site of Fort Schuyler, and, as the train swept along the banks of the beautiful Mohawk, did not more than one boy, with music in his soul, sing:

"Oh, sweet is the vale, where the Mohawk gently glides,
On its clear, winding way to the sea."

At Schenectady, sharp eyes might have caught glimpses of Union College, where still presided Dr. Eliphalet Nott, who,

more than forty years before, had affixed his name to the diploma of William H. Seward, now secretary of state, and the father of our young lieutenant colonel. After all, it is probable that Old Sledge, rather than old places and events, absorbed the regimental mind, and pictured cards, rather than panoramic nature, filled the soldier's fancy till, at nightfall, the train rolled into Albany, the capital of the state.

To dine at the Delavan House in those days was, throughout the Empire State, considered pretty near the climax of luxury, and just this honor was to be done the 138th, at the expense of the good people of this ancient Dutch city, though it must be stated that the supper was not served in course, nor *a la carte*. A fall of rain rendered the event somewhat moist, and standing in the mud was not over pleasant to the companies that had to bide a bit for those who ate first. However, everything comes to him who waits, and, finally, through the back door, our boys filed into the capacious dining-room, were regaled with sandwiches and coffee, and their canteens were filled with water. To banquet a thousand men, even in this simple manner, was no trifling task, and some, towards the end, had to eat rather hurriedly, but all marched away through the mud and the rain to the ferry, for this was long before the days of Hudson river bridges. It is claimed that Colonel Welling found freight cars in waiting to take his men to New York. To this the colonel stoutly objected, saying that his soldiers should not leave their native state like cattle, and that unless better cars could be found he would camp right there. His persistence prevailed, and railroad resources soon developed better facilities for transportation.

At 10 o'clock P. M. the regiment was again in motion, but even cards yield to the influence of Morpheus, and beds are made upon the floor, space there for the same being found, since the seats were arranged around the sides of the cars. Only in dreams are seen Sir Henry Hudson and his ship, the Half Moon; West Point, the nursery of heroes, and the Palisades, rivaling in grandeur the shores of the Rhine. Were the games of Rip Van Winkle's bowlers a hundredfold louder, all their din had been drowned in the noise of our train as it swept through the Catskills. Tarrytown scarcely evoked a single memory of Revolutionary cow-boys, for the soldiers slumbered on till, at daybreak, New York was reached.

Thereupon followed on this, the 13th day of September, a short march to City Hall park, where quick Wayne and Cayuga eyes detected the printing offices of the *Times* and *Tribune*, papers that, in many homes, were rated next to the Bible. Some of the boys fully expected to see Horace Greeley step forth, white overcoat and all, to receive them. To some, the barracks were not agreeable, and the open air was preferred as a camping-place to the somewhat suspicious interior, where, to put it mildly, excessive neatness did not reign. At 9.15 breakfast had not been served to at least some of these early rising boys from the country, whose gastric condition may readily be imagined. With mingling of bitter and sweet, the day passed till, at 6 P. M., objectors to the first proffered barracks were marched to better ones opposite the Astor House, now the site of New York's great post-office. There were all sorts of ways to pass the time; one writer says he spent the day at the Astor House, but had to go on guard at night. Surely his purse must have been supplied from some other source than his soldier's wages, a whole month of which would not have paid three days' living in what was then America's most famous hostelry. Central Park was just beginning its career of splendor, and many sought its beautiful walks. Barnum's show was close by, and it had many a visitor from the 25th Senatorial District, to whom Barnum's name had long been synonymous with all that was curious and wonderful. There was no trouble in passing a day in New York, if only one could get out.

Sunday found the regiment ready to go or stay, as pleased the authorities. Among other diversions of the day, a party of fifteen, under charge of a sergeant, was made up to cross over to Brooklyn to hear Henry Ward Beecher preach in his own Plymouth pulpit. He had just returned from his vacation, and the uniformed visitors were promising themselves a brilliant treat, when, in the midst of the preacher's prayer, they were summoned by special messenger, Lieut. Greenwood of Company B, and ordered to return at once to camp, for the regiment was about to move. So out they went and hurried back to City Hall park, but not to march away, only to receive the remainder of their military outfit. Their guns were the obsolete Belgian rifles with sabre bayonet, and, with the accompanying cartridge-boxes, they became soldiers indeed. But they were not to be deprived of a sermon, though he was not Beecher who talked.

Chaplain Mudge here preached his first sermon in camp, and was followed by Capt. Gregory of Company B, also a clergyman. A stranger who had been in the South also tried to make up the Beecher loss, and small hymn-books, then given out, served as tangible mementoes of the day and hour. Company B's Bible class had a short meeting, and the evening diversion was an address by Parson Brownlow of Tennessee in the barracks. As many chroniclers mention his remarks in close connection with their recollections of Barnum, it is not difficult to infer what kind of impression the sulphurous sentiments of the Knoxville preacher made on his Cayuga and Wayne listeners. No one doubted his intense loyalty and thorough bravery,



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THE UNION VOLUNTEER SALOON.

though some must have recalled sundry punishments, received in their boyhood, for using language far less emphatic. From the foregoing, it must not be inferred that all members of the 138th were on church attendance bent, for there were those who were given to excessive imbibings at gardens, more or less remote, and whose resultant condition rendered their return more peremptory and also more noisy than that of the men who had endeavored to remember the fourth commandment.

Monday morning begins at 4.30 with some of these men, but it is fully half past ten before they march to the Hudson river and cross by ferry to Monmouth Point, N. J. Thence by rail the regiment is again flying southward. Western New York eyes note a wide difference in the respective localities. Huckle-

berry bushes, scrub-oak and pines take the place of more stately trees in their own more favored section. In this barren land, two misguided men desert, and when their captain reports the same, he is consoled with the reply, "Let the d—d fools go, they will have the worst of it." All the afternoon and evening are passed in their New Jersey ride, and it is nearly midnight when Pennsylvania's chief city is reached. But it made no difference in Philadelphia at what hour soldiers arrived, early or late, from the 27th of May, 1861, till the last weary boy in blue had returned to his northern home, the good people of this City of Brotherly Love fully exemplified their name. Nearly 1,200-



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THE COOPER SHOP.

000 men, first and last, had occasion to call down blessings on the heads of these women and men who fed in their Cooper Shop and Union the hungry brave. Note the bill of fare, "Bread and butter, ham and cold beef." Is there any wonder that many a boy entered in his diary, after his account of the feast, the words, "First class"? The northern soldier who does not remember the hospitality of Philadelphia lacks something in his war memories.

One day dies and another is born while the boys are eating, and their start for Baltimore is very early, since they are loaded into freight cars at 3 o'clock, and are off for the Monumental City, on this the 16th day of the month. It is noted that Dela-

ware and Maryland are wanting in New Jersey's enthusiasm, but on reaching Baltimore at about noon the flags are flying gorgeously. Our farmer boys continue to notice the differences in soil and crops from those familiar to them, and, also, they see their approach to military rule, in that for sixty miles north of Baltimore guard duty is done along the railroad by companies of the 110th New York, an Oswego county regiment. The stay in Baltimore is short, though it rouses memories of the assault on the Massachusetts 6th on April 19th of the preceding year. Naturally our boys viewed the city apprehensively, but Colonel Welling had given strict orders against loading guns without command. Still, there were few unloaded pieces by the time the march was half over. The regiment, as yet, knew very little of discipline, and there would have been a "hot time in the old town" had the citizens in any way molested the line.

At 6 P. M., or thereabouts, the men still in freight cars are steaming towards Washington, long the desired goal of these thousand embryonic soldiers. In passing the Relay House, friendly eyes detected familiar forms among certain paroled prisoners, just from Harper's Ferry, where they had fallen into the hands of Stonewall Jackson. They are, like ourselves, boys from Cayuga and Wayne, members of the 111th and the 8th Cavalry, victims of General D. S. Miles's cowardice, or worse.

At 11 o'clock we go supperless to bed in city barracks, sometimes misnamed "Soldiers' Rest." Some, however, prefer to spend the remainder of the night on the depot floor. Certain officers sally forth for a sleep at Willard's Hotel, which a few verdant ones think they find in the Capitol's majestic front. There is scarcely a member of the regiment who does not feel he is more of a soldier now that he is actually in the same city with Abraham Lincoln.

CHAPTER III.

THROUGH WASHINGTON.

While our newly-arrived soldiers were gazing with admiration and wonder on the nation's Capitol, their brothers, scarcely more than fifty miles away, were fighting the bloodiest single

battle of the war, for the first day of the 138th in Washington was Wednesday, the 17th day of September, 1862, that year indissolubly associated with the battle of Antietam. Had our departure from Auburn been a trifle earlier, it is probable that the whole subsequent history of the regiment would have been very different. Our Camp Halleck predecessors, the 111th, reached the seat of war early enough to participate in the campaign and to make a part of General D. S. Miles's sad sacrifice at Harper's Ferry. A week earlier in Washington, and there might have been no 9th Heavy Artillery, at least for us, and a bloody baptism at Antietam, or a surrender at the scene of John Brown's foray, would have insured the retention of the numerals first assigned us, and we should have continued to be infantry in name as well as deed, as we really were when we went into active service. These are after-thoughts.

To the great majority of the rank and file of the regiment, the rising sun of the 17th revealed Washington for the first time. For many years a city of magnificent distances, she was in 1862 but a skeleton of her subsequent self. The avenues and streets, devised and laid out by M. L'Enfant, the French engineer, were all there and some of the grand public buildings were then as now but the finish, the end of the century knows was yet to be. Workmen were toiling on the uncompleted Capitol. Like pygmies, some of them were seen working at dizzy heights. Looking away from the great building, nearer *terra firma*, the prospect was not altogether entrancing. The canal connecting the Eastern Branch and the Potomac then, as it continued to do for years afterwards, dispensed an odor that was not altogether aromatic. What it may have lacked in the "two and twenty stenchés," ascribed to the city of Cologne, was fully made up by open sewers and the garbage freely consigned to the streets. Mud reigned supreme, and an army lost in Pennsylvania avenue was not so strange a happening to those who saw this famous thoroughfare in 1861-65 as it might be to them who know it only in its present concreted condition. Our boys who had come so far to save the Capital were not a little disgusted at finding themselves debarred from its chief edifice on account of the exigencies of building. They did, however, walk around it, and unanimously agreed that it was considerably larger than the Court Houses of Auburn and Lyons, larger even than the Capitol in Albany, this being a

long time before New York entered upon the most expensive building feat in America, if not in the world. They concluded that when the dingy surroundings should have disappeared, the structure would stand forth magnificently, an opinion fully justified in later years. The whole eastern space leading off towards Maryland was then scarcely better than a barren waste, broken only by soldiers' barracks, useful, but very far from ornamental. Greenough's "Father of his Country" was on the west side of the building; indeed, there was little then that the visitor now admires, and many a boy disappointedly wrote in his diary: "The city smells bad, and the streets are nasty." However, we were not on a holiday excursion and we knew it, still we had senses such as the armies of the old world never knew, and the ranks as well as the officers had studied enough to enable them to compare and to draw conclusions. Scores of these young men, just from the farm, office and school, if, unlike Napoleon's soldiers, they had not possible marshals' batons in their knapsacks, they did carry to the last day of their service diaries or journals in which they daily entered their thoughts and observations. Nothing like the average American soldier was ever bred save on this continent.

Notwithstanding the novelty of their situation there was no sorrow at the orders to depart, and in the afternoon the line of march was taken up towards the Potomac, the river that for a year and a half had been more often named than any other stream in America. "Old Potomac's Shore" and "All quiet on the Potomac" were in many minds as the boys marched towards the Long Bridge. At their right they could see the Post Office, the Patent Office, the Treasury, and the White House, where Abraham Lincoln was giving his life to the public weal, and nearer by, in a vast cattle corral, was the stubby column which years later was to become the tallest in the land, a monument to Washington. Out upon the Long Bridge we went, the same structure that had borne the soldiers going to Bull Run, and at the close of the day received the hapless, panting fugitives returning therefrom. Forts Jackson and Runyon guarded the Virginia end. Once across the regiment deflected to the right, and bore away towards Arlington, and at 9 P. M. went into camp, our first actual experience of out-of-doors soldiers' life, for hitherto there had been more or less of barracks to cover us. It is Camp Chase in which we find ourselves, thus named

from Salmon P. Chase of Ohio, secretary of the treasury, one of President Lincoln's advisers. The location is a little beyond Fort Albany, and is on the eastern slope of Arlington Heights. Their first real march was simply a foretaste of what was to follow, but if those men of September, 1862, who paid ten cents each to sundry small boys and darkies for carrying their purse knapsacks, could have looked forward two years and thus see themselves with the scant baggage of 1864, what smiles would have overspread their faces at the thought of what they now consider essential to their comfort, as compared with what they then found they could easily do without. They were very large bundles that, systematically packed, overtopped the heads of many a soldier, and they had scarcely more than the regulations demanded, but later every man learned to think for himself. As always happened in going into camp, there were marchings and countermarchings. Indeed, getting settled in camp was not unlike the conduct of a dog that invariably turns around three times before lying down. It was nearer midnight than sunset before the 138th had a chance to really rest. There was a vast array of similar humanity encamped within sight, and the illuminations from hundreds of camp-fires produced an ineffaceable impression. Tired, saturated with perspiration, supperless, our boys lay, for the first time, with knapsacks as pillows, upon their overcoats and under their blankets. Some very neat and careful soldiers, before they slept, stripped and thoroughly dried their bodies, and with clean underclothing next their person slumbered all the better, but there came a time when such care was quite impossible.

Thursday, the 18th, dawned wet and drizzly, the direct result, every soldier knows, of the terrible day at Antietam, for rain always followed great battles, but the dawn revealed the true character of our surroundings. An old deserted field meant much clearing up, and at it the soldiers went with a discreet lookout for copperheads and rattlesnakes, which all normally constituted northern boys supposed to abound in southern brush. One would like to know how many soldiers ever saw a poisonous snake in Virginia. Seldom did they find anything more startling than a swift, not half so disagreeable as a wood-tick, though it ran across his face as he rested in Old Dominion woods. Some with natural history tendencies noted turtles

with expansive shells, and even found time and ability to catch a rabbit. We were then nearer the enemy than we had ever been before. While before us lay Washington and a sea of tents, in the other direction far-sighted soldiers declared they could see rebel pickets.

It was while drawing rations here that we had our first experience with bullets in motion. A squad of men was standing near a pile of cracker boxes, when the missiles came pattering down among them. Colonel Welling and Quartermaster Knowles were sitting on the boxes at the time. The colonel explained that a guard detail in a neighboring camp, unaware of our presence, were discharging their guns on being relieved. Whatever the effect in the adjoining camp, it was anything but a relief to us, and we wondered that men could be so careless with shooting-irons.

An inventory of one soldier's knapsack as he spent this day in full sight of Washington, is not out of place. Some men may have carried more, certainly many had less. The man, a private, was considerably older than the average in the ranks, unmarried, hence in his bachelorhood somewhat more particular than the frisky youths around him. For the owner's comfort this knapsack contained an extra pair of shoes, an old vest, a pair of drawers, two pairs of socks, a towel, two handkerchiefs, one-half quire writing paper, one pack buff envelopes, penholder, stocking-yarn for mending, two blanket-pins, awls, shoe-thread, pins, buttons, beeswax, one pound cheese, and a tin box of honey. This table of contents, when surmounted with rubber blanket, fly-tent, overcoat and woolen blanket, made about all that one man wanted to carry, especially when there were, besides, gun, bayonet, cartridge-box, haversack and canteen. Before that soldier again saw his native hills, he found he could reduce that stock very much and still retain a measure of happiness.

Breakfast came late; the hour from 9 to 11 o'clock would have suited better a city night prowler than these active country boys, and when they did get it they could not help contrasting the food with that had so recently in Philadelphia. Musty and sour bread, said to have been brought from Auburn, corned beef and a bit of cheese made up the bill of fare. Some fastidious lads went hungry rather than eat it. They grew less particular as they continued to wear the blue, and long ere they

had laid it off, this forenoon's spread would have been thought daintiness itself. There was green corn on outlying farms, and some of the boys went for it, and returned at 5 P. M. to find the camp desolate, their comrades having recrossed the Potomac. Creditable work had been done in clearing up the prospective camping-place, when at 3 o'clock P. M. the regiment was ordered back to the District of Columbia, with Fort Bunker Hill as the objective point. Again industrious civilians are ready to earn an honest penny in carrying overburdened knapsacks, for the march, begun at 4 o'clock, was hot and dusty. Day had long since departed when these soldier tyros filed along the streets of the capital; weary and reekingly hot, they were ready to camp whenever and wherever they got the word. It seeming to be impracticable to reach their destination that night, a bivouac was ordered in the streets on the northern side of the city. There being near by a public square or park, in which, fortunately, Washington abounds, this was utilized, along with the pavement, as resting-places. This day's work with that of the preceding had begun to tell on the men, and some, overcome by heat and fatigue, were borne into a neighboring school-house, which thus became a temporary hospital. This edifice, conspicuous in our records, was probably on the corner of 8th and L streets.

The night, though long, had an end, and morning found the boys making their toilets in a most decidedly public place, viz., the street. Just one week before, the regiment had left Auburn, and the 19th of September was to be noteworthy in the annals of the organization, for at 9.30 A. M. occurred the first death among these more than 1000 men. Porter V. Palmer of Company I, who had enlisted in Auburn, succumbed thus early to the exactions and privations of a soldier's life. The physicians said the cause of his death was congestion of the brain. He was only nineteen years old, and his life of patriotism was ended almost before it began. The sad tidings circulated rapidly, and with hushed breath one comrade passed the statement to the next. Only two days before, at Antietam, more than 2000 brave boys in the Union army had fallen in fierce conflict, yet that loss did not have the effect upon these ranks that this one case from our own number had. Death was present, and his grim figure struck terror into hearts that otherwise feared

not. The regiment passed on, and just one body was left behind, later to be sent north, there to impress upon sorrowing friends and the public generally the fact that war is no play-spell. The remains were buried from the Baptist Church, Auburn, September 28th, in the North street cemetery, the exercises being the most impressive of the kind that Auburn had, as yet, beheld. The funeral procession was led by the band of the famous Dan Rice, whose circus was then in the city.

Though death is present, the living must eat. Yesterday's rations help along, and by running the guard extras may be purchased. Watermelons at twenty-five cents each are toothsome, and many are sampled. At 11 A. M. the line of march is again formed, and at 1 o'clock camp is pitched at Bunker Hill. It does not take long to dig a well, and to put up our tents. All agree that the water and the place are improvements on Camp Chase, and in Camp Bunker Hill our Wayne and Cayuga boys may be considered as settling into genuine military life.

CHAPTER IV.

CAMP LIFE AND ROAD-MAKING.

The 138th New York found itself on high ground with no less than six forts in sight, and with several camps, similar to its own, near by. Letters written here were usually headed, "Camp Bunker Hill."

Though, as stated, wells were dug the soldiers soon learned to like better a neighboring spring, whose waters were worth making the journey for. The first night in their new quarters was broken by distant cannonading, which the boys at first thought to be thunder. Considerably startled, the slumbers of certain ones were effectually ended, and so crawling out, a real camp-fire, their first one, was formed, around which stood the colonel and others. Very likely the sound came from Lee's retreating forces, followed by the Union army after Antietam. Morning brings the reveille, and the many calls incident to camp life. Breakfast is had from bread and coffee; some have to do guard duty. Naturally, with the battle of Antietam so near and so recent, sentinels are nervous, and imagination sup-

plies what the situation lacks. One man, standing on the edge of a wood, thinks that he hears and sees something in a neighboring bush. Getting no response to his challenge, and suspecting the immediate proximity of ubiquitous rebels, he fires his gun and follows up the discharge with a vigorous thrust with his bayonet, whereby the latter implement of war is broken short off. Though the camp is in commotion at once, really nothing more serious followed than on the part of the nervous sentry a severe attack of an illness supposed to be incident to the summer months.

Sunday, the first in camp, brought a sermon from Chaplain Mudge, and the Bible class begun in Auburn. It is delightful to note that one good soldier, who had volunteered to stand on guard this day, finds time and disposition to state that while the soil is good, it is more clayey than that in Wayne county, and the prevalence of pine trees with chinquapin and other bushes is especially mentioned. Monday, the 22d of September, begins a routine of work on roads and fortifications, which, however useful and necessary, is particularly distasteful to the members of the regiment. To their minds the work they were doing was better performed by laborers specially hired for such purpose, but the obligations taken at enlistment held them to complete obedience to orders, and they thereupon became knights of pick, shovel and wheelbarrow, with only incidental recurrence to military drill supposed to be their legitimate province. The purpose of the government to surround Washington with a cordon of forts, and to connect them with excellent military roads, was a wise provision, whose utility was apparent in 1864, when a battalion of this same regiment had the privilege of defending the capital against Early and his men, but the labor of preparation is not enjoyed by one of these soldiers, though they are thereby exempt from the direct danger of bullet and shell. The casual reading of a soldier's diary kept then at this late date, makes one believe that the writer thought of little beside his stomach. The bacon was wormy and the pork rancid; the bread was sour, or there was not enough of it; rarely were the rations and the stomach just fitted to each other.

In a letter home a writer gives this graphic bird's-eye view of the forts about the city: "Having the capital as a centre, with a five miles' radius, describe an oblong circle; then draw inner

ares with radii considerably shortened. On the outermost line the forts are one mile apart, on the next inner three-fourths of a mile; while the innermost has forts at intervals of one-half mile. Ranges of rifle-pits and occasional batteries connect all the forts, which are built to mount fourteen guns." This was a view in 1862. Of course the system was considerably modified in subsequent months, but the presentation is quite clear and comprehensive.

On the 22d of September, the president issued his Proclamation of Emancipation, and the thinking character of our soldiery is evident in the comments made. It is on record that one soldier (there may have been others), Sergeant James F. Ames of the 5th New York Cavalry, deserted to the enemy, and became one of Moseby's men, known thereafter as "Big Yankee," dying finally in his boots, thus acting because of his disgust that the war was to be one, as he said, only for the "nigger." No such sentiments were heard in the 138th. On the contrary, these men who had been accustomed to discuss if not to settle all national questions at the village grocery gave to the president's action the most thorough approval; in fact they thought it a more direct means towards ending the war than their wheelbarrows. One veracious chronicler sets forth, in glowing terms, the serenade by the Marine Band, which he heard at the White House in honor of the Proclamation, and his pleasure at hearing and seeing the president. There were many representatives among these soldiers of fathers who had long maintained stations on the famous Underground Railroad.

As enlisted men, free Americans are called upon to perform many tasks, seemingly menial, hence our boys have to swallow no little rancor when they form a part of sink-digging details, or secure brush to make more comfortable some officer's quarters. Of course they do it, but ever with the thought that only the oath compels. Late in the evening of the 24th, seven days' rations are issued, and the boys think there is a chance to exchange their implements of husbandry for those of war. Alas! it is only a canard, and long ere their rations are consumed, the possessors are warned, by the sense of smell, that their camp is not supplied with refrigerators.

On the 25th, through the afternoon, cannon are fired, at half-hour intervals, in memory of General Joseph K. F. Mansfield,

killed at Antietam. As yet our boys have not learned the best way of keeping up their camp cuisine, and every man is going it alone or with his tent-mate. The first record of boiled beans is found on the 26th. The New York soldiers never acquired the New Englander's facility in preparing this most useful article of food. The latter baked beans to a turn, and to this day claims that not even those at home began to equal the beans baked under the coals in camp. We New Yorkers took ours in soup or porridge, wholly ignorant of the possibilities dwelling in this leguminous object, produced so bountifully upon our own farms.

Our relations with the distinguished secretary of state, William H. Seward, were ever most friendly. As early as on our march to Camp Chase, this most courtly gentleman, in a carriage, rode along our lines. On the 25th he came to Camp Bunker Hill, accompanied by an English officer, possibly Lord Lyons, then British minister in Washington, and was extremely cordial in his greetings, even alluding to us as his family and children. Naturally his interest in any regiment coming from his own home would be great, and reasonably it became greater in our case, since his son, his namesake, was second in command. As he often visited us, there need be little wonder that the 138th New York early acquired the nickname of "Seward's Pets."

Sunday, the 28th, was a day of rest in civil life, but it was the soldier's cleaning-up and odds-and-ends day, and we were settling down to something of a routine. So far as known, this day has the record of the very first blood shed in our annals, not on the battlefield, but in simple, prosaic guard duty. William H. Bovee of Company K found his gun loaded, and in some way, by means of this same gun, managed to lose three of his toes. While it left, upon one foot, only two of these useful pedal members, yet with their aid he was able to stub around during the remainder of his term of service. Chaplain Mudge preached in Company E street. Later came the dress-parade and Bible class. In the evening a real old-fashioned revival service was held, addressed by a rousing preacher from Cayuga county. Two captains of the 138th also proved their former occupation by preaching. There were from ten to fifteen forward for prayers. It may not have been at this very meeting, but it was at one of the series that John L. of Com-

pany F, a Dutchman of the most approved pattern, won imperishable renown, so far as his comrades were concerned, in a brief speech, which secured for him complete exemption from all religious participation thereafter. It is said that John was present by invitation, and in the experience portion of the exercises, it was very natural for his captain to ask him for some expression of his feelings. To our worthy German, the whole meeting had been nothing but Greek and his notions of religion were exceedingly vague, at the best, but he was not the man to refuse an invitation to speak, so removing a large chew of tobacco from his mouth, he quite electrified his hearers with his words, thereby certainly producing the sensation of the evening. He spoke as follows, looking very stern and solemn, "Vel, I haf not mooch to speak mit you, but von dings I vish, and dat ish dat de repels all go to hell right away, and dat ve all get pack home, pooty damn quick." No one disputed John's sentiments; possibly they had an echo in the hearts of many listeners, but somehow they seemed to lack the familiar religious flavor.

On the 29th came rumors of a change of base, and everything, except tents, was packed with the expectation of moving, it was said, to Frederick City, in which case we should have gotten into the rear of the Antietam campaign, and had we followed the course taken by the regiment which went in our place, we should have been at Gettysburg, at Chattanooga, and later with Sherman in his march to the sea. But Colonel Wellington and Lieutenant Colonel Seward made a trip to Washington, and on their return said that the 137th New York would go in our place. The subsequent career of that organization is outlined above. Prices current for breadstuffs are indicated in the following entry for this day: "Traded bread for pie, eight loaves for one small pie."

The camp continued restless, for the air is full of rumors of moves, and on the last day of the month came orders that a part of the regiment should march the next day to Fort Kearney. During our stay here considerable work was done on Fort Totten, a little to our northeast. Here also was performed our first picket duty. Lieutenant Freehoff returned to his company, "I," one day from headquarters, and in the street called out, "I want twenty-five men to volunteer. Who has pluck to go with me on picket?" The wait was short, for in a twinkling the street

was full of men, all anxious to go. "By Shimminy," remarked the German officer, "you all has pluck, I guess;" and he takes his men from the nearest tents to fill his detail, and reports. There must be the first experience in all lines of life as we go through it, and the solemn charge that an attack from guerrillas was expected and that consequent extra vigilance was necessary, did not tend to lessen the nervousness of these men on their first trial in this line. All through that long night they heard the veriest crackling of the dry underbrush in the woods, occasioned by mice or weasels, and whippoorwills' cries were sadder than ever, but nothing more serious than the rounds of the picket officer was encountered. When, however, they returned to camp with their labor done, what stories they had to tell; vastly more thrilling than when, two years later in the valley, they really stood within the rebels' reach.

CHAPTER V.

CAMP NELLIE SEWARD AND FORT KEARNEY.

Fort Bunker Hill, near which the 138th had been camping, was northeast of Washington and due west of the old Bladensburg road. It was in the District of Columbia, and the work of the regiment on the neighboring roads was quite apparent. On this the first day of October, the preparations for departure began early. One company, at least, was up at midnight to draw rations, and the regiment was off at 7 o'clock A. M. The march was a long one, considering burdens and inexperience. As the crow flies, the distance was under ten miles, but following the roads, Fort Kearney, where the final halt was made at about noon, was quite eleven miles away. The fort was thus named for General Philip Kearney, a hero of the Mexican War, who had lost his life at Chantilly, just one month previously.

"Camp Nellie Seward" now becomes the appellation of the 138th's military home, thus commemorating the name of the lieutenant colonel's little daughter. The new location is three miles from the Potomac, six from Washington, two from Georgetown and one and a half miles from the Maryland line. Our predecessors here were New Jersey men, the 11th Infantry, ordered to the field. Our morning's march was enlivened by heavy and

rapid firing, apparently not more than five miles to the westward; it might have been much further off, for sound is deceptive and our ears were inexperienced. Subsequent information told us that the trouble was at Shepardstown, beyond Harper's Ferry, a cavalry and artillery scrap, noisy, but not particularly noted.

Though we had changed our stations, we had not escaped the same kind of work to which we had recently been introduced, for, while the majority of the men labor on the roads, certain ones do heavy work in the fort, carrying and setting the heavy timbers which formed the stockade, sometimes by the boys called pickets. One worker having observing eyes says the fort has three embrasures and three pivot-guns. Nor are the soldiers alone in their duties, for from thirty to forty contrabands are delving with them. How gladly would we have given the entire job into the hands of these disenthralled Africans! Then, too, though very near the base of supplies, rations are scant, and lovely landscapes can not compensate for empty stomachs. Farmers' boys find bread only, though nominally the staff of life, somewhat of a broken reed for support, considering the amount of digging required of them. More than a thousand acres had been cleared of timber to give a clear sweep from the fort, and still more must be cut. It seemed not a little strange that the Capital of the United States should have been located in such a wilderness. The fort is only about half built, and there are ten miles of road to be made.

The 5th of October is the first Sunday in this camp, and one racy raconteur remarks the exceeding healthfulness of the day. Roll-call, inspection, dress-parade and a general washup, with reading and such other diversions as active minds suggest, fully occupy the time, while the surgeon and his assistants have a vacation. On other days, however, when picks and shovels are in order, and at roll-call, the ailing are ordered to step to the front, one might think from the response that the camp was located in the very theatre of miasma; thus early did these verdant youths learn what "old soldiering" meant. Then also these practical boys lament the waste of so much valuable timber, just for a pawn in the wild game of war, but when was strife other than expensive, still what were material things, compared with the woe which death was planting in so many homes?

The regiment was not particularly proud of its reputation, but it was currently reported that no body of men before it had made such excellent roads; indeed some ways pronounced finished had to be made over by these Empire State soldiers, some of whom, at least, had taken their first lessons in this business, in working out their poll-taxes under the direction of the pathmaster. All, however, was not praise. Sometimes the engineers would lay out the work, and when completed, through no fault of the makers, proclaim it all wrong, and it must be pulled down or up and made over again. The character and ability of some of these fort and road builders may be inferred when we find them noting that the soil, in places, is decomposed gneiss rock, readily breaking into small chunks, with one or more black faces, with seams of quartz running through them, but what else could be expected of men who read the *Atlantic Monthly* for a respite and find Sunday afternoon diversion in botany? Yet these men were not officers; just privates in the ranks.

October 8th great quantities of ammunition are stored in the magazines of Fort Kearney. Discipline is gradually making itself felt, and while the men not on duty repair to the woods, October 12th, for religious worship, one of their number is consigned to the guard-house because he has been heard threatening to desert. Thereafter when a dissatisfied soldier wished to take French leave, he wasted no time talking about it. On this day the companies hear read, for the first time, the Articles of War, though for some weeks they had been thinking themselves able to recognize sundry articles of this sort on sight.

Tuesday, October 14th, camp and work monotony is broken, as the men go in for their supper of bread and fried beef, by a command to fall in and to report the number of cartridges in each one's possession; supper is eaten hurriedly, and then, once more in line, forty rounds per man are given out. All this because rebel cavalry are said to be within ten miles of the fort. This was one of the annual horse-collecting raids of General J. E. B. Stuart, though his forces on their way down from Chambersburg had already crossed the Potomac on the 12th. Evidently our people thought such a leader liable to appear at any moment anywhere, and they had better have a care. In reality, at this particular moment, he with his men and horses, after taking needed rest in Leesburg, were by easy stages work-

ing westward of the mountains. Company D is sent to the fort and four companies are sent out upon the picket line and the others are ordered to lie upon their arms. The camp is razed, though no one can tell just why. To-day such proceedings have a farcical appearance, though they may not have been without their benefits even then, since the preparation came in the way of drill and discipline.

As no enemy appeared, the weapons of war again gave place to the implements of peace, and digging proceeded as before, not infrequently enlivened by words like these, sung to the tune of Dixie:

"I wish I was in old Wayne county,
My three years up, and I had my bounty,
Look away, look away," etc.

After the scare, the guns were discharged into a neighboring sandbank. Evidently marksmanship was poor, for a dog, just in line, had the full benefit of the fusilade, but was unhurt. Perhaps the boys only made believe aim at him. Let us hope so, both for the sake of their aim and of their hearts.

Camp fare is improving, as this menu will amply prove: Breakfast—roast beef, bread, coffee and apple sauce; dinner—beef, bread and tea; while supper was made from bread and tea. On the 17th the arrival at 4 P. M. of the 17th Connecticut* gave a suspicion of a move to be made soon, and it came the very next day, Saturday, the 18th, when a complete transfer of outfit was made to the vicinity of Fort Mansfield. The march was through Tennallytown, about one mile, and we halted a mile and a half from Chain Bridge. The location is better than that just left. The line between the District and Maryland runs through our camp, which is called "Morris."

*The 17th Connecticut was from Fairfield county, and had as colonel Wm. H. Noble, but a more noted man was in the ranks, viz., Elias Howe, Jr., of sewing-machine fame. Having done garrison duty for some time in Baltimore, the regiment had asked permission to join Sigel's corps. As a punishment for such temerity, it was ordered to Fort Kearney, where for two weeks it handled pick and shovel before reaching the 11th Corps. It was only a few weeks later that Private Howe advanced the money to pay off the regiment, a most convenient man, we thought, to have around. Those competent to judge declared that Colonel Noble resembled the pictures of the lately slain General Nathaniel Lyon, another Connecticut man.

and some of us halt in a potato field. The popular and necessary vegetable is dug with bayonets, and if any man in the regiment fails to have "spuds" for supper, it is his own fault. Men get used to almost everything, and a six-mule load of bread, piled upon the ground, is none the less sought for, though a mule hitched near has, with his tail, kept the flies from the bread for several hours. Our nearest neighbors are men of the 29th New Jersey, who have done a deal of work on Forts Mansfield and Reno.

Had Washington people known what our soldiers were doing with their reservoir, their relish for its contents would have been much lessened. "Dirty, not fit to swim in," is the general comment, and its waters are made still more turbid by the soldiers, who use it as one big wash-tub for their clothing. Oh Cleanliness! what crimes are committed in thy name, and on Sunday, too! At dress-parade on this 19th of October, the secretary of state, William H. Seward, appears, but perhaps the presence of Colonel Welling's wife and daughter gives even more pleasure than that of the eminent gentleman, for the soldiers love to hear the sound of women's voices, thus being reminded of home. For the proper shelter of himself and family, the colonel has had built a small house, not elegant, but sufficient.

There is very little variation in routine for the following week. The Potomac and the Ohio and Chesapeake canal afford ample facilities for bathing and washing, which many improve. Chain Bridge comes in for inspection as well as the potato fields of the neighboring farmers. The latter complain and endeavor to identify the culprits, but fail utterly. Careful and loving friends at home send to their Ontario boys a barrel of dried fruit, on which the expressage is \$5.25. Just what the fruit was worth is not recorded. There is no lack of work, for old roads are made over and new ones are laid out. Drill is not neglected and inspections come regularly.

November 1st Captain Cornwell of Company E died of typhoid fever after an illness of ten days. His death was a great loss in every way, for he merited and received the highest respect of every one. His body was embalmed and sent home to Cayuga county, where from the Scipio Universalist Church, November 9th, all that was mortal was borne to its burial. His was the first death among our officers.

Sunday, November 2d, at dress-parade, Secretary Seward and President Lincoln are present. Already hints are made that the 138th is a pet regiment. One of the boys thus describes the visit: "Just as the regiment, in fine condition, was drawn up in line, an open barouche was discovered in front on the right, in which were seated two distinguished looking men. Every eye observed them, though the command was, 'Front.' Shortly after Colonel Welling had taken his place, one of these men left the carriage and moved slowly to a position a little back of the colonel. By this time every man knew he was in the presence of Abraham Lincoln. The secretary remained in the vehicle. How proud we all felt! The sublime and the ridiculous are often mingled, and this event was an illustration. In passing the president, one of the officers, noted more for his stature than for his gracefulness, after sundry reproofs to his men for not keeping in step, apparently formed the resolution to measure heights with Mr. Lincoln as he passed. So at the proper moment he straightened up to all the height that God had given him, and evidently wished his men to make note. They did, for they heard the president say, distinctly, 'Lieutenant, I am taller than you.' The tall officer's collapse was never forgotten. Later many favored ones grasped the president's hand."

During this day there is the roar of heavy firing in the west, and six weeks ago it would have made every ear erect, but ours are becoming more experienced. The 2d Corps had discovered some rebels at or near Snicker's Gap, and the batteries were exchanging compliments. November 4th is election day, and an expression of political opinion is taken by the men. Throughout the regiment the sentiment is largely Republican. In Company D fifty-five men favor General James S. Wadsworth for governor and fifteen prefer Horatio Seymour; very likely the remaining men were not voters, or did not care to express themselves.

It was in these rather quiet days that Captain —— was officer of the day. It is said that the severe weather had prompted him to take rather more fire-water than was really good for his understanding. Indeed, he had not gone far on his round of nightly duty when, approaching what he supposed to be a sentry's post, and seeing some dark object near at hand, he halted for the challenge. In a chiding tone, he reproved the

supposed sentinel for his lack of military precision and once more said, "Why don't you challenge the grand rounds?" By this time the officer had approached several paces nearer, and had entered upon his query for the third time when he suddenly found himself measuring his length upon the ground. It seems that he had gotten off the regular track, and, nearing the stock corral, had been addressing his remarks to a mule whose heels, in due time, had effectually halted him. The words the captain uttered did not include the countersign.

On the 8th the camp was honored by a visit from Secretaries Seward and Stanton with Lord Lyons, British minister. We thus had frequent opportunity to see some of the most famous men of the day. Two companies, C and K, were ordered to Fort Gains, on the 11th, which disturbed them not a little, for they had just finished their quarters, backing poles, to make the same fully half a mile. Owners of land object to road-making and ditch-digging—but everything goes. When candle rations run short, the colonel's quarters catch fire, perhaps for a hint that light was needed. Some one calls this existence a "dog's life." He wanted excitement. Passes were occasionally obtained for a day in Washington. How the day was spent there depended entirely on the taste of the visitor. Many sought the Capitol, Patent and Post Offices, the White House, and the like. If the scenes sought were questionable, no record was made of them.

Monotony reigns in camp life and police duty during the month of November, though on the 23d a Stonewall Jackson scare, incident to his moving from Winchester, or to a reconnoissance by Stuart, leads to the handling of considerable ammunition and to some haste in mounting guns in the forts. Indications became more and more pronounced that the regiment was to stay in the defenses, for before the end of the month, the officers were studying artillery drill, and some work had been done on the guns in Fort Kearney by the companies stationed there. The 27th was the first Thanksgiving in camp, and was conspicuous for the absence of the orthodox turkey and other dainties which made the home board so attractive. One soldier records his dinner as composed of bread and butter, cheese and apple-sauce. Though not up to the traditional standard, he might have fared much worse. The same man laments the cost of his *Atlantic Monthly*, twenty-five cents for

the magazine and twenty-five more for the messenger; it does seem as though the tariff were a trifle high.

It was in this camp that a sudden night alarm summoned the men into line, to which they hastened in all degrees of sleepiness and fright. One of the captains, however, lest someone might oversleep, went through his street and inspected every tent. As he poked open one flap he found a youngster, scared almost to distraction. His reply to the captain's reproof for his delinquency was, "Oh, captain, don't make me go out there and be killed!" The officer's considerateness in allowing him to remain where he was, was amply justified in subsequent dangers, when he proved himself brave enough. It was only a stage fright, liable to attack any one sooner or later.

Sometimes the fun of soldiers came near being what has been characterized as horse-play. It was in Company F, one chilly evening in October. A few men were smoking and yarning around the pit, over which cooking had been done all day, and which was now well filled with red-hot embers. While they were thus standing, one of the company came up to the other side of the trench, a man good-natured when sober, but exceedingly surly when in liquor. Tall and robust, he was able to carry out any threat he might make. Soon came also a comrade of quite a different build, always good natured and genial; he essayed a little fun at the expense of the tall soldier, which the latter was in no mood to relish. Finally, turning upon the joker, he exclaimed, "If you don't behave I'll take you by the seat of your trousers and the nape of your neck and throw you into the fire." Unfortunately the short soldier did not take the hint, but persisted in his nonsense, saying, "You can't do it." Whereupon the giant actually seized the comrade, as threatened, and holding him over the pit, as though he were only a child, let him drop upon the fiery mass. All this happened before any one could interfere, but as the victim fell upon his back he squirmed out upon the ground unhurt, though badly frightened. The irate Hercules moved off, laughing devilishly, and as no one was hurt, those looking on could and did laugh at Conny's expense.

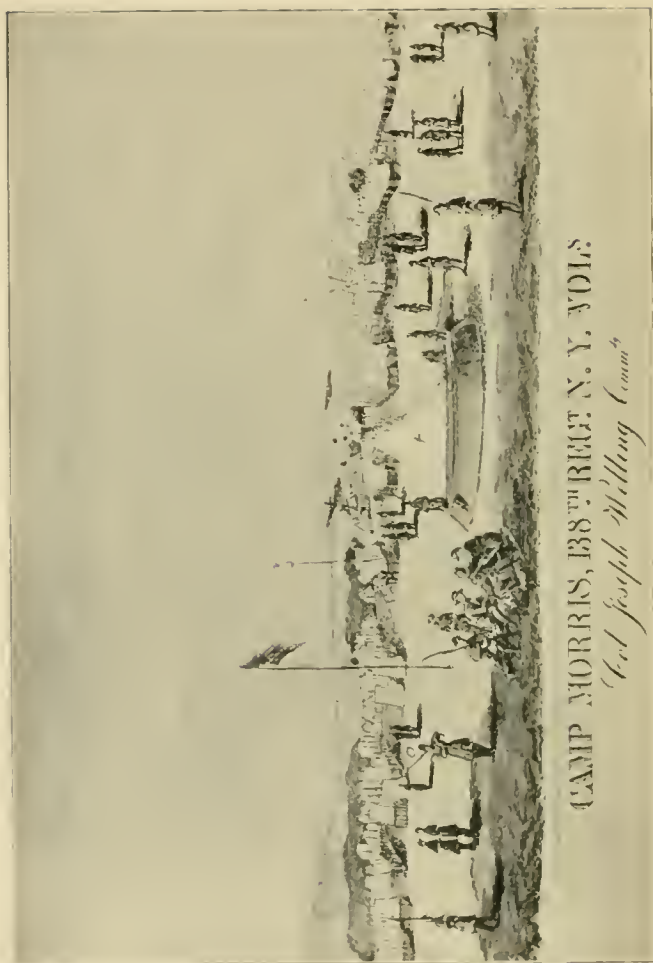
CHAPTER VI.

CAMP MORRIS AND THE 9TH HEAVY ARTILLERY.

The stopping-place after leaving Fort Kearney had taken a new name, viz., Camp Morris, after Colonel Lewis O. Morris* of the 113th New York, later to be dubbed the 7th Heavy Artillery, and whose brave colonel was to fall, June 4th, 1864, at Cold Harbor. At this time he commanded the Military Construction Corps in the defenses. As fort-building was so prominent a part of the regiment's work, the following description, sent home by a participant, is not amiss: "The forts are simply earthworks enclosing from one to two acres of land. They are made by digging a ditch or moat, fifteen feet wide by from ten to twelve feet deep, throwing the earth up to form an embankment inside the ditch. This bank is made hard by pounding it as it is thrown up; through embrasures, guns are run out; on the outside are abatis which hinder the approach of man or horse; within are magazines and bombproofs, also barracks to be used in case of an attack; it requires three reliefs to work the heavy guns; all the forts are connected by rifle-pits; entrance-gates are on the side towards Washington; the heavy stockades surrounding are pierced by loop-holes.

The approach of winter rendered it necessary to make increased preparations for the sake of health and comfort. The laying out of quarters became a necessity, and house-building was the general vocation; the term house, however, was less heard than "hut," "shanty," "tent" or "winter-quarters." Their desirableness as habitations depended largely on the taste, ingenuity and industry of the builders. They were party affairs.

*Colonel Morris belonged to one of New York's most noted families. His father, Lewis N., a graduate of West Point, was killed at Monterey in 1846, bravely leading his men, a brevet major, U. S. A. The colonel's grandfather, Staats, was a brother of Lewis Morris, a signer of the Declaration, and himself an officer on the staff of General Anthony Wayne. Colonel L. O. Morris had been in the army since 1847, saw service in the Mexican war, and at the beginning of the Rebellion was in Texas a captain in the 1st Artillery. His battery was the only one not surrendered to the Confederates. The prosaic life in the defenses greatly chafed him, and the chance to lead his regiment to the front under Grant's régime was eagerly seized, though it speedily led to his death.



CAMP MORRIS, 138TH REGT. N. Y. VOL'S

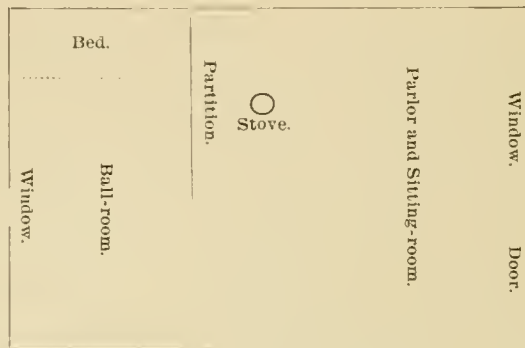
Col. Joseph Willing Comdr.

the number combining determining the size of the structure. A building 9x16 feet was large enough for six men, and one 12x16 could hold twice that number. Luckily not all the trees had been cut away, and sufficient were found to supply both fuel and building material. The impromptu structures are much smaller, being, externally, 7x8 feet. The lower part to the height of $2\frac{1}{2}$ feet is built of small logs, thus lessening the inside measurement nearly one foot all around. A home letter by a Company B boy, dated December 21st, gives an excellent picture of what the writer deemed essential to his comfort in his A tent having the above-described kind of a base:

" We enter at one end; on the left side, as we come in, is our fire-place in the corner; beyond is a small table, at which I am now writing. Across the back end is a little shelf $2\frac{1}{2}$ feet from the ground. On this shelf are three cupboards and other things; two of the cupboards are used for our dishes and culinary outfit; the third is for my own private library. In the lower space of the latter are three compartments, one for envelopes, one for answered and the other for unanswered letters. Above this comes the library itself, made up of general reading, such as newspapers, magazines, etc., etc.; books, classical, scientific, poetic, critical, and religious, as a Bible, hymn and prayer book. The top shelf is expressly for stationery. Between the second and third cupboards stands the tent-pole, and on each side of this are our guns, the muzzles going through a short shelf near the top of the tent. On the right side as we enter are bedding, straw, etc. On the lowermost shelf is the water-pail and above it the dried fruits. Our sabre-belts, cartridge-boxes, canteens, haversacks, pistols, etc., hang on the tent-pole. Besides, we have three knapsacks, four overcoats, a box for dirty shirts, extra boots and shoes, wash and slop dishes, towels, dish-cloths, frying-pan, griddle and extra pail, place for twenty-four hours' supply of fuel, a box of hickory nuts, a catch-all bag, a box of chips, one drum, twenty-five feet of lumber, kept inside for subsequent shanty; axe, hammer, punches, seats for seven or eight men, a quantity of soap-stone and laurel-root, which we whittle into curious things; a bread-toaster, a pound or two of nails, some old strap hinges, an old saw, a fire-poker, etc." Evidently this young man had been used to comfort at home, for many a city tenement has less articles for daily use than he enumerates. In the same letter, he says he makes

mittens by cutting holes in the heels of a pair of socks and sewing on, for thumbs, the eliminated toes thereof.

One officer, for his wife's delectation, sends home this diagram of his first and only floor:



Of course there are the regular rounds of drill, guard-duty and fatigue, and the general health of the regiment is good. Rations are helped out by home contributions, for the loved ones there are not forgetful. One soldier is made happy by an apple (doubtless there were others), on which he finds the magic word, "Julia;" another dilates on the taste of a can of peaches, while others are grateful for boxes of dried fruit, sausage, mince-pie, and such dainties as only wives and mothers can prepare. Amusements are had in the making of briar-wood pipes, not always for the use of the maker, for all did not smoke, not by any means. The playing of whist and poker was well-nigh universal, though some more thoughtful preferred chess and checkers. Then many read a deal and of the best, as is evident in the list of books afforded by one tent, Hugh Miller's "Foot-steps of the Creator," "Mountains of the Bible," "Polloek's Course of Time," and other solid volumes, though it would be unfair to imply that any considerable part of the regiment reached this exalted pitch of literary taste.

Possibly the most important event of this month was the actual transfer of the 138th New York Infantry to the 9th Heavy Artillery. The order of conversion was dated December 9th, and the designated numeral came on the 19th. With such recurrence of the ultimate significant figure, the regiment could hardly become other than the 9th. The first official promulgation of the order came at dress-parade, December 21st.

Changes in military colors speedily followed, blue giving place to red in chevrons, stripes and shoulder-straps, but the new artillery coats did not come till December 30th. This becoming an artillery regiment had been so thoroughly forestalled that it occasioned very little remark. On the same date the 113th and the 129th New York Infantry became the 7th and the 8th Heavy Artillery, respectively. At this time the several companies were stationed as follows: at Fort Gains, C and K; at Mansfield, B, G, E and H; at Reno, I, D, F and A; Colonel Welling was near Reno, Seward at Mansfield and Major Taft at Gains.

The condition of the weather may be inferred from the fact that the ground was frozen some of the time to the depth of six inches, and that snow four inches deep did not occasion surprise; at the same time, thousands of men washed garments in a stream not a stone's throw from the reservoir. For a variety in camp-life, the sergeant of the guard picks up a private's gun in the guard quarters and playfully shoots away two or three of said private's fingers. Of course he didn't know that the gun was loaded. This type of ignorance is of a very ancient lineage. A letter, dated this month by a Company E man to his wife, says, "Every Sunday morning there is company inspection of arms, knapsacks, clothing, etc. The last day of every month comes general inspection, and every second month a muster for pay, as December, February, etc. Our guns weigh 16 lbs.; balls, $1\frac{1}{2}$ oz.; cartridges, 2 oz. The fort guns are mostly 40-pound Parrotts, some heavy howitzers and occasionally a 100-pound cannon; lots of heavy practice."

If the boys fared slimly at Thanksgiving, experience taught them to make ready for Christmas. They couldn't hang up their stockings, for they had no faith in Santa Claus on the Potomac. The saint would never trust himself and steeds on such roofs as they possessed. To the natives the day itself was much more like a 4th of July celebration than the observance of the Savior's birth, but it must not be supposed that these soldier boys were disposed to give the day a particularly religious tone; they were determined, however, on having just as good a dinner as the circumstances would allow. On the 24th one man records paying a dollar for a gallon of oysters in Washington for his own dinner and buying a chicken and celery for his captain's. Young men who could make buck-

wheat cakes in camp and serve them with maple syrup were equal to getting up a Christmas dinner. Fifteen men in Company K forgot dull care as they discussed the following bill of fare at 8 o'clock P. M.: "Cold roast pork, cold roast duck, bread and butter, pickles, cheese, preserves, apples, pies (the writer modestly observes that they were the first he ever made), and four kinds of cake." After encompassing such a layout the soldiers ought to have been in condition to enjoy the stories that followed. Twenty good men of Company — ran the guard just for a supper in a neighboring house. Unluckily sixteen of them were caught and had to spend the remainder of their Xmas in the guard-house,— an excellent opportunity to moralize on the mutability of things sublunary and on the exceeding nearness of sadness to pleasure.* It should be said that the day, though a world-wide holiday, did not excuse the men from three hours' company drill.

On the last Sunday of the year, the 28th, Secretary Seward visited camp and the chaplain preached. Somehow or other he does not seem to fit the feelings of all the boys, some of whom remark that he is more interested in rabbit and quail hunting than in the performance of his ministerial functions; but when was there a time that the fault-finder was not in evidence? The great majority of our soldiers in camp had very little appreciation for that which became especially dear when death, in the active campaign, stared them in the face. By the end of the month officers and men were fairly well fixed for the new year, though they had not gotten into barracks.

Being thus happily placed, it was not strange that certain officers should send for their respective helpmeets, and before the end of December the camp was gladdened with the presence, among others, of Mrs. Lieutenant Colonel Seward, Mrs. Major Taft, Mrs. Captain Lyon, Mrs. Quartermaster Knowles, and Mrs. Lieutenant Wood. Mrs. Colonel Welling and daughter have been mentioned already.

*Two years later a favorite bit of doggerel, sung to an unwritten tune, ran thus:

"Oh, it's young men skedaddlers, I'd have you all beware,
 Leave off your bounty-jumping and go live upon the square,
 For provost guards are plenty and governor's isle is nigh,
 They'll leave you there in solitude to pine away and die."

1863.

January comes in on Thursday, and is indicated by a cessation of drill, a New York custom of setting more store by the first day of the year than by Christmas, though the Knickerbocker habit of calling is not appreciably observed. The permanent barracks that had been building for some time were occupied as early as the 18th of the month, though some companies had entered much earlier, as A on the 11th; B, the 13th and 14th; D, the 16th, and G, the 18th. Many of the boys prefer their old tents, complaining of leaky roofs and lack of light, for there was no lavish display of windows. Meanwhile during the month more work was done on Forts Mansfield, Reno and Gains, at which latter place was the regimental hospital, where, on the 26th, died Jonathan Baldwin of Company C, from Cato, having taken an overdose of opium. Many men are inducted into the nicety of artillery drill, though that of infantry is not neglected, there being five hours a day of the latter. On the 8th Messrs. Moore and McCall of Lyons buy out Sutler Davidson. The wife of Lieutenant Flynn comes to the camp on the 10th, and on the 15th Mrs. Captain Gregory and boy. Fort Mansfield barracks were occupied by the 1st Battalion, comprising Companies B, D, E and G, under Lieutenant Colonel Seward. On the 23d Captain Crane of Company H takes twenty men, and goes out to find the secret of certain lights which at night have alarmed the guards. He finds, not will-o'-the-wisps, but necessary illuminations for negro woodchoppers three-fourths of a mile away; in such prosaic manner do all the Ninth's troubles terminate.

As the regiment had been converted into a heavy artillery body, it must be recruited to the latter's standard, and Lieutenant Bacon of Company D opened an office in Lyons on the 23d, and Lieutenant A. S. Wood of the same company is made adjutant, vice W. R. Wasson, promoted major, since the new organization allowed three majors among the field officers and four lieutenants in each company; also there were to be twelve companies instead of ten, as in the infantry. Captain James W. Snyder of Company A was the first major under this change, though his commission and that of Major Wasson were both dated Dec. 31, 1862. Next to the last day of January witnesses a brigade review conducted by Colonel L. O. Morris, in which

was displayed the proficiency acquired by months of honest drill, and which months later was to bear rich fruit when these same regiments of heavy artillery were to leave the forts of their making and were to follow General Grant into the tangled undergrowth of the Wilderness and up to the breastworks of Cold Harbor.

CHAPTER VII.

LIFE IN THE FORTS.

The most important regimental event of the month of February was the accession of Company M. It had been raised in Genesee county as the 22d Independent Battery, and had been mustered into the service of the United States Oct. 28th, 1862. The order for this union was dated February 5th, but the company did not appear in regimental line till the very last day of the month.

The regiment is getting pretty well used to routine duty, and of work there is no lack. Forts, roads, huts, barracks, there is ample employment for every one, and no end of drill besides. The news of the day comes from Washington in the shape of the *Chronicle*, Colonel John W. Forney's paper, whose pages few soldiers of the Potomac army will ever forget. The alert newsboy made a good business by furnishing his papers to regular customers for twenty-five cents per week. Rules as to the care of ammunition magazines were especially stringent, and one of the best men in the regiment was sent to the guard-house because he did not detect a lighted pipe in the possession of an ordnance sergeant who tried to play smart with the sentinel. His captain, however, got him released speedily and he went back to his post. The next time this sergeant (he didn't belong to the Ninth) tried this trick he was himself arrested.

On the 15th a vigorous temperance movement was made by the captain of Company B, who with a squad of men went out and broke up a liquor hole, where men had been drinking themselves into trouble. There were few regiments staying any length of time near Washington that did not have similar experiences. For drunkenness all sorts of penalties were inflicted, such as standing on a barrel, wearing said barrel, or another

with only the man's head peering through, called a wooden overcoat; lashed to a cannon's wheel, or doomed to keep up a weary march for many long hours with a knapsack filled with stones or solid shot, fifty pounds sometimes; and yet they would drink if opportunity offered, *i. e.*, some of the men, not by any means those who detected fossiliferous limestones in their digging, or made up the regular Bible-class. Temper sometimes got the better of men who hardly wished to render the military deference to the officers with whom they had been reared and whom they thought no better than themselves. Court-martials were not unknown, and very severe penalties were at times inflicted. One man for threatening to strike his captain was sentenced to serve his term of enlistment at hard labor, one week in each month to have only a bread and water diet, and to forfeit all pay. The place for the infliction of such punishment was usually the Rip Raps, near Fortress Monroe. As this particular soldier was discharged in 1865 in good repute, it must be that industry and repentance had worked remission. The first battalion drill was had on the 21st of February. The 22d was properly observed by a salute from all the forts. About this time there is excitement in camp because of an effort to enforce protection as against free trade in pies. The men claimed that this particularly American variety of pastry offered by outside parties was much better than that sold by the sutler, but the edict went forth that it must be the sutler's pies or none. As an immediate result, smuggling of the most heinous character followed, for what freeman could endure having restrictions imposed on pie? Had not Ralph Waldo Emerson said that he rated the intellectuality of a people in accordance as they did or did not appreciate pie? When it came to intellect the Ninth played second to no one. The 28th saw the inspection of the regiment between Forts Reno and Bayard on the grounds lately occupied by the 117th New York, which was about joining Burnside's corps. Major Snyder is now in command in Fort Gains.

Among the Latins there were calendar days known as *dies non*, or no days, and in our northern clime the month of all others most eligible to the appellation *mensis non* is March. Disagreeable in every way, everywhere, infinitely worse than the English November, which Tom Hood so unmercifully lampooned, what wonder that the campers by Potomac's shore

found life almost a burden during its continuance? It was the reign of slush, yet duty of all kind had to be performed, just the same as though May blossoms were there. On the 3d of the month a most distressing accident happened in Company F, where a man carelessly discharged a gun, killing his wife, the mother of two children. It was another instance of not knowing that it was loaded. The horror of it was greater than that of the battlefield.

The men had been in camp long enough to pretty thoroughly indicate their dispositions and habits. Those that were filthy by nature began to be obnoxious to their more cleanly neighbors, and crusades were waged against those who would not keep themselves clear from body vermin. Then, too, the natural shirk made himself evident. If he could get others to do the work, he was perfectly content. Nothing inspired promptness in him but meal-time. In Company G, out of a shanty's complement, Private L. was notorious for waiting at reveille till the very last moment, and then barefooted, clad in drawers and shirt only, he would rush out to roll-call. Thence going back he would crawl in till his tent-mates had built a fire and prepared breakfast. There is a limit to all endurance, and this was Comrade T.'s thought as he took a hot musket ball, in some way left near the fire, and dropped it down the back part of L.'s drawers conveniently exposed. There was no hesitation in his resurrection. He came out quickly, effectually, and it is said blasphemously. The lesson was not lost.

There were still rifle-pits to be made, and probably would have been if the regiment had remained in the defenses to the end of its term of enlistment. There were advantages, however, in this proximity to Washington and in having permanent quarters. Dentists came up from the Capital, and a barber made a living, more or less, at his vocation. All did not patronize the company cook, some preferring to boil, bake and stew for themselves, and in this the highest degree of liberty obtained. During these March nights the officers had military schools, in which, as one of them said, they had to recite like school-boys, page after page, all about the ranges of the guns, charges of powder, elevation, etc. It was a good thing for them, too.

April was a distinct advance on its predecessor, but even it was not faultless, since on the 5th April showers degenerated into snow a foot deep.

With its new name and character, the regiment now possessed a brass band, under the leadership of Jacob Sager of Clyde. If he was more generally known in the 9th as "Jake," it was because of his ever ready and genial nature. The first public appearance of this body was April 6, 1863. But a more extended sketch of the band and its personnel will be given in a later chapter. Georgetown is not so far away that men can not go thither to church if they desire, and some of them do, though anything so constrained as a church pew almost gives them cramps.

May brings blossoms and better spirits to the boys, though two men are injured in Fort Bayard through foolish tinkering with a shell. The man who brought it into the camp deserted, and thus escaped punishment. The weather is fine, and activity along the lines of the Potomac army has its effect in the defenses, for somehow rumors of rebel raids are constantly in the air. Hooker's advance tends to magnify every bit of alleged news. Pickets were reported driven in on the Virginia side of the Chain Bridge the 11th, and the next day Lieutenant Colonel Seward was hurt by a fall from his horse. During the next week every cloud of dust indicated an attack of rebel cavalry. Could the latter have been half as ubiquitous as our men's fancy made them, they would have overrun the whole North long before. On the 21st the long roll was responded to by a grand rush to the forts and rifle-pits without order or officers. Secretary Seward and family witness the dress-parade on the 24th. In these days the officers are trying to secure better rifles for the men, but reforms are slow.

The forts, all made and armed, must now be decorated, and consequently by the early part of June, they are completely sodded. Anything to keep the boys busy! At 11 P. M. the 28th, another scare calls the men into the rifle-pits, and there they remain till morn. Excitement is at fever heat. Soldiers are making the discovery, sure to come to all sooner or later, that those in authority who are the most lenient in matters of discipline are not necessarily the best officers. Stories of this sort are as old as the tale of the Retreat of the Ten Thousand under Xenophon.

June, 1863, is a busy month in Virginia. Hooker and Lee are preparing for Gettysburg, and naturally the forts are hives of apprehension. Diligence is not lacking, and shots enough

are fired at targets to enable the cannoneers to become excellent marksmen, if the need should arise. On the very first day of the month, General Heintzelman said, "No more passes;" but boys did leave the camp in citizen's clothing, just for the fun of it, running the risk of severe punishment if caught. On the 3d all women save those doing company work are ordered from camp. Quite a number of officers and men had set up a sort of primitive housekeeping. Possibly two or three soldiers' wives, in each company, had been designated to do laundry work, mending, etc.

Pickets are sent out each day, five from each company. The 7th New York Artillery is with us and the cavalry beyond. It is early in this month that we have our first skirmish drill. The regiment was in line on the parade-ground of Camp Morris, near Fort Simmons, Company B at the right, Colonel Welling, Lieutenant Colonel Seward and the other staff officers being in front of the centre. After a brief consultation with his staff officers, Colonel Welling gave the following order to the first sergeant of Company B: "Orderly Fish, I direct you to organize a skirmish line from this battalion." Sergeant Fish promptly called the battalion to attention and directed to count in fives, which numbers (fives) he marched three paces to the front, and the left guide sergeants of the respective companies one pace to the front. After dressing the line, Sergeant Fish reported to Colonel Welling that the skirmish line was organized. Here was begun the drill in which the regiment soon became proficient, as was shown later in field service.

Tuesday, the 9th of June, Secretaries Seward and Salmon P. Chase of the treasury favor us with a call. Two days later, in the night, the men again rallied to the forts; the next night the long roll brought on another scare. The wonder is that so many false cries of "wolf" did not produce a condition of indifference. The Harper's Ferry road is thoroughly picketed. Each day brings its reports, each more startling than its predecessor. Lieutenant Colonel Seward had been away in Auburn, but these rumors of rebel attack bring him back on the 16th, that he may be on hand if needed. Again the long roll in the night of the 18th resulted in keeping the men out in the rain, and all because an over-cautious sentinel had fired his gun at a horse. The 21st cannonading is heard seemingly at Thoroughfare Gap [it really is at Upperville]. The 23d Companies D and G,



COMPANY A STREET, FORT SIMMONS.



HEADQUARTERS 9TH BATTALION, 2D N. Y. H. A. FORT C. F. SMITH.

with two from the 1st Maine Heavy Artillery, march ten miles to a point near Fort Thayer on the Baltimore & Washington railroad to work on rifle-pits and batteries, three miles from Washington and two from Bladensburg. On the same day A tents followed, the entire detachment being under the command of Major Shepard* of the 1st Maine. The men dig ten hours a day, all on account of fear of rebel cavalry that are reported prowling about. These companies remained here till July 8th, when they returned to their quarters.

The efforts to secure a better gun succeeded in part, and on the 24th of June some of the companies were supplied with Springfield muskets. The 28th brought a scare pretty near the forts, since on that day, between Tennallytown and Rockville, the rebels captured and destroyed a large wagon-train. This was bringing the sound of arms right home, and as a consequence excitement ran high.† Cavalry pickets were driven in, and it did seem for a while as though the boys might have some fighting to do.

July, the memorable month of 1863, finds the Ninth at employment no more warlike than the handling of pick and shovel, and filling in the chinks with drilling. The consciousness that some one must do such work was consoling to certain ones, but more were restive under the routine, and many grumbling letters were written home. "Gettysburg" is on every lip, and the boys remark on their having all the hard work and none of the glory, though they did think there was some chance for them when Stuart came so near. The women and the sick were sent to Washington, and every preparation was made to withstand an attack. The band was ordered upon the breast-works, and bade play "Yankee Doodle" for all that they were worth. The boys had lots of wind, and they pumped it into

*Major Russell B. Shepard subsequently became colonel of the regiment and brevet brigadier general. When, the next year, the regiment went to the front, it was soon in the thickest of the fight, and its death record in battle was the largest of all the 2,047 regiments that made up the Union army.

†This was another of J. E. B. Stuart's phenomenal attacks. It was a part of the campaign which ended at Gettysburg. He actually came within less than five miles of the District line. There were 125 wagons in the train, whose subsequent keeping, it is claimed, hindered Stuart's progress and so contributed to Lee's defeat; really, then, a blessing in disguise.

their horns till some prisoners who were brought in later declared they thought the sound came from a brigade aggregation. It was the colonel's idea that music might encourage soldiers as well as charm the savage ear.

On the very first day of July, a part of Company C goes to Battery Vermont, and later twenty-five men from each company go daily to Fort Simmons for fatigue duty. Seemingly the regiment was having an opportunity to turn over, at least once, the soil of the entire District, with some of Maryland's besides. It was in this month that Colonel Welling had some passages at verbal arms with Colonel Morris, commanding the brigade. Our colonel intimated that his men were having more than their share of the digging to do, and that he would like to see other organizations equally pressed. In such a contest, one need not be told where the sympathies of his soldiers were. In another bout with the colonel of the 7th, in a fort directly under the latter's command, Colonel Welling saw one of his men doing police duty wearing ball and chain. He at once asked Colonel Morris why the man should be thus punished without his own knowledge. Morris flew into a passion at once and challenged Welling, saying, "Choose your weapons." Our officer replied that all the weapons he wanted were those that God had given him, but a pugilistic encounter did not appear to be to the older officer's taste, and the two colonels separated, Welling going back to his camp. While a fight with the weapons furnished by nature might have been exciting, and whose details might enliven these pages, we can not help rejoicing that both men had good substrata of common sense. Before sunset, the 9th Heavy man was released and sent back to his own quarters.

Of course the warm weather warranted more out-of-doors living and an accompanying change of fare. The boys who had made griddle-cakes and pies in the winter now tried their hands at custards and Dutch cheese, but even these did not save some of them from the grip of nostalgia, or homesickness. There are men living to-day who would have died as soldiers had not their discharges been given, yet the most careful diagnosis could discover nothing wrong with bodily functions. Their troubles were of the head and heart, and Shakespeare discovered that it was impossible to administer to minds diseased. The homesick man had not much sympathy from his

comrades; he may even have received their ridicule, but he was not cured, and while other reasons may have been assigned for the discharge, the real one was an irresistible desire to see the old home and the loved ones.

In the regular chapter of accidents, James Allen of Company K unfortunately shoots himself on the 27th, and dies in just one week, his wife arriving on the morning of his death. His comrades paid the expenses incident to sending his body home to the town of Galen, where, in the cemetery at Furguson's Corners, it was laid away for the eternal sleep.

August arrives with its blistering heat, and still the routine is little varied. On the 6th was observed the day of thanksgiving, praise and prayer, proclaimed by the president in token of the signal victories won at Vicksburg and Gettysburg. One private who had a pass to Washington on this day remarked on the closing of all places of business. He might just as well have stayed in camp, so far as benefit from his trip was concerned. On Sunday, however, he fared better, for then he went into the country and dined with a citizen, who quite won his heart through refusing to take pay for his hospitality. Many firm friendships were established in this way.

The 13th Companies B and K exchanged places, B going to Fort Gains and K to Fort Mansfield. The day before had been promulgated the most important order for many a long month. It was to the effect that Companies C, D, E and G, forming a battalion, the 2d under the command of Lieutenant Colonel Seward, should proceed to a point south of Washington, and there construct a large fort. Accordingly at 5 A. M. on the 14th, accompanied by the regimental band, these companies set forth, and from the wharf at the foot of D street took a boat for Rozier's Bluff, where a landing was made at about noon.

CHAPTER VIII.

FORT FOOTE.

For the ensuing nine months there is to be a pretty effectual separation of the 2d Battalion from the other two, which remained in their former quarters. In addition to Lieutenant

Colonel Seward the detachment is accompanied by Major Taft. The site selected for the fortification is a very steep bluff 100 feet high, four miles from Alexandria, eight from Washington and on the same side of the Potomac. It was to be the only defense between Fort Washington and the District line. It proved to be one of the very largest of the cordon of forts which encircled the city. It was wholly outside of the District and faced the mouth of Hunting creek, on whose south bank was the nearest considerable neighbor, viz., Fort Lyon. Alexandria became the base of supplies, whence also came a daily mail and other necessities. Corporal E. W. Newberry of Company D, who had pulled many an oar on Great Sodus bay, became the post's ferryman, and with his crew semi-daily he rows to and fro for his comrades. The locality, though elevated, was particularly malarial, so much so that by the neighboring inhabitants it was called the grave-yard of Prince George county. Nor did it belie its name, as the long list of sick and dead from typhoid fever and like diseases bore ample testimony. Assistant Surgeon Dwight W. Chamberlain accompanied the battalion, and by his care of the ailing won the regard of all.

Those who had served so extended an apprenticeship at digging in the northern part of the District were now to have another and extended opportunity to develop their muscle and to assist in rendering secure the most talked of city in America. Apparently the new fort is of special interest to General J. G. Barnard, who had in charge the laying out of the majority of Washington's defenses, for on the 21st, just one week after the arrival of our boys, he came down with no less distinguished guests than the president, Secretary Stanton, Generals Heintzelman and Haskins, with many other officers and citizens. If all that they saw was not in proper order, let us hope that every defect received its proper ascription.

This is the season of peaches and melons. If the men of the Ninth make long marches, by no means forced, all along the Potomac shore of Maryland, it is not on topography bent, but rather to afford a home market for the special products of that favored locality. There is no diary of this period that does not teem with records of luscious fruit and juicy melons, the very recollection of which, to this day, makes the veteran's mouth water. As offered for sale in the camp, everything is surprisingly cheap. A haversack full of peaches costs but

twelve and one-half cents, and that receptacle would hold well towards a peck. The weather is extremely warm, but this does not delay the work, a large part of which is done upon the road leading up from the river to the camp and fort. The hours of toil are not made more agreeable by the stories that visitors from Fort Simmons tell of the restful, quiet times they are having there. Early in September, 150 men from the four companies are working ten hours each day, but just how hard some of them labor may be inferred from their taking a stint on the 8th, which they complete before 10 A. M. Men are only boys of a larger growth. About this time the malarial climate began to get in its work, and by the 10th nearly or quite one-half of the officers and men are on the sick list, among them Major Taft, who is so badly off that even drums and bugles are suppressed. As he convalesced ten days later, the major was carried to a neighboring farm-house, thinking that he might improve more rapidly there. On this very day, the 21st, our lieutenant colonel is taken down, and on the following day his father, the secretary, comes and has him removed to Washington; so weak is the colonel he is borne from the camp to the boat upon a stretcher. The hospital record for these autumnal days is a sad one of sickness and death. To unacclimated people the river's shore was often pestalential. In this year, 1898, when so much is said of suffering soldiers in Cuba, it is not amiss to remember that equally great affliction was had along this Potomac river in the years of the Rebellion, and very little note was made of it, the death loss in battle being so much more conspicuous.* The funeral march became the one most often heard. Just before Major Taft was attacked, the camp was moved down the river, hoping thus to find a healthier place. Meanwhile warlike preparations go forward, and the earthworks slowly arise for the reception of guns, and on the 25th their carriages begin to arrive. The 25th gladdens many a heart, for on this day the major returns to camp, though he has to ride back in an ambulance.

*Whitelaw Reid, historian of Ohio in the War of the Rebellion, says that the 169th, which spent its 100 days at Fort Ethan Allen in 1864, had 200 men in that time die or be permanently disabled through disease alone. More than fifty died. At the same time the 133d, another 100-day regiment, stationed at Fort Powhatan, on the James, had 300 men down with fever. If the public knew this at the time, it has certainly forgotten it in the clamor over Cuban malaria.

October 1st is a memorable day, for then Secretary Seward and friends appear and give the works their name, and those who hear it are not disappointed, for that of Commodore Foote,* the river hero of Forts Henry and Donelson, was already a cherished one in America. Sickness causing the absence of the field officers, who had been helped from the camp, Major Snyder came down on the 4th and took command. An immense 200-pound Parrott gun arrives on the 13th, and on the 22d has its first trial, at which time Secretaries Chase and Welles (of the Navy), Generals Barnard and Augur with numerous others came to witness the event.

The hospital is a very important part of the camp, and has dimensions, 20x100 feet; none too large for the increasing number of sick. On the 31st no less than twenty-two men are furloughed home, that they may vote in the November elections. Persimmons follow peaches, and those who know how to wait for the ripening fruit till Jack Frost has touched them find them a most enjoyable dainty, but the injudicious adventurer who, lured by their tempting yellow skin, tasted them out of season, has ascribed any subsequent oral difficulties to that early indiscretion.

While, November 3d, voters at home are recording their political opinions, there is nothing more for soldiers to do than to just express their feelings, which many of them do. One careful observer says, "There are few Democrats in the army, or if there are they are ashamed to own it." On the 6th comes the big fifteen-inch gun, which is rolled, not carried, to the fort. The 11th marks the completion of barracks for Companies C and G, and on the 16th those companies with E move in. On the 19th D followed. The 22d, Sunday, Sergeant Devoe of Company G preached in the hospital. The 28th marked the advent of stores for cook-house and barracks, though the quantity is pronounced insufficient; more came later.

December 22d four Russian war vessels are noted moving up the river. Winter settles down upon the men, some of whom reflect that they are not doing much for the war, "but some one must stay here." The mess-house, 16x40 feet, is opened on

*Andrew Hull Foote, born in New Haven, Conn., September 12th, 1806, died in New York city June 26, 1863. Named for one naval hero, served his apprenticeship under Porter, another,—what wonder that he made his own name a proud one in his country's annals.

the 10th. Christmas, so lively and jolly at home, is dull enough here for many, though some, having made acquaintances among the near-by citizens, find home sensation in calling, even if there secesh notions abound, for youth ever rises superior to political and sectional feelings. Romeo and Juliet were from opposing houses. Then there were cases of fun and jollity right in camp, since in Company D Captain Lyon ordered ten gallons of oysters and twelve dollars' worth of poultry. Henry Porter of Sodus Point and J. J. Vickery of Lyons went out with guns and dogs and secured a buck deer weighing 200 pounds, all of which served to brighten the surroundings not a little.

1864.

January brings very little variety to the camp, though drill of all kinds is kept up regularly with accompanying inspections and dress-parades. In these quiet days and this secluded place, the officers have an excellent opportunity to study regulations and tactics, which some of them conscientiously seize. Meanwhile the weather becomes very cold, and the Potomac freezes so hard that, on the 8th, the boat makes landings on the ice. The next day, men cross the river on the ice to Alexandria. Cleanliness is maintained, and in spite of the weather the barracks are regularly scrubbed and kept in the best of order. Those who can obtain permission to visit Forts Simmons, Reno and other old stamping-grounds, just for the maintenance of friendly relations and the return of courtesies, for the officers and men from those parts as often as possible came down to the fort.

Though as good as the average soldiers, all of the Ninth's men were not angels and court-martials were not unknown, though it would puzzle some, after this lapse of years, to tell what they were all about. However important then, they have been forgotten in the hurry of later living. The ice reign continues in the river and boats have to break their way through.

Officers are responsible for the care of company funds arising from the use of government appropriations for rations. Instead of dealing out to each man his portion, all combine and live in common, thereby saving so much that luxuries otherwise impossible are obtained, and, besides, the individual is spared the necessity of preparing his own food, certain ones from each company being quite willing to serve in the capacity

of cooks for all. Whatever there might be over and above the cost of rations could be applied to the purchasing of better equipment for the mess-tables. A strict accounting was required from the officer in charge, and while no scandal ever arose in our regiment there were those, during the war, whose officers had no end of trouble in making clear their relations to the respective funds.

Captain William Wood made out on the 16th no less than ten discharge papers, for disability incident to the situation is great. Fever germs still linger, and there are few men at the post, notwithstanding the cold weather, who do not use a deal of quinine. To crown all these disadvantages, on the 19th of January Post Adjutant Redgraves is taken down with the small-pox. But there are diversions for those who call themselves well, and catching rabbits in the snow is great fun for the boys; the feelings of the victims are not recorded.

February 1st was made noteworthy in Company D by the change from tin dishes to earthenware, all through the husbanding of the company fund. The other companies were likewise equipped, then or later. As Chaplain Mudge had remained with the larger part of the regiment, preaching was had on Sunday by different men, the Christian Commission occasionally sending a minister. There are some indications of home life, for several officers and men have their better-halves with them, and calls on St. Valentine's day are on record. On the 17th there is ice three inches thick on the river. Washington's birthday marks the taking command of Company D by Captain Bacon, Captain Lyon having resigned. The latter departed for home on the 27th, and in going away made a good speech, which the boys cheered to the echo.

The great Rodman gun is still a curiosity, and has to have a drill of its own. The 27th two shots were fired from the 200-pound Parrott and three from the 15-inch Rodman, solid globes of iron weighing 433 pounds. Crowds of visitors beheld the trial. To take the places of the many discharged and to bring the companies up to the maximum limit, numerous recruits come in during these weeks, occasionally to be stigmatized as "small boys" by those longer in the service; some even say, "No good." Time will tell whether such judgment is right or not. Lieutenant Colonel Seward returned to his duties on the 19th, and his hand is soon evident in every direction. His illness had in

no way impaired his vigor. On the 29th, Leap year's day, the battalion was mustered for four months' pay.

Another March is not without the expected characteristics of the month. The biggest snow-storm of the season came on the 23d, and New York boys were reminded of their own Lake Ontario region. In addition to the regular physical ills of this locality there came an epidemic of sore throats. The 18th of March brings forty-two recruits to Company G. Secretary Seward does not forget his boy, and frequently drops down the river to see him and the latter's men. On the 13th he came with certain foreigners as guests, possibly Prussians. In his honor the big flag was hung out, but the strong wind with so much sail was too much for the staff, and it broke above the upper splice. Then the soldier carpenters had to repair it, which they were abundantly able to do as well as to build docks at the river's edge, and to make anything that was needed. Officers maintain an evening class to perfect themselves in military knowledge. The 24th a target was set up across the river, the distance having been ascertained by computation, for the Ninth was ready for any sort of exaction.

As it has ever done, whiskey gets men into trouble, and the army was a particularly fine field for evidencing its power. One of the battalion, noted for his love of the intoxicating cup, gets drunk, makes a raid into the neighboring country, and winds up his carouse with a musket ball in his leg, sent there by an irate countryman, whom he had most grievously offended. This same soldier was noted for his range of tricks and pranks; he was the man who once smuggled a quantity of liquor out of Alexandria by putting his flasks in a child's coffin and then with a sad face, such as a bereaved father might be expected to wear, he bore his spirits, by no means departed, across the river and into camp. The closing incident of the month was the adventure of a Company E drummer, who rowed a boat to a low island in the river, and leaving it unfastened, with the rising tide it floated off; and he on account of the same tide had to spend the night in a tree, an experience he never forgot, though he had an unexampled opportunity to reflect on the Darwinian theory which ascribes to early humanity traits that were decidedly arboreal.

The following is a fair presentation of daily routine, the same being from notes made at the time:

Reveille at day-break.
Breakfast at 7 o'clock.
Fatigue from 7.30 to 11.30.
Dinner at 12 M.
Fatigue from 1 to 5 P. M.
Supper at 6 o'clock.

For those who were not laboring there was drill from 2 to 4 P. M. In the evening, there were whist or other diversions till 9 o'clock; then came taps, and sleep till the next reveille called to wakefulness and work. With plenty of quinine to keep off the chills, there was no trouble as to appetite.

April, the month of budding hopes, finds the battalion still preparing. On the first, or All Fools' day, a large party comes down from Washington to witness the workings of the big guns. The great Rodman is fired at 25 degrees elevation, three miles' range. On the 6th comes the first skirmish drill here, of which there is afterwards frequent recurrence. Scarcely a day without some additions to the ranks by way of recruits. The 17th, Sunday, Episcopal service is conducted by an army chaplain, not ours.

The event of the month was the presentation, on the 23d, of an elegant sword costing \$350 to Lieutenant Colonel Seward. This amount was raised by his fellow soldiers, and was made an inspiring occasion by the presence of many friends, including ladies from Washington, the regimental band, etc. In the presence of the battalion, Captain William Wood of Company G spoke eloquently as follows:

"In this time of peril, of suspense, and of doubt, when the shifting fortunes of war, and the stern duties upon every citizen in consequence, render it uncertain whether those who, as comrades in battle stand shoulder to shoulder in the defense of their country to-day, may not, by the relentless decree of fate or the imperative necessity of their country's good, be separated to-morrow, to meet again, never; if it is fit for them to give expression to their affectionate regard, especially is it fit for soldiers to give expression to their devotion to their commander; and that which in the quiet times of peace would be a tame and meaningless ceremony is big with interest and earnest feeling. Colonel Seward, reluctantly, because conscious of my inability to perform in a befitting manner the complimentary office assigned me, I appear, in behalf of the 2d

Battalion, to say to you that the officers and men, that every officer, and every man, now or recently connected with it, unless so recently attached as to have been deprived of the privilege, have an interest in making the request of you, that you will accept this steel from donors who are happy and proud to bestow it, as a memorial of their high appreciation of your impartial justice, their confidence in your unflinching courage and their admiration of your exalted leadership. Take it, and join with them as they know you do in reverential trust that the Omnipotent Disposer of all things will give success to our finance, and success to our arms. Take it and join with them, as they are sure you do, in the firm and fixed resolve that the stars and stripes shall never permanently cease to float over one inch of territory where it ever waved. Take it and be assured that with it, you have, without dissimulation, the hearts ever true of the officers and men of the 2d Battalion. It is from zealous and willing men to their energetic and efficient chief."

To these words Colonel Seward made fitting response, touching feelingly on the cordial relations so long existing among them, and all felt that the day was a precursor of one when the regiment might reverse the Scriptural sentence and so transform their picks, shovels and other instruments of husbandry into those of war.

The next day drill was resumed as usual, and one man records four roll-calls. Obviously, no man guilty or otherwise was to be allowed to escape. In firing a 200-pound Parrott the 26th, a shell exploded at the muzzle of the gun. Luckily no one was hurt. The month ends with a large party of men building a road through some neighboring woods.

May is to end the stay of the battalion in Fort Foote, a place in which its members had been so long that some of them actually began to refer to it as home. Coming events were making themselves felt, if not by forecasted shadows, at any rate in more drill in the extensive assortment that was dealt out to all heavy artillery regiments. May 7th Companies E and C left for forts across the Eastern Branch, a long way around by water, but only a little distance had there been means of communication by land. Extensive preparations are making in all the companies for an active campaign. Extra clothing is packed for storage, or is sent home. On the 10th D

and G take their departure, going direct to Alexandria. The battalion had done well the duty assigned, and now a new field was opening before it and the remainder of the regiment.

CHAPTER IX.

SOLDIERING IN THE DEFENSES.

The 2d Battalion having betaken itself to Rozier's Bluff, the other seven companies were left to their accustomed diversions in the forts which they had so largely themselves constructed. During the ensuing summer and winter they were disposed as follows: Companies A, I and M, under Colonel Welling, were at Fort Simmons; H and K, at Fort Mansfield, under Major Snyder; B, at Fort Gains, and F, at Fort Bayard. Except for personal incident, there was very little in the following months to distinguish one week from another. The general health of the men was good; drill with attendant fatigue duty kept their appetites up to the size of their rations. Large and roomy barracks were constructed, into which the several companies moved in due time, and there a degree of bodily comfort was had quite unknown in their former experience. The reputation of the Ninth as a fort and road builder with its hold on distinguished Washington circles insured for it many guests on parade occasions, though Secretary Seward, at present, is turning his face toward Fort Foote.

Many of the officers and men had their families with them, a practice prevalent among all the regiments doing garrison duty about Washington, thereby permitting pleasures quite rare in a soldier's life. Small houses were built near the barracks, thus admitting a condition of privacy otherwise impossible. When men kept house in this manner, they did not live in commons, but drew their rations, adding thereto such other articles as their needs demanded. Frequently they furnished table-board for officers who were unmarried or who had not brought their partners to the fort. So comfortable was barrack-life that occasionally young soldiers became almost lazy, but woe to the boy who thought to take daylight naps undisturbed. In Company I a lad of rather indolent nature had become a sound sleeper, even in the daytime, and roguish



COL. WELLING'S HOME.
Fort Summons.

comrades determined to break him of his habit. Accordingly they tied to one of his ankles a strong rope and to the other end of said cord a heavy stone, and this they dropped through a gable window, near which the sleeper's bunk was located. Whenever he moved in his dreams, as his tormentors took good care that he should, the weight drew him outward and gradually upward till at last he was footed, not headed, for the window. Waking and finding himself thus inverted, he yelled in terror till his captain, responsive, came and cut him down. The accompanying jeers of his comrades effectually ended midday slumbers for him.

During the long summer months, morning came early and the bugler held no sinecure. He sounded the reveille at day-break. The company-cooks had been up a long time, for breakfast-call came at 5.30, with the surgeons' following hard after at 6 o'clock; company police at 6.30. Then he continued to sound thus:

Artillery-drill, 7 to 8.	Battalion-drill, 4 P. M.
Fatigue, 6.30 and 11.30.	Dress-parade, 6 o'clock.
Guard-mount, 7 o'clock.	Dress-parade, S'days, 5.30.
Infantry-drill, 8.30 and 10.	Supper, 7 o'clock.
Orderlies' call, 10.30.	Retreat at sundown.
Dinner, 12 M.	Tattoo, 8.30.
General police, 1.30 P. M.	Taps, 9 o'clock P. M.

The man who responded to his share of the foregoing routine came pretty near earning the stipend that the government allowed him.

To every phase of camp-life the average man speedily adapts himself. His love of the ludicrous, his power of invention and his never-failing fund of variety suggest diversions that in memory, at least, are delightful. There were few to whom that day-break bugle-call was not unconscionably early, yet fear of extra police duty made them get into line, in some shape, before the final notes of fife and drum had died away. Can the man be found who first gave the rhythmic interpretations of these calls? Some would hardly bear rendering to ears polite, but there were those that were clean and bright. The liquid notes of reveille were seldom ended without some one shouting in tune words that just fitted the bugle sounds:

"I can't get 'em up, I can't get 'em up this morning;
 I can't get 'em up, I can't get 'em up, I S—A—Y.
 The corporal's worse than the private,
 The sergeant's worse than the corporal,
 The lieutenant's worse than the sergeant,
 The captain's worst of them A—L—L."

Then as the final note died away in melodious attenuation, the fife and drum took up their part, and did mortal ears ever catch more inspiring music than that which they afforded, most often that never-wearying "Girl I Left Behind Me," and many a lad ran, buttoning his clothes as he hurried into line, humming to himself,

"Oh, lonely, weary are the hours,
 Since I crossed the hills to Nadjie."

There was no parade precision about roll-call, but every man must respond to his name or be accounted for if he would save himself trouble. Sometimes there were responses aside from the stereotyped "here" which followed the first sergeant's call of one's name, as when, on a particularly cold spring morning, just after the accession of several recruits, for the first time were heard the words, "Patrick O'Rourke," though that was not the name. In the richest of brogue, from the extreme left of the line came immediately, "Hare; and d—d sorry fur it, too."

Mess-call was heard with pleasure by those to whose sharpened appetites food was ever welcome, though the interpretation might not captivate Delmonico's diners. It ran thus:

"Soupy, soupy, soupy, without any bean,
 Porky, porky, porky, without any lean,
 Coffee, coffee, coffee, without any cream."

It is a sad comment on human nature that when there was plenty of work to do, the line of men responding to the surgeons' call was a long one. It is a wonder that many surgeons, except in case of actual wounds, did not have in mind the Scriptural words: "All men are liars;" still, the best of men under fire and on the march all hated fatigue duty. This is one of the interpretations of the call, based on the surgeon's frequent prescriptions. Had castor oil been equally rhythmic, that also had been heard in the version:

"Get your quinine, get your quinine,
 'Twill cure your ills, 'twill cure your pains,
 Get your q-u-i-n-i-n-e—e—e—e."

Another version often heard was:

“Are you all dead? are you all dead?
No, thank the Lord, there’s a few left yet,
There’s a few—left—yet.”

After all, what the soldiers wanted was an excuse from duty rather than medicine. One man persisted in wearing shoes too short for him, thus crippling his feet, and his commonly accepted title was “Old Sore-toes.” He seldom failed to respond to the call, and he did precious little duty. “I had a cold sweat last night,” or, “I feel all played out,” called for an exhibiting of the tongue, a test of the pulse and the regular prescription of castor oil and quinine. The surgeons knew their men pretty well and seldom did them an injustice. When, on a march, the weakling wanted to ride in the ambulance, he would frequently be told that if he didn’t feel better after a while he could ask the doctor again. Some did; more didn’t.

When the day was done and, at 9 o’clock, it was time for “lights out,” the bugle-call that sounded on the evening air was as sweet as—

“Horns of elfland faintly blowing!”

Whatever the soldier forgets or remembers, the notes of taps will never fail his memory, and sleepily he follows the delicious melody as it swells, and anon sinks away in dying echoes. To soldierly ears it said, “Put out your lights,” repeated four or five times, though another and more popular wording was, “Go to bed,” repeated in same manner. In the defenses, passed from fort to fort; from hill-top to hill-top, each night it encircled the Capital with a chain of linked sweetness unexcelled since “the morning stars sang together and all the sons of God shouted for joy.”

Every company had a certain number of mechanics, and these men made themselves useful in building under the direction of government engineers nearly everything that made up the forts and their equipments. Batteries, rifle-pits, and walls, all of them continued to make of the vicinity anything but an ideal farming section. Letters came from home with due regularity, at least to many of the boys, and visitors from the home locality were not infrequent. The members of Company B will not forget the job some of them put up on one of their visitors who found the dispensary with the liquid entertainment af-

forded there exceedingly pleasant. Having prevailed on one of the attendants to act as guard, when at a late hour the party broke up, they were halted and all save the visitor skulked according to programme, he dodged back into the dispensary, and, with his boots on, crawled into bed with a colored boy, who vainly protested against such intrusion. Failing to hush the cries of the contraband, and expecting the guard to enter at any moment, the unhappy civilian determined to make a grand rush, and darted forth, but the make-believe guard was equally alert, and having listened to his pleadings for quiet with the negro-boy, he commanded a halt, and brought his gun to a firing posture, at the same time cocking it. The ominous click of the hammer produced an immediate halt, and the gentleman was arrested as a suspicious character and for disturbing the quiet of the camp. He claimed to be a guest of one of the surgeons and desired his protection, but the latter heeded not his appeal. Then he turned to another well-known citizen of Wayne county, and he too denied any and all acquaintance, absolutely refusing to recognize the incidents brought forward by the visitor, though at last he did allow that he had seen the arrested man drunk in Georgetown. The situation was becoming more involved, and the poor man's hair was fairly standing on end with fright, when he claimed to be a second cousin of one of his tormentors, who finally granted that he had seen the man "up North," and the boys ended the farce, but the visitor never forgot the scare, nor the colored boy the white man's anxiety to sleep with him.

The captain of one of the companies, though a brave officer, had queer notions of what he might exact of his men. He had bought a condemned government horse and then tried to keep him at the expense of the boys, who maintained their regular fund. He thought the extra bread of the men which they were wont to trade for milk, etc., would keep his steed nicely, and so ordered them to cease trading; such tyranny was resented of course, and all hoped that something might happen to that horse, and eventually he appeared minus his switch. All were happy but the captain, and he was raging; but the perpetrator of the deed was not revealed till many years after the war. The horse was disposed of, and the boys were again permitted to do as they liked with their own.

In Fort Bayard, Company F boys varied the monotony a

little by playing a practical joke on Lieutenant L.'s colored steward Jim. It was about the time when the government was organizing certain colored regiments, and active negroes were in request. Jim was bright, active and good natured, and about seventeen years old. He was universally popular, but the soldiers must have their fun. One day in Washington he had seen a squad of colored soldiers, armed and equipped, escorting some recruits to headquarters. Somehow or other it came into his head that they "just gobbled up ebery nigger dat dey come cross," as he put it. He was so frightened lest he, too, be taken, he left his errand undone and started for home as fast as his legs would carry him. He told his lieutenant how he had been chased and that only his superior swiftness saved him, and for some time Washington errands were not entrusted to Jim, for neither love nor money could induce him to venture near the city. Knowing his mortal terror the boys determined to give him the fright of his life, and selecting a night when the lieutenant was away from his company, they chose one of their number who was well suited to play the part, and plentifully covering his face and hands with burnt cork, dressed him in a sergeant's uniform. Then they put him into quarters near those of Jim. The participants were properly placed, when a messenger was sent for Jim, who duly responded. No sooner had he entered the door than one of the soldiers said, "Jim, we are sorry to lose you, but the time has come when you must go to the front and help fight the rebels." Jim looked anxious and turned his big eyes about till they seemed all whites. "You know the government is raising a colored regiment in Washington, and the officers are taking every able-bodied young negro they can find. Somehow they have learned that you are here as a servant and that you are trying to keep out of their sight, so the colonel has sent a sergeant after you. If you do not go, or try to escape, he will kill you." Poor Jim's black face was actually growing white with misery, for he had seen the black sergeant seated in the farther end of the quarters. At this moment the sergeant arose and said, "You black rascal, I want you, and if you try to run away, I'll shoot you," at the same time showing his pistol. Jim asked permission to go to his tent to get some articles of clothing, and was closely followed by the sergeant. The earthworks ran along in front of Jim's quarters, and beyond them extended miles of open fields and

woods. It was expected that Jim would take a chance of escape here, and he did. He cleared the works at a bound and made for the woods. "Halt;" but the only sound sent back from the darkness was the whack of Jim's big feet as they bore him with deerlike fleetness to the refuge of the forest. The boys were certain that they heard the clatter of his flight for at least five minutes, though their own laughter must have drowned some of the noise he made. Taps sounding soon after, silence fell upon the camp, but the fugitive did not return till late the following night, and for several weeks he was in a condition of constant alarm. When, however, the whole scheme was unfolded to him, he laughed as heartily as the boys themselves.

All the boys did not take equally kindly to their rations, at least till they had become hardened somewhat. As a recruit, came a young man of gentle rearing, to whose palate coarse army fare was by no means fitted. The tin plate upon which lay a boiled potato and a big piece of "salt-horse" or pork did not rouse his appetite to any great extent. Indeed, his face was wont to assume an air of disgust, which was extremely amusing to his better inured comrades, whom nothing phased. One day when a squad returned from several hours' work at road-building fairly famished, and to whom quantity was of vastly more consequence than quality, boiled hominy was the chief item of food, and it didn't take the men long to dispose of the seemingly scanty supply. This was particularly true of B—, a good but quite rough soldier, whose native bluntness of speech several years' experience on the Erie canal had not polished in the least. His hunger was still far from being appeased, and he began to look about for a chance, like Oliver Twist, to secure "more." There was the poor recruit daintily tasting his coarse fare, his stomach on the verge of rejection even then, while his face wore its chronic "I-wish-I-were-at-home" look. It frequently happened that the hominy contained large white worms having brown heads. The hungry soldiers, inured to all sorts of hardships, had learned long before either to shut their eyes when eating this dish or to just spoon the obnoxious wiggler and eat what was left. B— seeing the lad's disgust chose him for his victim, and approaching asked him how he liked his hominy. To which query came the reply that he didn't like it, he never was used to eating such stuff. "Do



OUT FOR FUN.

Alonzo Bowen (I) and Michael Murphy (I). "Yank" Gifford (F) and "Charley" Keen (F).

you find any worms in your dish?" This terribly shocked the boy, and he replied, "No, did you?" "Oh, yes," said B—, "two big ones," and opening his mouth, "Can't you see their entrails between my teeth?" though he used a much shorter and more expressive word than entrails. Alas for the fastidious youth, who rushed out to do what the whale did when tired of Jonah, and long before he returned B— had saved him any further apprehension as to that special dish of hominy.

Some readers may recall the German, John L., and his religious experience as already related. He was a good soldier, always in the best of trim, his clothes, gun and equipment as bright as a new pin. He was apparently used to the strictest discipline, and we thought he had been in the German army. He was far from being a talkative man, rather stern in his nature, always quiet, not much given to joking, having a violent temper when injured; on the whole, just a little peculiar. Of course the boys liked to play jokes at John's expense. One of his peculiarities was his evident care for a very fine tobacco-box which he carried. He chewed the fine-cut variety, and was exceedingly chary in parting with any of it to his comrades, who were quite likely to ask for a chew. On a certain occasion, one of John's associates, a rollicking, devil-may-care sort of fellow, named Bill B., found a nest of young mice in his quarters; they were quite innocent of covering and were not more than an inch long. To Bill's ingenious mind here was a chance for fun, so he says to his bunkies: "We'll get John L. in here, and one of you ask him for a chew of tobacco. If he complies pass the box along to me, after you have helped yourself, and when I take a chew, I will put these two little mice into his box." The prospect was delightful, and John was inveigled over to the quarters of the conspirators, who were ready for him, where, according to programme, one of the boys, Wesley W., asked John for a taste of his fine-cut. The latter was in an unusually gracious mood, and at once passed his cherished box to the mischievous fellow, who in turn handed it to Bill. Everything worked to a charm, and the infant mice were speedily and effectually hidden in the box, which, coming back to its owner, was placed in his pocket, and he soon returned to his own quarters at the end of the street. The tormentors anxiously awaited developments, which were not long in coming. In about fifteen minutes, they heard a yell and an

oath, and soon saw a mad Dutchman coming for them; they scattered like a covey of partridges, and could not be found. John had opened his box to take a chew, and without looking at what he was doing picked up with the tobacco one of the live mice; but he had not chewed the quid a great while before he ejected the mingled mass of Virginia weed and mouse with the exhibition just described. The gang had to steer clear of him for several days; indeed he never forgave Bill B., whom he considered the chief villain in the play, but the officers, who soon learned the story, and the rest of the company enjoyed the joke immensely.

Nor was picket duty devoid of incident, as some of the members of — Company could testify. The station was possibly four miles from the forts, and about the soldiers were the farms of men outwardly loyal, but at heart, we thought, arrant rebels, disposed to give the enemy every possible bit of information. Anything taken from them was to us very much like "spoiling the Egyptians"; but Colonel Morris, commanding the brigade, was a strict disciplinarian, and all depredations were sternly frowned upon by him and the offenders severely punished. On the morning in question, a bright one of midsummer, the boys, some four in number, had relieved the old pickets and soon began to look about for their noon-day meal.

Near by was a profusion of blackberries, and it didn't take long to pick all that the boys, including the lieutenant in charge, could eat; but when was man ever perfectly satisfied? They must needs have milk to add to the sugar which their haversacks afforded. Cows were in the neighboring field, and what more natural than that Yankee boys, proficient milkers, should undertake to extract their lactical riches. One of the soldiers succeeded admirably, for his bovine selection was tractable, but the other boy found his cow quite unwilling to "stand," but persevering he had just begun operations when he heard a strange voice asking him what he was doing. "I guess you can see easily enough," was the careless reply. "Well, I shall report you to the officer of the picket," and the wrathful owner, for such he was, started off for the post, the culprits following closely behind him. True to his threat he proceeded to tell his story to the lieutenant, but at such length that the officer was evidently bored. The soldiers, however, kept right at their eating, and so voraciously that Lieutenant — feared

he might lose his share, so saying to the farmer, "I'll punish the rascals," he exclaimed with considerable more emphasis, "Here, I want some of those berries and milk." This so amazed the irate Marylander that he started off, saying, "I'll go straight to Colonel Morris and report the case." This he did and the next morning after we had arrived in camp and while we were cleaning up our guns, the lieutenant came around in accordance with Colonel Morris' order, and said, "You are under arrest." One of the boys said, "Do you arrest us for getting berries and milk for you?" "Don't ask too many questions," was the reply. "Well," was the rejoinder, "if we do have to go up, you will remember that you are as deep in the mud as we are in the mire." "Don't worry," said he, "I'll get you out soon;" and sure enough, in less than an hour came an order from headquarters releasing the men. The story, however, does not end here, for it was not long ere the same men had a chance at the farmer, who was a cross, surly fellow, a fair type of the rebel sympathizers in the vicinity. In the fall, when crops were being harvested, on a dark, cloudy day, the same comrades found themselves again near the same informer. Having brought with them salt pork, bread and coffee, they began to look about them for other viands. Close at hand was the home of the farmer, and back of it was a large pile of potatoes and cabbages. A delegation set forth at once for the farm-house, and while a portion thereof solicited the loan of a big iron kettle from the mistress, the other part made free with the farmer's winter supply. When the woman went for the utensil, which she thought it best to lend, the marauders made off with their booty, which in due time was cooked and eaten, making something of an offset to the rain which had begun to fall, each man consoling himself with the reflection that the vegetables, though stolen and consequently sweet, scarcely more than compensated for the disgrace of an arrest, and Byron made Mazeppa say, "Time at last makes all things even," just as applicable to Cayuga county boys doing duty in Maryland as to Cossack hetman on the Ukrain plains.

It was during the later portion of 1863 that Company L was organized. Its membership was more widely spread over the state than that of any other company in the regiment. It was made up largely of men who had served a full enlistment in the two years' regiments sent out in 1861. This no doubt accounts

for the high degree of proficiency which the company early attained. Its first captain was Frank W. Sinclair, promoted from Company I, and its senior first lieutenant was S. Augustus Howe, who had put in two years as a member of the 24th New York Infantry, an Oswego county organization. This addition brought the Ninth up to its full number of companies, and the recruits, rapidly coming in, soon filled the regiment to its maximum. The men as they joined were sent to Fort Simmons, which became the station of the company till ordered to move across the Eastern Branch. Here they began the regular drill and routine duty to which the other companies had long been subjected. The size of the company sometimes made sitting at the mess-table quite crowded, but old soldiers were ready to endure such a small affliction without much complaint, especially as a crowded table was better than none at all.

1864.

Ere the year was ended, the monotony of camp-life was to be sadly marred, but before the stated May-day, came numerous weeks of routine. January 1st found many of the soldiers in possession of luxuries of all sorts, sent down to them from their northern homes, remainders in some cases of Christmas feasts, while others were looking for delayed boxes. One man in a mixed manner grumbles thus in his diary in early '64 days: "Turkeys came. C. got three months, ball and chain, for sleeping on his post. New recruit and in poor health." Early in January it is necessary to break up certain liquor-selling places in Georgetown. In the wealth of edibles some of the boys in Company B have a big dinner, with printed invitations. Happy the man who has preserved one of them to this day. All this time many recruits are coming down to join the regiment, and, poor fellows, some of them think they get a cool reception, for on the 9th one man says, "It was so cold that coffee froze in our cups before we could drink it." Nothing but the writer's uniform veracity warrants this insertion, and even now incredulity justifies a suspicion that, set out to cool, the liquid may have been left unduly long. On the 15th eighty recruits appear. There is really little stirring during the month, save the arrival of new men and cook-house bickerings, of which every camp is sure to have its part.

In February, owing to a small-pox scare, vaccination was the order of the day, and, "Look out for my sore arm," was not infrequently heard. Even the most calloused diary-keeper could not find material for his small pages, except as he recounted the books and papers read, the letters written and received. Full many a love-match was made during these winter days, and in rough, noisy barracks the most delightful visions were had of home and happiness to follow, "when this cruel war is over." But cold or warm, bleak or pleasant, picket and guard duty came round with unvarying regularity, and a good soldier, later to fall at Cold Harbor, is sent in under arrest because as corporal he failed to turn out with the guard quickly enough. Then came the second March for the dispiriting of the soldiers, but there are many Mark Tapleys among them whom weather influenced very little. The 25th of February brought around an alarm, and Fort Simmons was quickly manned, but as usual it was a false alarm. It is highly creditable to the rank and file of the Ninth Heavy that a good audience gathered, March 3d, at headquarters to hear a Georgetown preacher, Brown by name, lecture on "The Martyr Translators of the Bible." Is there any wonder that such men, when the test came, gave a good account of themselves? Later still, in the same place, an equally large and appreciative audience heard an eloquent discourse on temperance.

CHAPTER X.

A GENERAL SHAKING-UP.

The advent of General Grant in Washington and his subsequent presence in the Army of the Potomac were making a decided impression on all wearers of the blue. The changes in location of Companies C, D, E and G have already been noted. Corresponding activity was also true of the other companies. All of them took leave of their long-time quarters, and on the 26th of March made their way to the forts across the Eastern Branch, all this in accordance with General Orders No. 21, whereby the regiment, except the 2d Battalion, was directed to form line in the parade ground at Fort Simmons at 4.30 A. M. the 26th, having two days' cooked rations, Company B

to join at the junction of Military and Georgetown roads. The march began at daybreak, and was a cheerful variation on the long monotony of the forts, passing, as it did, through Washington and across the bridge which spanned the Eastern Branch, sometimes called the Navy Yard bridge. Thence there was a decided scattering of the companies, a large number of forts coming under their care as follows: A at Fort Baker, with the band and regimental headquarters; B, Fort Mahan; F, Forts Dupont, Wagner and Ricketts, with Lieutenants Allen, Patterson and Stafford, respectively, in charge; H, Fort Meigs; I, Forts Snyder and Davis, with Captain Hughes and Lieutenant Howard commanding; K, Fort Greble; L, Fort Stanton; M, Fort Carroll. Of this range Fort Mahan was the most northerly, and was fully seven miles away from Greble, the most southerly position. At this time the 1st Battalion comprised the men in Forts Baker, Davis, Dupont, Meigs and Mahan, under Major Snyder, with headquarters at Fort Mahan. The 3d Battalion included the other forts under Major Burgess, with headquarters at Fort Carroll. The 2d Battalion was still in Fort Foote, so the regiment was really in a line of forts extending a distance of quite eleven miles, though communication between Fort Foote and the other fortifications was by water rather than by land. By this latest move, the Ninth was made to have something to do, first and last, with nearly every fort on the Maryland side of the Potomac. The life for the next two months, in each fort, differed very little from that in another, nor from that in the forts recently left near the river, though there were incidents peculiar to each one, as at Fort Mahan Lieutenant Chauncey Fish, just promoted from orderly sergeant, was given a fine sword by Company B; he had only recently returned from a visit home, and with him came, as recruits, two of his sons, one of whom was to later fall at Winchester. As this was a company affair, Sergeant Smith made the presentation, and Sergeant Brock read a reply. The weapon cost \$100. In this same fort, later in April, a daughter of Ebenezer Page opened a school in the mess-house at fifty cents per pupil, weekly. Towards the end of the month certain companies were canvassed by cavalry-men seeking those who would like to be transferred. The outlook towards the Capitol from nearly all these forts is fine, and it is easier making a visit to Washington than it was before the move. Not

a day was lost in active drill, and if the regiment is not proficient in infantry, heavy and light artillery practice, it is not the fault of the officers. Battalion drill necessitates long and occasionally hot marches for some of the companies. May brings with it the consciousness that the North will soon take a new departure, and that for the front. Packing up all that a man thought he could not conveniently carry, was the order of the day, and it was surprising how many things were dispensed with, but two weeks later the reduction of baggage was even greater still. Two Wayne county boys thought to lessen their portable library, and so made up a box to send home, in which they placed their copies of Virgil, Horace, Longfellow (2 vols.), Methodist Hymns, etc., determining to depend on memory for any classical or poetical necessity, and also throwing in two or three bed-quilts and a pair of boots, they sent it northward. How carefully the mother of one of those boys treasured the collection, till the close of the war brought home the literary soldiers! On the 7th of May was promulgated an order specifying what the soldiers might carry in their knapsacks, viz., one shirt, one pair socks, one pair extra shoes, one pair pants, one rubber-blanket, one overcoat. It did not take long, when marching actually began, to get rid of nearly all the above-named necessities.

In the ranks of this immense aggregation of men were hundreds who had recently joined. They had come down from northern homes, rallied by the nation's cry for more soldiers; very many, indeed the large majority of them, were lads in their teens, who three years before were too young for enlistment. They represented nearly all vocations, but by far the greater number came from the farm. They represented the same element that, nearly a hundred years before, had fought for freedom from Britain's yoke. Many, assigned to companies and taking their guns, essayed the life of an active soldier with no drill at all. What they learned of the use of their weapons in parade or in action, was from observation. That they did not particularly mar the prospects of the regiment is evident in the sequel. Ere many weeks they were bearing their burdens and doing their respective duties with as much ease and coolness as the veriest veteran by their side.

May 10th came another moving day; this time retracing the steps across the Branch and through the city to the Virginia

side of the Potomac. Heavy Artillery regiments are succeeded, largely, by 100-day men, sent in from Ohio, Pennsylvania and Massachusetts, but our immediate successors are, in the main, from the 10th N. Y. H. A., and we ourselves follow other heavy artillery regiments that have gone ahead. For the march, Companies A, B, H, F, and I in part, report at Fort Baker, and the remainder of I. with L, M and K, join at the bridge. There was no special incident in the transit, save that the horses of a coach near the eastern end of the Eastern Branch bridge having no ears for music, became frightened at our band, and bolting short about turned the coach completely over, spilling the passengers, but fortunately not harming anyone. With drums beating and flags flying we marched over the plaza to the east of the Capitol, by the south end of said magnificent structure, and along Pennsylvania avenue, all unconscious of our destination. Some said we were going back to the old forts, others said "the front," and when we marched out upon Long Bridge, we were quite certain we were to have some experience in Virginia. Company L veterans recall, as they neared Unionville and the band played a lively air, a fine high-headed horse prancing to the music, but as they neared him, they saw he was moving on three legs only, but in perfect time. The familiar government brand "I. C." on his flank, told of battle-strife and his appreciation of marching music. Though only a horse, preserved for the good he had done, he was greeted with hearty cheers.

While new regiments were constantly forming and a man counted for as much in one of them as in the other organizations, there were considerations of locality that frequently determined the body wherein the recruit was to serve. If he were not too intent upon getting a commission immediately, if he were only modestly ambitious, he found the regiments already in the service better for him than those whose record was all before them. Hence the numbers that had enlisted in Auburn and in the old barracks there had received an introduction to soldier's life. The winter of 1863 and '64, spent in that place, has a considerable space in the memories of many a Ninth survivor. There were some men considerably beyond the age of service, but by discriminating lying and the barber's art, they manage to pass muster. On the whole, the accessions to the Army of the Potomac at the beginning of the Battle

Summer added much to its strength. At first they met some chaff from the older soldiers, but in the line of duty all differences disappeared, and before Cold Harbor was reached, only the closest scrutiny could have told who were the old and who the new. As usual, our party was a large one, and we could not all stop at one fort, so we were distributed, A, F and M to Fort Richardson, which became the headquarters; B and I went to Fort Barnard; H, to Fort Garrische; K, to Fort Berry, and L, to Fort Scott. The "boys" of the latter company ever dilate on the terror of rats in this stronghold. They had to sleep in the bomb-proofs, and life, waking or sleeping, was a warfare with the rodents, which stole their food at all times and made nights hideous by walking over the sleeping soldiers, one of whom declared, as between rebs and rats, he preferred the former. The regiment is again as nearly united as it can be in so many forts. The 2d Battalion that came up from Fort Foote on the same day found itself placed with C, D and G in Fort Ward, and E in Fort Reynolds, the former companies making a long detour by way of Long Bridge and not reaching the fort till nearly midnight. The distance of Fort Ward from Alexandria is not more than four nor less than three miles, but the men marched twelve miles to get there. One of them tersely remarks in his journal, "Military."

Our move was more "military." The 1st Connecticut Heavy Artillery vacated many of the forts as the Ninth moved in. Over the main entrance to Fort Richardson the soldiers had left, in large letters, the Latin motto of the Wooden Nutmeg State, viz., "*Qui transtulit sustinet*," which some boys just from school were able to render to their fellows as, "Who brought us, will sustain." For once we thought the sentiment quite as good as our New York's "Excelsior." Fairfax Seminary was near. Daily picket-guard was maintained, but there was very little stability, since on the 15th, Companies B and L were ordered to Fort Worth, still further south. The very next day there was an inspection at Fort Richardson, just to see how quickly the men could move. With the exception of men on duty in the forts, and so could not report, this was the first time for the men of the Ninth to assemble in a body. During these days active boys are scouring the neighboring country for adventure and sights. The wounded from the Wilderness are filling the Seminary Hospital, and thither many go.

both from curiosity and possibly to see wounded friends from other regiments; when there, few failed to climb to the steeple of the seminary to get the fine view it afforded. This seminary was and is an Episcopal theological school. Arlington is not so very far away, and the building and grounds filled with memories of the Lee family are thoroughly inspected. Many a letter carried to northern homes floral souvenirs from the Arlington flower gardens. Camp distribution comes in for a visit, and Camp Chase, where the first stop was made nearly two years before, is also quite near.

The night of May 17 is a long one to many, for certain companies are under arms or on the march nearly every moment of it, for all have been ordered to report at Fort Richardson very early. Shelter-tents have been added to our outfit, and we are ready to go. It is scarcely more than morning on May 18 when we enter Alexandria, 2000 strong, and go upon transports, the great mass of us quite ignorant of our destination. Steamers John Brooks, John W. D. Prouty and the State of Connecticut bear us away and down the river. Lost sleep is sought upon the deck floors, and those who desire amusement find it in cards and other diversions. The tolling of the ship's bell as we passed Mt. Vernon called up reflections that possibly the Father of his Country might not be pleased if he knew in what disorder his children were. Late in the afternoon we reach Belle Plain Landing at the mouth of the Potomac creek, and soon go ashore in the midst of a drenching rain, though to make room for our boat another, filled with rebel prisoners, is obliged to move out. The Johnnies are dirty and saucy. Some one suggests that these qualities are usually joined. Some of the boys, recruits, pitch their first tents here, and try to dry off by means of camp-fires. There is a hospital transport at the dock, and some of our number are borne thereon to be taken back for treatment.

The rain continues, and during the following night our ears are treated to the sound of distant cannonading, a part of that "wild diapason of war" which Grant had inaugurated earlier in the month, and to which our ears were to become so much accustomed. The next day, the 19th, in the morning Companies H, I and L started for Fredericksburg in charge of a wagon-train, reaching there at about 10 P. M. Company D followed in the afternoon and camped east of the Rappahannock. Each

man was again his own cook. On this day a party of rebel prisoners passed through the camp, and went aboard a boat bound for some northern prison. Draw six days' rations. While we were lying at this point some of us saw Colonel Welling and Lieutenant Colonel Seward go aboard a transport and soon steam away towards Washington. Naturally we said to each other, "What's up!" A few days later we learned what it all meant. Those who roamed over Belle Plain came to the conclusion that it derived its name by the law of contraries, for it was anything but attractive. The shores were composed of conglomerated shells not unlike the coquina of Florida. Still pleasures were found even there, for the bathing was good, though some roguish fellows suggested sharks. Many a soldier will recall how very cheap shad were, and how gloriously he fried them on his tin plate, which became at once griddle and trencher. To their unsophisticated taste, the result of their cooking was every whit as appetizing as were the famous planked shad cooked by Daniel Webster himself.

We were not to march hungry nor unarmed, for all started away from Belle Plain with six days' rations and forty rounds of cartridges, quite a load in itself. Five companies left on the afternoon of the 20th—Companies A and K the following morning, and G at noon on the 22d. This going to the front was a new experience to most of the men, and it did not take long to lessen the baggage which the special order had named as necessary. Hundreds said, "If we only had these blankets at home, how nice it would be, but they are a nuisance here," and off they would go from the knapsacks. The days were very warm and the burden great. Seemingly, there was no moment when some one could not be seen in the act of throwing away something, till our line of march was effectually indicated by tons of cast away apparel. One captain, of a very saving nature, had his feelings hurt by so much wastefulness, and he did his best to carry a part of the stuff thus discarded, and was laughed at for his pains; even he had to yield finally and drop his extra burden. In their extremity, some men threw away, at once, knapsack and all it contained. Others reduced it by degrees, while still others made a roll of what they deemed most precious and, with joined ends, bore it over one shoulder. Every one felt it necessary to sacrifice something, and a New York old-clothes man could have made his fortune on the

material with which our way was strewn. What we did was done by every new regiment, and the acres between the landing and city became the temporary depository of our own and government possessions in fabulous quantities. If those in authority had only told us what we really needed and what we had best leave behind, how much better it had been for all; but the mere waste of property was of small consideration, and our officers were just as inexperienced as their men.

The route itself was through a veritable land of desolation. Whatever it may have been in the past, three years of war had swept off everything that made life worth living. If there were inhabitants, like some rodents they must have burrowed. On our way we met an ambulance conveying wounded from the front to the landing. Among them were many from the 1st Maine, long our neighbors in the defenses. They had had their baptism of blood, and had made a glorious record. While camping and waiting for the other companies, it is said that Captain Gregory of B was bitten in the temple by a rattlesnake, and that this contributed to his death at Cold Harbor more than the wound received there. At noon or a little past, the last company, except G, also guarding a wagon-train, came up and had a sight of the Rappahannock and Fredericksburg. Some veterans who had first gone out in 1861 retained vivid recollections of their long day on Stafford Heights, and it was just a renewal of old acquaintances, but to the majority all was new. The words had long been very, very familiar, and now we were having the realities that went with those words. Head-boards here and there told of the dead in the long days of '62 and '63, when Burnside and Hooker, staking their fortunes lost.

The noteworthy hamlet of Falmouth is at our right, and opposite is Fredericksburg, with its ragged steeples and yawning walls, its ruined bridges and bullet-marred houses. We are standing on land that may have belonged to Washington, and before us may be the very spot, on the river's bank, where the youthful athlete stood when he made that famous throw of a silver dollar across the Rappahannock. While waiting by the river, some of the men crossed over and found the city one great hospital. The Wilderness and Spottsylvania were only a few miles away, and the wounded from these terrible fields were here by the thousands. The scenes of the amputating

tables were not calculated to inspire the young men, who were to soon experience similar dangers. So absorbed were they in the bloody present, they had little disposition to think of the city's past, but had they been inclined, they might have found the Masonic Lodge room in which Washington was initiated just before he was of age, and the very Bible on which he laid his hands, *i. e.*, if they had been disposed to break in. In the northern part of the city, they might have found the home of Washington's mother, the very house in which she breathed her last, and where her distinguished son often visited her, and a little to the westward her grave with the marble monument by its side, for it was never reared. All this the boys might have seen, but probably no one did. Their thoughts were quite too prosaic and practical for historic reminders, and besides the school-master was not with them.

CHAPTER XI.

REACHING THE FRONT.

Though we are standing on the margin of the river, though the city before us was filled with dead and wounded, and though the sound of distant artillery was frequent, we were not as yet at that ever movable point known as the Front. For several days we were to continue to be only an isolated regiment guarding a wagon-train, which some of the boys confidently asserted was forty miles long. There were several hundred wagons in the train. At 2 P. M. we march down and across the river, for the first time, in hundreds of instances, on a pontoon bridge. We almost envied the natty sailors who sat in several of the boats doing some kind of guard-duty; they looked so clean and neat when contrasted with our soiled uniforms, and we were only beginning. We had hardly more than passed through the city when we were halted near Marye's Heights, once flaming with rebel fire, and in time to be the cemetery of so many loyal dead, and waited a while. During the interval a thunder-storm coming up, some of the boys put up their shelter-tents, and then was shown just how many persons could get under that diminutive canvas; "seven or eight" is one record, and one of those men insisted on keeping his

feet dry also. That night we had our first specimen of marching in the dark. There were no "taps" for us, though at midnight or thereabouts we were halted and permitted to lie down. Of course when eleven large companies were strung along several miles, the same hour would not apply to all. The grass was very wet, and we had thrown away that which would now make us comfortable. Happy the boys who have retained their rubber-blankets and shelter-tents, for two men could place a poncho, rubber side down on the ground, then lay one-half the shelter on that, making with knapsack (when saved) for pillow, a fair "shake-down." For covering, the order of tent and blanket was reversed. By lying very closely together, two partners could get along very well through a Virginia night, but alas for the lad who had nothing, whose improvidence had left him overcoatless and blanketless!

For him there was no refuge but the camp-fire, and then when was he to sleep? That first night developed many a case of latent rheumatism, and the ambulance bore several away towards Washington the next day, among them one whose first night in this campaign was very near his last, for he returned to his company in the valley, only to fall the following day at Cedar Creek. However sad to the sufferers themselves, to those comfortably ensconced between their rubber-blankets, the fretting and fuming, not to say swearing, of the poor men so dolefully moving about was extremely funny. Sympathy is a queer characteristic, and like love the subjects are unexplainable. Day and night we were in expectation of attack from some quarter. That ubiquitous leader, Moseby, was fancied to be near us; indeed, he seemed to partake of the supernatural quality of omnipresence, and we tried to be correspondingly alert. One chronicler claims that a guerrilla attack was made during the march on one part of the train, and 215 of the army were captured, but our train was a long one, whatever the story. The morning of the 22d found some of us again trudging our weary way, but we were not too tired to appreciate the beautiful sight afforded by our white-topped wagons as they wound sinuously along the tree-bordered, crooked Virginia roads. As far as the eye could reach there were wagons loaded with comforts and necessities for the soldiers in the trenches. If, all the swearing done by the drivers of those wicked mules was taken down by the recording angel, the

record must have been far longer than that made by our "Army in Flanders." We caught only the "yea mules" with accompanying profanity that was exploded in our immediate vicinity. The land itself had been thoroughly impoverished by tobacco culture. While we did not march very far on the 22d, the hot weather and our want of experience made the distance seem long.

That war is not Sunday-school was forcibly evidenced repeatedly this day through the pillaging of private houses, always on account of provocation given, at least it was so claimed. Sometimes articles of value were carried a long distance only to be thrown away at last. "If I only had this at home," rang through many a man's head, and he accordingly added to his burdens by carrying for a ways a prized piece of booty, but he would soon tire of it. In this way a big family Bible was thrown down and picked up a dozen times by as many different soldiers. If Napoleon's men threw away treasure-chests in the retreat from Moscow, there is little wonder that ours retained little else than what they could eat. Our camp was near Guinea Station. The first noteworthy place encountered was Bowling Green, reached on the 23d, the county seat of Caroline county, to be made famous for all time in the coming April, for there on the 21st, in one of the barns we are now passing perhaps, Boston Corbett would shoot the assassin, Wilkes Booth.

However sad to the antiquarian, many exceedingly valuable papers long treasured in the court house were that day by thoughtless men given to the wind, or as widely scattered as the next mail to the North could send them. Said M—— of Company K: "I saw to-day the signature of George the II affixed to a grant of land in this county. It ought to have been saved, but it wasn't." Some houses were entered and furniture was injured, but mainly on account of what the boys termed "rebel sass." The Confederates had left only the day before, and we saw their signal-station in a tree. One Yankee of inquiring mind finds that flour here is worth, in Confederate script, \$300 a barrel, and corn \$60 a basket. Near here we passed a regiment of colored troops, the first many of us had seen. There was a great deal of good-natured guying as we marched along, some of our men being inclined to doubt their soldierly qualities. Later all learned better. Among the offi-

cers of these troops. Company B boys found a former comrade, Andrew J. Raynor, now a lieutenant commanding a company.

Lieutenant Fish of B compelled a secesh citizen who had offered some insulting remarks to retract and apologize. This was near nightfall, and for some distance we marched by the light of burning houses, destroyed by the colored soldiers in revenge for an insulting answer made by a man to a polite request for a drink, "I won't give anything to a damned nigger." He had fared better if he had held his tongue and granted the request. At night we camped near Milford station, and it was claimed that traces of the departed enemy were only too prominent, for they had failed to take all their "Gray Backs" with them. This is a station on the Richmond & Fredericksburg railroad forty miles from the former city and twenty-one from Fredericksburg. During the night our rest was disturbed by the arrival of Colonel Seward, band and drum corps, who had left Belle Plain on the 22d, reaching Fredericksburg at 9 P. M.

The next day, pushing along, they were at Guinea Station at 2.30 P. M., and in Bowling Green at 11 o'clock, making only a short halt, till 12.30 A. M. On the 24th, at an early hour, our new colonel and his musical staff caught up with his regiment. There is no record of the bands making any music on the march other than with their clins. They saved their wind for locomotive purposes. Company G was also on the way, and the march of the 23d wore so severely on the men that the captain remarks, "Good men fall out," and he, too, remarks the conflagration in Bowling Green. Instead of advancing with the regiment on the 24th, this company was obliged to rest, marching only four or five miles.

The 24th of May beheld us again advancing, but at 9 A. M. or thereabouts we were halted, and Colonel Seward took formal command of the regiment, announcing that Colonel Joseph Welling had resigned, and that he, William H. Seward, Jr., had been promoted to fill the vacancy. His address was not long, but it was direct, and all felt that there would be no flinching, so far as the head of the column was concerned. We are enjoined to do our duty faithfully and manfully, and then came the "Forward, march!" for the first time from Colonel Seward. Notwithstanding this gracious send-off, the day was not comfortable. Rain fell, but we were not permitted to put on our rubber-blankets, so there was nothing to do but plod

and splash along. That we are becoming experienced soldiers is evident in some of our boys shooting and skinning a pig, the first bloodshed of the march, thus affording fresh pork to a favored few at our first halt. We ford Pole Cat creek, charmed neither by its name nor waters, though there were times during the day when we would have gladly welcomed the latter, so intense was our thirst. Though the rain was falling in torrents, there was none for our satisfaction. As with the Ancient Mariner, there was water, water everywhere, but not a drop to drink. Some were fain in this extremity to dip up the liquid, more mud than water, between the hills of corn, and thereby lessen their thirst.

When in the darkness we reached Mt. Carmel Church, a hungry, wet and weary regiment was ready to rest. However, as was often the case, when we went into camp, it appeared that we were not in the right place, and amid much profanity among those who swore, further progress was stayed, while we fell in to march a rod or so. Then those at the head betook themselves to the church for shelter, and we made a big fire of rails, around which we roasted one side and had the other soaked by the drenching rain, which held up only towards morning. We were getting our introduction to actual out-of-door soldier life. One man entered in his diary for the night, "After three makings of bed, we lay on the ground till morning. Had to stay up two hours to get a drink of water." Morning came at last, but if Aurora's fingers were rosy, they were also dipped in moisture. There had been fighting near this church, and some of us had camped near fresh graves or recent dead, some bodies so imperfectly covered that parts of them were exposed.

We had begun to draw rations when peremptory orders were given to suspend and for us to "fall in." A hurried march of a few miles brought us to the south side of the North Anna river, where our men and the Johnnies experienced a harder time than we did, for they had had quite a brisk fight on the 23d and 24th. As we set forth in the morning, we were overtaken by Company G, and so all were again together. We took our places in trenches dug the night before, we were told, by the 5th Corps. There was not the least doubt that at last we had reached the front. Constantly receding, we had finally overtaken it and were a part of that Army of the Potomac which, under Grant, was "flanking" its way down from the

Rapidan to Petersburg. Up to this moment it had been a matter of entire indifference as to what corps we should be assigned, but when on the 26th it appeared that we were to be in the 6th Corps, we were particularly pleased, a pleasure that has never been lessened in the intervening years; we further found that ours was a regiment in the 2d Brigade of the 3d Division. So many, however, did we number that we were frequently saluted with the question, "What brigade is that?" This was not strange, for we must have had in line half as many men as were in the other six regiments of the brigade. Some old liners saluted us with "Washington Gunners," "White-gloved Soldiers," etc., but we assimilated, and soon were just as much earth-soiled as they were. As these organizations were to be our associates in peril for many a long month, it is in place to tell just what and who they were. Four of the regiments, viz., the 5th Maryland, 138th Pennsylvania, 110th and 122d Ohio, under Colonel John W. Horn, M. R. McClennan, J. W. Keifer and William H. Ball, respectively, had long been associated as the 2d Brigade, 3d Division of the 3d Army Corps. Under the organization effected by Grant March 24th, 1864, the 3d Division of the 3d Corps became a like part of the 6th. To the brigade were added the 126th Ohio, Colonel B. F. Smith, and a part of the 67th Pennsylvania, which had before served in the 3d Brigade, 3d Division of the 6th Corps. The Pennsylvanians were attached to the 138th Pennsylvania. All of them were three-years regiments and all had seen a deal of service. At the time of our joining, Major General H. G. Wright, who had succeeded the lamented Sedgewick at Spottsylvania, was in command, and so continued, save at brief intervals, to the end of the war. The division commander was Brigadier General James B. Ricketts, who was to stay by till wounded at Cedar Creek. In command of the brigade was Colonel J. Warren Keifer of the 110th Ohio, though on account of a wound he was away at the time, and his place was filled by Colonel Smith of the 126th Ohio.

When our regiment came up footsore and weary, and filed by General Ricketts, he turned to our leader and said, "The Ninth is a fine body of men; will the boys fight?" After the battle of Cold Harbor, the general was thoughtful enough to answer his own question saying, "Colonel, those boys did fight well."

CHAPTER XII.

PRELUDE. May 4-5, Army of the Potomac crossed the Rapidan; May 5-7, Battle of the Wilderness; May 8-18, Battle of Spottsylvania Court House; General John Sedgewick killed the 9th; May 23-27, battles near the North Anna river.

FROM THE NORTH ANNA THROUGH COLD HARBOR.

We had crossed the river on pontoons near Jericho Mills, and the sight, of all others, which pleased us most was that of Sheridan's cavalry, which only the day before had rejoined the Army of the Potomac, after the memorable Richmond raid, one of whose most conspicuous features was the death of the Confederate general, J. E. B. Stuart, at the Yellow Tavern engagement, May 11, though the redoubtable "Jeb." did not die till the next day in Richmond. Here along the line of the Virginia Central railroad, on the 26th, we had our first sight at tearing up rails. The preceding day men of the 5th Corps had destroyed long stretches of the road, and had succeeded in leaving many tokens of their presence in the shape of Maltese crosses made around trees and stumps by bent railroad iron. Standing beside the track very closely together, at the word they would stoop and, seizing a piece of iron, lift it and the ties till the latter stood on end. It was an easy matter then to detach the latter, and when laid up, cob-pile fashion, the rails were placed on them. When fired, the heat soon rendered the rails red-hot, and the ends would droop. The soldiers would then seize them and carry them so that the heated part would come against the tree, and the ends would enclose it. Four rails thus made an excellent 5th Corps badge. We also formed in battle-line in a piece of woods half a mile in front of the works, but nothing came of it, and we marched back to our intrenchments, where our chief concern was in trying to keep out of the wet. Not only did the rain fall, but the wind blew, so that it was a difficult matter to put up our shelter-tents, and if we did get them up, it was more than likely that a stream of water would find its way through the middle of the same, and memory calls up many ludicrous scenes of that wet afternoon. A more than usually profane episode was that of Tim. C—— trying to get his "d—d tint in a decent position."

He could not, possibly, keep two corners pinned down at the same time, but he pounded and swore till wet to the skin, and even then had no covering, nor was his experience unique.

Lieutenant Dennis Flynn of Company K wrote to his wife from this point: "We have been in line of battle, but the rebs did not attack, and we were ordered back. Company K goes on picket to-night. Boys in good spirits, though some are badly used up. Weather dreadfully hot; plenty of hardtack and coffee till to-day. We are encamped where a great battle was fought last Monday. Am sitting on a rebel grave as I write. Our brigade tore up four miles of railroad near this place. Crossed river on pontoons, thirty miles from Richmond. There is to be tall fighting yet, and the Ninth is to have a hand in it. Seven regiments in the brigade, and only 7500 men in all of them. Our line of battle is a mile long. We are on the right. This is a strong place. Don't think the Johnnies will give us battle here, so we will have to go and hunt them up." That is just what we did, for though the night was very dark and the rain was falling pitilessly, the command "fall in" came just the same, and into the darkness we marched, with no more knowledge of our destination than has the steed before his driver.

We recrossed the river on the same pontoon bridge, and on the north side plunged into the mud, which before morning gave us a very good notion of what Virginia could do in this line. We had heard of Burnside "stuck in the mud," and now we were to realize what it was to have the sacred soil stick to us. Our route leads by Chesterfield Church as we journey southward, but direction and destination have become of far less consequence than the demands of the present moment. To carry his outfit and to keep up, demand every bit of strength that the soldier possesses. Many are not equal to the task and have to give up. Some die in their tracks. Here is a record: "Pass one man writhing in death in the mud-exhaustion." The artillery which came floundering along ground into the mud some helpless victims. Jakey ——— of Company M, a little Dutchman of marvelous powers of mimicry, fell in a fit and died. Another of Company F succumbed to the trials of the night. Captain Bacon of D fainted. It was no picnic for those who survived. Lucky the soldier whose feet were encased in boots, for he could keep them on, while shoes enough to stock a big store were left in those muddy roads. It is to be hoped

that the language of that night failed of record, but it was copious and forcible. All suffered alike, officers as well as men, and all noted Sheridan's dead cavalry horses, which at frequent intervals, by their unmistakable odor, told us which way the raiders went. We were never tired of chaff, and, "Breathe light on that so there'll be 'nuff to go round," or, "Any man that'll take more'n one sniff of that's a hog," indicated the proximity of one of those dead steeds, swollen and fast putrifying, a northern contribution to the fertility of the soil. Had we halted long, burial parties had been a necessity. As it was, we held our breath and passed the stench along. After midnight we drew rations somewhere, but no one knows to this day where the spot was, and a short halt was had till daylight of the 27th, during which day we passed the headquarters of Generals Meade and Grant, and for the first time saw those famous men. Some companies served as flankers, a duty agreeable or otherwise according to the feeling of the individual. In that portion of the country a large part of the flanker's way was in the woods, and thus shady, a grateful condition to him when the sun came out, but it was, necessarily, exposed.

We camp at night near the Pamunkey river. This day brought us the first mail since leaving the defenses, and present care was forgotten in the absorbing news from far-away home. Whether the letters brought glad or sad words from loved ones, there was nothing in our lives so grateful to us as the coming of the mail. The 28th is signalized by our crossing the sluggish stream, and at a distance from it of possibly two miles, we threw up breastworks. The cavalry bring in several rebel prisoners. There is some skirmishing with the enemy, and a part of the regiment supports the 1st New Jersey Battery. This day also is noteworthy in that we meet our own 25th District regiment, the 111th, under Colonel McDougal, and we exchange hurried greetings with many old friends. One sad-faced boy, asked as to his father who had been in the same company with him, replied, "He has not been seen since the Wilderness; probably his body was burned there." The son also, ere the season was passed, gave his life for country.* The 29th is Sunday, and evidently there is some nervousness at headquarters, for we are not allowed to sleep in peace, but are aroused soon after

*Lafayette and Morris Craw, father and son, of South Butler, were both in Company G of the 111th.

midnight and then, "In place, rest," till daybreak, barring two spells of "right dressing." D, C and G are on picket, and through slaying sundry pigs and cattle live very well. "Too well," an officer remarks, "for many were attacked by diarrhea." Two hundred men from the battalion are on this picket-duty, one-half on posts, the other in reserve. Four men are on a post, and the posts are a few rods apart, in easy hailing distance.

On the 30th some of us resumed our duties as wagon-guards, marching on each side of the trains, possibly three rods from the same, and one or two from each other; on the whole an agreeable task, though the wagons were empty and rattled loudly enough, seemingly, to be heard in Richmond, which was claimed to be twenty-four or five miles away. It was said that we managed to get on the wrong road, and came very near running into serious trouble through our nearness to the rebel army. At any rate Lieutenant Colonel Taft with a small party had gone forward a short distance to reconnoitre when he was met by a superior force of the enemy, and was compelled to return hastily, having several of his men captured. Company A was ordered forward at double quick to the rescue, and the rebels in turn retired leaving their recent captives minus hats and coats, since in this brief time the acquisitive foes had appropriated what they needed most, viz., clothing. Somewhere between Reb and Fed, a pig and a sheep had been killed, and dressing was in progress when the above skirmish arose. Whoever slew, the Yankees possessed and speedily disposed of the fresh meat all the more greedily, because rations had become exceedingly scarce.

Of course the whole procession, wagons and men, speedily countermarched, and to add alacrity to our movements, the enemy directed a few shells towards us. Jagger of Company B was hit in the thigh, though not severely, by a fragment, probably the first member of the regiment to be touched by a hostile missile. These happenings were all near Hanover Court House, and some of the soldiers had time to wonder whether they were anywhere near the Slashes, where Henry Clay was born, who in early life had been called the "Mill Boy of the Slashes;" but the citizen who might have informed us was not in sight, and just then not even the most entertaining historical subject could induce straggling. The day's march reduced the haversack

supply to its lowest ebb; some had been empty more than twenty-four hours. The change of the base of supplies from Fredericksburg to Port Royal had so deranged the system that our wagon-train was a long way behind, and hardtacks became objects of serious quest. Before rations were dealt out, a dollar was offered for a single piece, and there were men who stole corn in the ear from cavalry horses, and roasted it for food.

Wherever we were when night found us, we were far from pleasant surroundings. We were in and out of the woods, marching and countermarching, as restless as lost souls; but having no rations to prepare for eating, it did not matter so much. We were near enough to the enemy to have a reminder of his presence in the shape of sundry shells, one of which passed unpleasantly near us. Its fiery trail was a very pretty bit of pyrotechny, but it had striking qualities not so enjoyable. The 31st brought the wagon-train and rations. While we had not suffered as the beleaguered did at Chattanooga, we did know what hunger was, and everybody was ready to help carry his company's share for distribution. One famished youth, desiring to escape any possibility of subsequent scarcity, Joseph-like, filled his haversack with hard bread, and then put fifty in his knapsack, but his calculations were of no account, for he soon after was taken ill, and did not eat a half dozen in all. After carrying them about for nearly a week, he gave them away to hungry comrades at Cold Harbor.

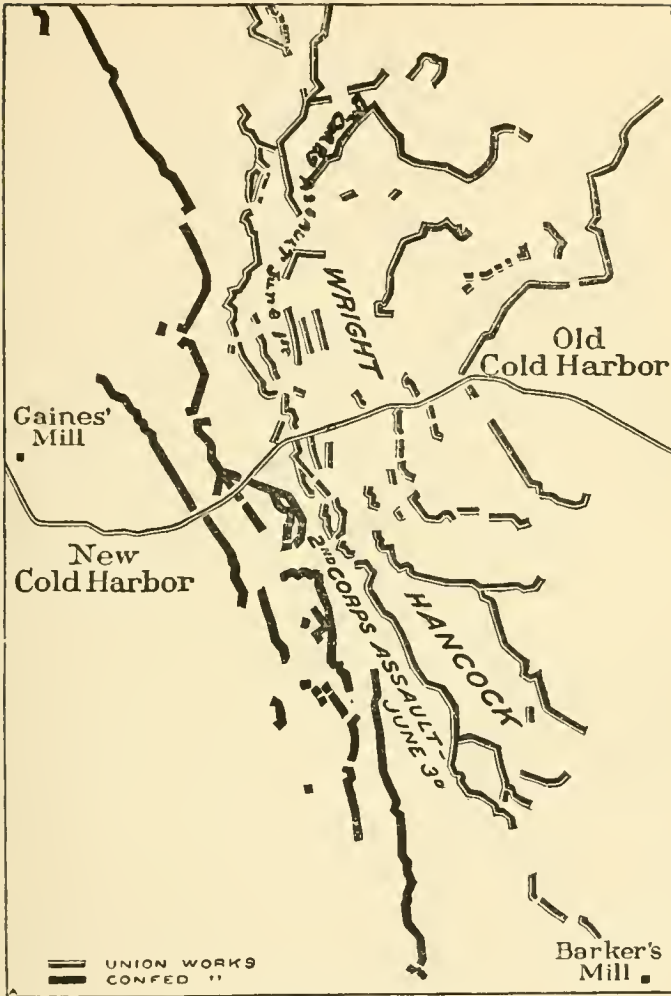
The last day of May the 3d Battalion, Companies F, G, I and L, under Major Snyder, was detached and added to the artillery brigade of the 6th Corps. The progress of these companies will be followed at the end of this chapter. The day ended with picket-duty for a part of the regiment, a duty faithfully performed by some and as regularly shirked by others, *i. e.*, too many would throw all care and caution on a nervous, vigilant few, while they themselves slept or played cards. The hour could not have been far from midnight when there came, through the stillness from the nearest post, the almost whispered words, "Rally on the reserve; pass it along." Only the long roll has a more startling effect. We obeyed with alacrity, and at 3 A. M. June 1st, we were off at a spanking pace, which we maintained, with occasional halts, till 2 P. M. We did not know it then, but it subsequently appeared that we were very near the scene of McClellan's Battle of Cold Harbor, June 27.

1862, and that new interest was hereafter to attach to this portion of Virginia through the work of this and subsequent days. Just why it received its peculiar name does not appear. There was no harbor,* and we found nothing cold, not even our reception. Lee had been flanked to a standstill. Whether Grant's attack was a proper one or not, is very far from the part of a regimental history to discuss. Our duty was simply to obey orders and follow the colors.

Those of our ranks who were inclined to look about found much of interest in their researches, though nearly all our time, till late in the afternoon, was devoted to throwing up breastworks. The boy who hooked a little time, just to see where he was, found his line of breastworks forming a sort of doorway fence of an old house, whose women occupants looked anything but happy. General Wright had located his headquarters here, and with several of his officers was studying the map of the vicinity. This fact with the sharpening of an elaborate display of knives by a corps of surgeon's attaches made it apparent that trouble was brewing, nor were these indications vain. While we were throwing up earthworks, dismounted cavalry were having some sort of an entertainment in the woods directly before us. Their running in and out was not unlike the movements of boys when they fight a nest of bumble-bees, nor those of dogs that assail a beast at bay. But there was no play in this. They were the skirmishers, where we were soon to do great works.

General Keifer says the brigade was in position at 2 P. M., with the Ninth forming the second and third lines, and that the advance was not made till 6 o'clock. It certainly was nearly dark when we charged. Of our regiment in this battle of the 1st of June, the 3d Battalion, Companies F, I, G and L, were out through having other duties. Companies D, M and a part of E, with Major Burgess, through some misunderstanding, were not up, so less than one-half had a part. The experience of the coming hours was to be entirely novel to these

*By different writers the name has been written "Cool Arbor," "Coal Harbor," etc., but the English origin of the settlers appears in Cold Harbor, an appellation for places where travelers, in lieu of inns, could be harbored, *i. e.*, housed while they provided their own entertainment. Taylor says that in the vicinity of ancient lines of roads in England, there are no less than seventy of these places.



COLD HARBOR, JUNE 1-11, 1864.

country boys. At our left as we stood in line was a Pennsylvania regiment wearing hairy appendages to their caps, and we knew we were near one of the famous bodies of men known as "Bucktails."* Possibly some nervousness on our part drew out the query as to who we were, and on informing them that we were so and so, and that we had never been in a fight, we were

*The 87th Pennsylvania in the second line of the 1st Brigade.

graciously told that we would probably get our bellies full before morning, a prophecy that was fulfilled in every respect.

We lay down while an artillery duel was filling the air with iron, but we could not see that any particular harm was done. The noise was an excellent hardener to our inexperienced ears. Was there ever a time when canteens were not empty at the most critical moment? We were choking under that hot sun, and there was no water near. No one could go to replenish the supply with less than ten canteens, but that number of empty ones was not hard to find. One tyro as he returned, heavy laden, heard his first bullet in close proximity, apparently; he paid it proper respect in a duck of his head, which nearly dislocated his neck and occasioned no end of fun to the veterans who saw him. In his absence there had been a slight advance, and wounded men were already moving to the rear. As we lay waiting the word, a little bird, perched in a small tree near us, wholly indifferent to the cannon's din, sang as sweetly as ever he had done over meadows green, with streamlets bright. While we realized that those who knew nothing fear nothing, yet the bird's blissful unconsciousness and fearlessness gave many a boy a feeling of confidence that he might again see home and mother. Though the ground had recently been burned over, and was as black as soot itself, no consideration of our apparel prevented the closest embraces of Mother Earth.

It was a long wait thus in line, and there is little wonder if the noise actually became a lullaby to many a man whose senses, lulled or stunned by the confusion, gave way to sleep.*

The sun was just sinking behind the woods into which we were to plunge when the long-expected "Attention!" was heard, followed by, "Forward, march!" and with repeated injunctions, "Guide right," we speedily advanced from our cove of blackened trees, and then, on either hand, could be seen the long, sinuous line, from which men were constantly dropping as they were hit by the enemy's bullets, but the line heeded not.

*This torpor was common to soldiers under similar circumstances. Lieut. Vaill, p. 60, History of 2d Connecticut Heavy Artillery, says: "Their stupor was of a kind that none can describe, and none but soldiers can understand." This regiment was under the same heavy firing that we experienced. Orders were given repeatedly, yet when the moment came to advance, "Corporal H— had to be waked up from a sound sleep."

Down a slight declivity we ran and some found ourselves floundering in a morass, quite waist-deep, and we were well loaded with mud and moisture when we emerged on the other side. Thence there was a rise of ground, up which we marched, and it seemed as though all the artillery of the enemy were massed at that particular spot, for had h—l been turned up sideways, to our inexperienced eyes, the sight could not have been more fiery. By this time the darkness was such that our only light came from the cannon's mouths and the fuses of shell, whose illuminated trail, however slightly, was not the kind of gleam the most of us would choose. But we were swiftly advancing to where the roar of musketry drowned even that of the cannon, and the scream of shells was no longer heard. The noise incident to the firing of so many thousand muskets blended into one vast, absorbing note no more distinguishable, as to its individual parts, than is the roar of a crowded street when thousands of vehicles rattling over the pavement combine to make a sound rivaling distant thunder, but our thunder was near at hand; so near that one was not always certain whether his gun went off or not. There are times when a kicking musket has its good points. It would not be an excellent figure, but were we to fancy Omnipotence shaking the whole region, like an enormous corn-popper over Inferno itself, some idea of the way firing began and culminated might be gained.

Long lines of prisoners came through our ranks saying, "Don't shoot," and then we plied the work of death again. Many an officer of our regiment that night found a gun a vastly more effective weapon than his sword and worked it accordingly. The night was long, and while the fight was not continuous, it raged at intervals till after 2 o'clock A. M. on the 2d, and when the morning did appear, we had our first glimpse of what death in the field of battle was like. As usual, opportunity was found to dig rifle-pits before daybreak.

During this day the 6th Corps, as it were, regained its breath, while the 2d on our left was getting into position. Rest after the labors of the night was grateful, and though the din of battle was all about us, we sought and found sleep and renewed strength. Companies D, M, and E in part, come up and are again with us. In later days we learned that our 3d Division held the right of the 6th Corps, with the 18th Corps still

further to the right. Our division engaged the men of rebel General Hoke's left and Kershaw's right, and carried them, Klingman's brigade giving way, as did Wofford's, and a part of Bryan's brigades. The 3d Division captured more than 500 prisoners, but our loss was severe. Just at our left was killed Colonel Kellogg of the 2d Connecticut Heavy Artillery with forty-three of his men. The corps lost in this engagement 1200 in killed and wounded. The part borne by the division was recognized by General Meade in the following special order:

Headquarters Army of the Potomac,
June 1st, 1864.

Major General Wright:

Please give my thanks to Brigadier General Ricketts and his gallant command for the very handsome manner in which they have conducted themselves to-day. The success attained by them is of great importance, and if followed up will materially advance our operations.

GEORGE G. MEADE,
Major General Commanding.

In the Ninth, with less than half the regiment engaged, thirteen men were killed, and one officer, Captain Gregory of Company B, fatally wounded; fully a hundred men were wounded, more or less severely, nine fatally. It is claimed that Egbert Cady of Company A was the first one killed, a South Butler boy.*

Henry A. Dudley of the same company was early shot in the arm, and went to the rear. Private D——, though a northern man, was in Texas when the war began and was forced into the rebel service. Later, having been captured he was held a prisoner in Camp Chase, Illinois. Having communicated with Wolcott relatives, he was by them gotten out, after taking the oath of allegiance. To still further prove his devotion to the

*Of Cady, his former captain, now Major Snyder, wrote to a Wayne county paper: "It grieves me much to hear of the death of Egbert Cady; a more frank, open-hearted and brave boy never lived. He fills a patriot's grave; the soil of Cold Harbor never received a braver heart, though buried by stranger hands. He sleeps in peace, and I would say to his bereaved parents, 'You have given a noble sacrifice to your country, and he will meet you at the final muster day when the noble Army of the Potomac shall all fall in.' John Blakely, too, has gone; his quiet, unassuming face we never shall see again below, but his memory will be cherished as one more victim of this accursed Rebellion."

flag, he enlisted and suffered as above. He did not rejoin the regiment, but was discharged, and later served the people of Wolcott as postmaster.

The 3d of June witnessed the charge that General Grant, in his memoirs, says he would not order again had he the work to do over. Colonel John W. Horn of the 6th Maryland is in temporary command, owing to the illness of Colonel Smith. Again we form the second and third lines, and, in the midst of a drizzling rain, which almost always followed a battle, and at an early hour, we advanced, possibly 200 yards, when we intrenched, improvising all sorts of implements for this purpose, bayonets, tin cups and plates, and even spoons. We are in plain sight of the enemy's works, which seem specially formidable, but luckily for us we are not ordered to assault them. Four men of the regiment are killed and several wounded.

At nightfall, we withdrew a short distance and threw up breastworks, in which business we claimed to be experts. Our position, however, is so exposed that we are obliged to make shorter lines, at right angles to the main ones, that we may, in a degree, protect ourselves from the cross-fire to which we are constantly subjected. Perhaps the four years did not afford an instance when sharpshooters, on both sides, did so much service as at Cold Harbor. They were in trees and behind earthworks in a way to sweep the entire space, and no man showed his head without danger of being a target. As in everything else, "familiarity breeds contempt," and men learned to take their chances. If one were hit it was his ill luck. If he escaped it was his good fortune. Of course there were foolhardy soldiers who would take no pains to protect themselves, and oftentimes they went scot-free. Sometimes however, they tempted fortune too often. One man in his temerity, while leveling the top of the works, finding himself in range, made believe he was "at the bat" in baseball, and with his shovel played hitting the ball, all the time cursing the rebels, and saying they couldn't hit him. On the contrary, when the artillery firing was heavy, and the air was full of shrieking missiles, Jimmy —— threw himself into the trench saying, "I'll never see Biddy and the little chicks again."

There was a marked difference in the endurance of men. One receiving a shot in the wrist made thrice the outcry that an officer did when his shoulder was crushed. Frank

Orterlipp, whose legs were taken off by a cannon-ball, gave no token of his injury except a groan, lapsing soon into unconsciousness, and so bleeding to death. Till the 12th day of June, there was little variation in our work. We were under fire all the time, day and night. When we were in front, of course we were more exposed than when further back. To get to the front line, we had to follow sunken paths to keep as far as possible out of sight. The advance that we made on the first day placed us where we were liable to shots from front, left and right, and there were very few hours of the twenty-four when we did not receive some indication of rebel proximity. Ball, shell and bullet were constantly speeding, sometimes in volleys, more often in a way which seemed to say, "We have not forgotten you." The trees must have become filled with lead and iron, to plague the wood-chopper of subsequent years.

Sergeant E. was standing back of a tree, half as large through as his body, when a shell from the right cut the tree off so squarely and perfectly as not to disturb its equilibrium, but it was lifted off its stump and for some time stood erect by its side. The sergeant's face was a study as he thus lost his support. Evidently he thought a tree a vain thing for safety. Tom C—— and a party of dare-devil comrades are having a game of poker on what seemed to be the safe side of a big tree. Whether seen or not they suddenly found themselves the storm centre of musketry, and the tree responds actively to the peculiar "pit" of bullets stopped. The boys vow they will finish that game anyway, and swear incessantly at the rebs for disturbing them, and with no perceptible acceleration they complete the game, and then defer to the firing, only to the extent of moving to the other side of the tree. From far-away Wisconsin, M. L. Vandervoort sends this description of the death of 1st Sergeant A. H. Follett of Company C: "It was on the 5th day of June and of the fight that Jeremiah Skinner and I were frying hard-tack when Sergeant Follett came up and wanted to borrow our spider. As soon as we had turned out our food, we passed it over to him, and he put it between his knees to break up his crackers in it. Apparently we were in sight of sharpshooters, and we tried to locate them, but while doing so we heard a slight sound, and turned to find the sergeant's head fallen forward into his frying-pan, having been instantly killed.

The odor from dead bodies had become very offensive. Early

in the engagement General Grant had proposed a system to care for stricken ones of both sides, but no agreement was reached with General Lee till the seventh day. Meanwhile, those wounded men who had not been rescued at imminent peril by their comrades had died. Under the hot sun of June the stench was intolerable, and when an hour's respite was had the work was done indifferently. A lieutenant, writing home, said, "I went half way across the field and met several of the rebels, some officers. They were very friendly, well fed and well clothed. When time was up, flag went down, and firing began again. Our men are building forts and getting heavy guns in place. Rebs told me yesterday they had 300,000 men." Evidently, bluff was a favorite game with warriors on both sides. Night added to the interest of the scene, for then we had noise and a 4th of July display of fireworks as hissing shells described all sorts of curves over or through our lines. Then would come the familiar "ki-yi-yi-yi" of the rebels as they charged upon our works, to be answered by the equally clear "hurrah" of our own side. Still, rations were drawn and cooked just as though we were miles away from the enemy. Sometimes the tents are crowded, but the occupants can only growl their displeasure. Mails come and go, just as if we were not almost in h—l itself. One man records that he read one of H. W. Beecher's sermons in the *New York Independent* as he held his place behind the works.

The whole Potomac Army did not contain a gayer, freer heart than that of "Jim" Horner of the 111th New York. He was personally known to many in the Ninth, for, in the mustering and disbursing office in Auburn, he had served with them. Accordingly, when in one of the lulls of the Cold Harbor storm, Horner came over to see his old friends, he received the warmest welcome the boys could give him. While there was no great fighting going on, the sharpshooters were at it, and the zip of bullets was as common as conversation. "Then you ain't killed yet, Jim," says one old acquaintance. "No siree," was the ready reply, "The bullet isn't run that can kill me." This item not only illustrates the familiarity that we felt towards these messengers of death, but also how vain is boasting, for though he left us all right and returned to his regiment unharmed, he was shot dead the next day in a charge made upon the lines of the 2d Corps. The bullet had been run, and

when the soldier spoke was less than twenty-four hours from its awful mission.

During this battle-halt at Cold Harbor a soldier received a pass to visit the 9th Corps, and thus to look up certain school friends in the 24th New York Cavalry, not yet mounted. He found his acquaintances with their carbines and yellow stripes doing infantry duty, and in the best of spirits. Just where they were the front was specially exposed, and the pickets, in plain view, were keeping themselves busy with like parties on the other side. To see a wounded man walk or be helped back out of range was a common affair, yet the friends talked on as though they were again in school days, upon the ball-field, or arranging for a swimming-trip to the river. Old Colonel Richards and Major Taylor of the 24th were in evidence, and everybody who had a duty to perform was attending to it, but the air of perfect indifference, as now recalled, seems strange enough. Sometimes it appeared as though the soldiers had fallen into the Mahometan's notion of Kismet. If it was to be, it would be, and if not, then not. The visit over, the Ninth boy returned to his own company to find the work of war progressing just as he left it, and he had had a few hours off, though not for a moment out of range.

By the night of the 10th it became apparent that we are to make some sort of a move, since a deal of marching and halting are done. The 11th, rations are drawn, but we don't stay long enough in one place to cook the beans. It requires several efforts to reduce them to an edible condition. Evidently we are more remote from the enemy, for we are no longer targets, but strategy or some other military necessity demands long lines of earthworks; the strongest and best we had as yet constructed. Large trees are felled, and upon skids are carried to the works and laid up; picks and shovels in the hands of lusty men and boys do the rest. To the untaught soldier, it occasionally seemed that he was doing a deal of useless work, yet he had found such fortifications exceedingly handy, on occasion, so he toiled on, and just grumbled.

Companies F, G, I and L, constituting the 3d Battalion, having been detached May 31 to serve in the artillery brigade under Colonel Tompkins,* it is proper to now follow them to

*Col. Charles H. Tompkins, born in Orange Co., N. Y., May 15, 1834, commanded the 1st R. I. Light Artillery, three batteries of which, C,

Cold Harbor. Though separated from the rest of the regiment, the duties of this battalion were not unlike those of the others, unless there was a little more digging among them. They were on picket, on reserve, supporting batteries, guarding ammunition trains, and in all soldierly ways making themselves useful. They were in reserve on the 1st of June when the rest of the regiment was in the fight, but their work came at night, when with picks and shovels as well as guns they moved up to make new or to strengthen old earthworks. Occasionally they worked out between foe and friend, and when the ball opened over them, as it did occasionally, it was necessary for them to lie very low. A home letter of this period says: "There are twelve four-gun batteries, forty-eight pieces in all. We go out at night to the first line of battle about forty rods from the rebel lines and work, building earthworks to mount heavy siege-guns and mortars. We are hoping to drive the rebs out of their strong works, which are surrounded with abatis. Sharpshooters make the work dangerous. We leave at 3 A. M. to escape the daylight fire. We are subject at times to heavy firing, but little harm has been done."

A captain in this battalion writes thus to his wife June 9: "I am getting very unsteady, for I am out all night, every night, and lie in bed till noon. Am just up to write to you. 12 M. Lying in my little tent, about four feet high, I pass the most of the day. I can give you no idea of my home better than for you to take two small sheets, fasten together an edge of each and lay them over a pole, sustained four feet from the ground; spread out the corners and stake them down; throw in several boughs for carpet and bed, and it is done. Front and back doors open at all times. We went out yesterday afternoon to work under flag of truce. Just got to work when it was withdrawn, and our batteries opened briskly. It made the men stare to see how near to the rebs we had been at work at night. We had built a fort twelve feet high, mounted four guns, run out flanks and parallels, and are ready to open fire at any time. Our company gets great praise for its work, and

E and G, were in the brigade. He was by the side of General Sedgewick on the 9th of May, '64, when the latter was killed at Spottsylvania, and his arms received the general as he fell. Col. Tompkins won distinguished honors in the valley, and was mustered out as brigadier general in 1865.

I know that it deserves it. There is not so much chance for glory in our duties as in charges, assaults, etc., but it is a satisfaction to know that what is given us to do, we do well, and though the shovel is slow it is sure, and saves life and limb. The rebel works are very strong, and no assault can be made without great loss. There was a battery in our front which a week ago annoyed us very much. It could not be assaulted and carried, nor silenced by our batteries, so we took our shovels and picks, and in two nights put our sharpshooters into a position from which the rebs could not drive them, nor could they use their own guns, and so had to evacuate. I tell you, 'spades are trumps' here."

Sometimes their digging unearthed the dead of the early days of the fight, and the stench therefrom was horrible. One officer narrates his experience in taking a drink from his canteen. "A rebel bullet went clean through it, when Michael ——, with rare presence of mind, put his hands over both holes and poured the precious contents into an empty canteen." June 8th a newspaper correspondent was marched around the lines with placards on back and breast narrating his besetting sins. It was a sorry occasion for him. Though not in the midst of the heaviest fighting, every day brought some mischief to the men of these companies so that they, too, were glad to see indications of withdrawal, for the same orders were obeyed at nearly the same time.

The official data from our own officers concerning Cold Harbor are very meagre. Major Charles Burgess, then commanding the regiment, under date Sept. 8, 1864, thus reports to A. A., adjutant general of the brigade: "On the night of the 27th and the 28th the regiment marched with the division to the Pamunkey, and on the 29th toward Cold Harbor. This day we were in charge of and covered the wagon-train. Being in the rear on the night of the 29th we were ordered to report to Colonel Edwards,* who detailed two companies for picket-duty with his command. On the 30th Companies D and M, with part of E under Major Charles Burgess, were detailed for picket-duty in the front, and did not join the regiment until the 2d of June. On the 31st Companies F, G, I and L, under command of Major James W. Snyder, were detached from the regiment, and were placed in the artillery brigade. On the night of the 31st the two companies, under Colonel Edwards,

*Colonel Oliver Edwards, 37th Massachusetts, commanding the 3d Brigade, 1st Division.

being relieved from picket, joined the regiment, which joined the brigade and arrived at Cold Harbor at noon. The regiment proper, Companies A, B, C, H, K, and part of E, participated in the action on the 1st of June, being posted one-half in the front line and the remainder in the second line of battle, charging the works of the enemy in that position. On the morning of the 2d of June the command under Major Charles Burgess joined the regiment, and participated in the action of June 3d."

On the 3d of June Colonel John W. Horn assumed temporary command of the brigade on account of the illness of Colonel B. F. Smith. The latter resumed command June 12. It will be remembered that General Kiefer was absent at this time, having been wounded in the Wilderness May 5.

General Thomas W. Hyde in his "Following the Greek Cross" says, page 211: "This battle was a series of attacks all along the line, which was five or six miles long. Its management would have shamed a cadet in his first year at West Point. Seldom could we gain a foothold even for a moment. . . . That we lost 15,000 men and the enemy 1,500, is commentary enough on the generalship of the commanding general at this stage of his career. . . . It is very interesting to revisit the battlefields of the war, but I have never heard anyone who was engaged there express a wish to seek Cold Harbor again. Its vast upheaval of earth in fort and rifle-pit, in transverse and covered way, may now have yielded to the sun, the rain, and the plow, but it remains in memory the 'Golgotha of American History.'"

CHAPTER XIII.

FROM COLD HARBOR TO PETERSBURG.

Having thrown up fortifications that the enemy could by no means overcome, and not caring to waste more lives in endeavoring to capture them, at the same time keeping up such a show of aggressiveness that the Confederates all thought us still in position, General Grant resumed his flank movement, and on the night of June 12th we noiselessly withdrew, and the 13th revealed to General Lee only our empty trenches, while their late occupants were getting down towards the

James river. The roads had become deep with dust, the sun was like a ball of fire, but we toil on with a southerly trend, crossing the Chickahominy at Jones' bridge. The name of the stream recalls all that we had read in 1862 of the tiresome campaign along its banks. The appearance of the country improves as we advance—grassy plains, fields of standing grain, lovely flowers, all cheer us after the desolation of Cold Harbor. On the 14th we approach the James river, through Charles City Court House, and pitch our tents on ground that had its gloss of history before the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth, for we are told that a tree surrounded by a brick wall marked the place where Pocahontas saved the life of Captain John Smith. Just a few miles below us is all that is left of Jamestown, and near by is the roomy mansion of John Tyler, the first accidental president of the United States. Some irrepressible soldiers visit the place, partake of food within its historic walls, and bring away teacups as relics. Others have been there before, as the floors strewn with books and sheet music amply testify.

But even here we must work. The 15th a corduroy road must be laid as an approach to the long pontoon bridge which here spans the river. More than 200 boats were thus employed, and as the current was strong and the tide had a movement of four feet, it was necessary to attach the boats to anchored vessels above and below. A drove of cattle driven across the bridge afforded us no little fun, showing us how four-footed animals look in an intoxicated gait. The river was filled with shipping, and on the shore was a small hamlet, where some of the boys interviewed an aged colored man who claimed to be 108 years old, and yet sighed for liberty. Foraging is common, and there are few soldiers who do not get a taste of fresh meat grown on this sacred soil. We are at Wilcox's Landing, said to be two miles below the more noted Harrison's. Sutler's stores could be had for cash, though lemons cost ten cents apiece and tobacco two dollars a plug. Late in the afternoon of the 16th, we cross the James upon a transport, and after a short march camp for the night. Drew three days' rations on the 17th, and went aboard transports again and steamed up the river to City Point, where we stopped briefly, and some were fortunate enough to get a supply of pickles from the Sanitary Commission. Landed at Point of Rocks and marched to Bermuda

Hundred, made famous in connection with the name of B. F. Butler. Hard by was the tallest framework erected for a signal-stand that we had ever seen. It stood on Cobb's hill, and was 200 feet high, having a platform nine feet square at the top. Observers were generally raised by a windlass and in a basket, though they could climb by ladders if they preferred. The 2d Division of our corps had gone on to Petersburg, while we of the 1st and 3d were up here to help Butler in some way. After usual marching and detours, we go into camp. The works constructed under the direction of General Q. A. Gilmore seemed to be strength itself. Evidently we are off here for a purpose, but as "heaven from all creatures hides the book of fate," so to the rank and file the future is wholly inscrutable, and what that purpose is we do not know. Years later we learned that our divisions were directed to charge the rebel fortifications, but to General Wright's practiced eye the project was not feasible. It is said that General Butler sent to him one of his peculiar messages to this effect: "I send you an order to fight; you send me an argument." In Butler's book it appears that Wright's corps was not the one he wanted. He was very particular. We suited Sheridan. Some of us will recall the stories told of telegraph wire interlacing the stumps and trees, thus to entrap the unwary Union soldiers should they undertake the assault.

However, on the 18th we do go out through our works, and form a long line in front of them. Here Colonel Seward addresses us and tells us what we are expected to do; his first speech to us since taking command of the regiment. But we are not to contribute to the battle record this day, for soon an elderly officer, apparently one in authority, appears, and we are ordered back. So out we go, the rebels giving us some parting though ineffectual reminders of their proximity. It was amusing to note the haste that some men manifested as they were getting out of this wilderness. To some of us the whole business seemed like marching up the hill and then marching down again. Many will remember the hopper or machine cannon, an early Gatling, which had given the enemy no little trouble. In assaulting our lines, they had tested its efficiency; indeed, they were reported to have said that the Yanks had a gun that they just wound up and it ran all night. We are northeast of Petersburg and less than ten miles away from it. Our gunboats do not go above this point.

The 19th of June we spent largely in the trenches, and in the afternoon we retrace our steps, crossing the Appomattox near Point of Rock on a long pontoon bridge overspread with hay, we think, to deaden the sound of our footsteps. Our direction is that of Petersburg, in whose vicinity we camp late at night.

The morning of the 20th revealed us near the rebel intrenchments, so near that their shells rendered the drawing of rations uncomfortable, and we politely withdrew a respectful distance, and a considerable part of the day was restfully spent in the woods. A careful chronicler states that a negro was hanged this day for rape. He does not state by whom the deed was done nor where, but merely enters it as an act of signal justice; a forerunner, it would seem, of the hundreds of lynchings of later years. The 20th may be given as the date of reaching what we called Petersburg. Of course the city was many miles away, but we were as near it as we were likely to be for many a long and weary month. We are south of the city, and we lose no time in proceeding to breastwork making; we take to it naturally. By this time, we had become expert cooks of what was given us or of what we could draw from the enemy, of course it being assumed that all natives were such. Also what Albert D. Richardson called entomological researches had become a sad necessity, and every man to cleanliness inclined had to thoroughly inspect his garments for the *Corporis pediculus*,



From "Hardtack and Coffee," by permission.

or body-louse. He was no respecter of persons, and an officer's body was no more to him than that of the smallest private in the ranks. The sight of rows of shirtless men regardless of military distinction, engaged in closely inspecting every seam, and at intervals using both thumb-nails in a sort of roller-like motion, was one to excite amazement, and a frequent thought was, "What would our folks say if they could see us?"

Though the long siege of Petersburg had begun, we were not to settle down in one place for any length of time. At nightfall the 6th Corps moved out to the Jerusalem plank road, forming on the left of the 2d Corps; then came the 3d, and finally the 2d Corps at the very left, with one brigade facing to the left and rear. It was another dance in the dark, but skirmishers were thrown out and we advanced till we reached the enemy's pickets, who were driven in. Our order to halt was followed by one to intrench, but we had no utensils with us save one shovel. But the earth was loosened by bayonets, and once more cups, spoons and plates proved to be very effectual. Five rods in front, at the edge of a dense woods, was a fine rail-fence, which we noiselessly abstracted and worked into the inside of our defenses. Three hours of this hard work produced a line of works that would have been exceedingly useful in case of an attack, but we were not disturbed, though there was squabbling as to who should have the best places along our intrenched line. The tinkling of a cow-bell away in the darkness suggested lacteal possibilities that some of our men would have availed themselves of had they not been restrained by those who said it was simply a rebel device to capture some thirsty Yank. Morning brought the wagon-train with intrenching tools, and the 22d of June saw us with a well-equipped line of works before us; but it was not a case of "In place, rest," for in line we advanced over our works, into and through a piece of woods, likewise into a second, where the enemy's bullets began to hum right merrily. There was nothing to record for the day save the occasional carrying back of a wounded man. At 4 P. M. or thereabouts we about-face and march back to our starting-place. After making coffee, we resumed our position in line and again advanced, thinking this time it meant something. Possibly there was no occasion in the regiment's history where the book's description of a charge was so fully realized as on this.

The sun was near his setting, but there was still light enough to see clearly a long way ahead. It appeared that we were too far to the left, so we were halted, and the command to fix bayonets was given. It was obeyed in a jiffy; the colonel was on horseback, and skirmishing in front clearly indicated the presence of the enemy. For the first time, on such an occasion, we were in the first line, and then we heard the words, "Right face, forward, march!" and we went a short distance, no one could tell how far, when the colonel's voice rang out, "By the left flank, double quick, charge!" and away we went yelling at the top of our voices, and expecting every moment to be saluted with leaden hail. The speed with which we advanced and the irregular surface soon broke up our alignment, and to crown all, before we had charged a great ways we came into full view of earthworks, presumably well manned. Thus far we had encountered only desultory firing. Nearer and nearer we come to the works, and wonder when the stream of fire will blaze from them, possibly checking our advance. In much less time than it takes to tell it, we were over the works and through the camp, which the foe had left precipitately. They forsook their supper in preparation, and in no way stood on the order of their going, but what they left was not to our liking, for we had no relish for their cooking, and, besides, we wanted the cooks themselves; but the latter, judging by our yells, had thought the whole army of the Potomac after them, and taking their guns the Johnnies had gone. We followed through the woods and across an open field, on the other side of which the trees were burning. Notwithstanding this, some of the men dashed on, but the majority heard the order to halt.

Night was upon us, and all we knew was that we were still on the earth. It seemed a long time before the second line came up, so rapidly had we rushed through the works. We were ready to regain our breath, and to rest. After a while we marched a short distance to our right, and lay down. Here we passed the night. The 23d was a day on which the careful soldier needed eyes all around his head, for our enemy seemed to be on every hand, and we threw up works that could be defended on either side. Things put on a very lively air at nightfall, for bullets came seemingly from every direction. Our defenses helped us on one side only. We were like sheep in the shambles till there came a welcome command to fall in, and

with guns and shovels shouldered we began our retreat, lying down when the firing was heaviest, and marching between the volleys. The dense darkness was our shield, and at last we came in sight of the works constructed by us on the 21st.

Our step was almost jaunty as we took our former stations, for now we knew where the rebels were; unmistakably they were before us; a few moments before they had been all about us. Then followed a good night's rest, and on the morning of the 24th came the order to clear off the surface back of us and to pitch our tents in systematic order, a task so unfamiliar that we had almost forgotten how. This was the first rest for the Ninth since leaving Belle Plain. Headquarters and regimental wagons came up for the first time, and in the following days there was an opportunity to boil our shirts and socks, and otherwise contribute to cleanliness. Picket-duty was done in turn by all the companies, but nothing more startling than the visits of the grand rounds ensued, though members of one company insist on stating that one of their number, on vidette, snored so loudly that they heard him on their post. They found him stretched out at full length, perfectly indifferent to friend or foe. As he was a man much older than the others, they did not place him thus again, not caring to take the risk both on their own account, and on his as well, nor did they report him. Fatigue, too, began again, and the company streets were policed, and regimental headquarters had to be embellished with leafy boughs, etc. Very slight infractions sufficed to put a man on extra duty. It is on record that Chaplain Mudge preached Sunday, the 26th. On the 28th the remainder of the 67th Pennsylvania, under command of Colonel John F. Stanton, joined the brigade.

The 29th day brought a review by General Wright, and in the afternoon an advance to Reams' Station on the Weldon railroad, it afterwards appeared, for the purpose of co-operating with Kautz and Wilson, who were there expected to come in from their raid. It was late, and no sooner had we got our coffee under way than we were ordered to move some rods to the right. Again we had begun the all-important coffee process when the inevitable move-over order was heard. By this time the temper of our worthy colonel was thoroughly roiled, and bridling up we heard him say, distinctly and emphatically, "Present my compliments to General ——, and tell him that

this regiment will not move again to-night." We thought cheers if we did not utter them; not that our camping-place was particularly good, for many of us were insulated on grassy tussocks somewhat moist in their nature, but we did want to rest. We were finding that the proverbial three times turning round of a canine before stretching himself out at length, was nothing to what an army really does before it camps. We were not again disturbed during the night, but took our coffee and hardtack in peace.

The 30th and last day of June brought more digging, our normal occupation. So constantly were we at this that therebs said of us that we would burrow out of sight like the rabbits, and almost as quickly. Muster came, and with it an observation from Colonel Seward that some of the recruits were inexpressibly awkward. He ordered many of the men to step out, and gave directions to have them specially tutored, but officers were quite too busy to give much attention to awkward squads. The men knew how to march and shoot, really the only two requisites at this time. Many a man in the Ninth recalled this day as a red-letter one in his calendar, for did he not here find goodly stores of food among the people, and how ready he was to appropriate what he needed? Here is a brief enumeration: flour, corn-meal, lard, new potatoes, preserves, fresh pork—what more could he want? Time has not effaced the memory of the scalding day, nor how the members of the different messes worked to get up a variety. The fire beneath his skillet was scarcely hotter than that which the sun poured



From "Hardtack and Coffee," by permission.

down on both him and his frying-pan—but weren't those slap-jacks good? He had his choice of dressing for them—flour-gravy, or sorghum that the Confederacy also supplied. Did this feast for so many men leave families hungry? Doubtless, and at this period, it seems as though the homes should have been left untouched, but we were hungry then; we are not now; besides,

"All's fair in love and war" was on every tongue. With

intervening time and distance, moralizing is easy; no one thought of it then. Why! one man had no hesitation in saying that a woman, claiming to be ill, was lying on a bed under which he found most of his stolen articles. He always said he took them because she lied to him, saying there was nothing edible in the house, and of course no soldier could tolerate lying, not even in bed. Our mission was to inculcate the highest morality.

Though we were thinking we might remain here some time, we were doomed to disappointment, for before night we were marched by way of Jerusalem plank road to a point near the Williams house, and halted between 9 and 10 o'clock, naturally in a corn-field, though we had just passed through a beautiful field of standing grass. However, it is probable that some other regiment had it if we didn't. The 1st of July was mainly spent in this place sunning ourselves in the dirt after the manner of fowls, though guard-duty is done at the houses of some of the people nominally Union, but we have our doubts. Some of the good things of yesterday's feast hold over, so that one more unusual meal is possible. At night we packed up and went on again, but for only a short distance, and this time luck was ours, for we got the grass, and were literally in clover. Then was heard the order to pitch our tents, but some of us have learned to take certain directions by the rule of contraries. The above order was too often followed, when the tents were well up, with a command to pack up and fall in, while a simple "In place, rest," very often presaged a halt of many hours. The night was bright and clear, the stars radiant, and it was a pleasure to look away to them without any intervening tent, for somehow then home seemed nearer, since those same luminaries were shining on far away western New York as well as on Virginia. Scarcely had sleep touched our eyelids ere we were ordered up and into line. Soon we were off on an all-night's tramp. How monotonous those interminable Virginia pine forests seemed. No variety, but one unbroken array of dull, lonesome, sighing trees. Much of the country was covered with second growth, which seemingly had followed fields of corn, spontaneously. It was a common remark among the soldiers, as they fitted their bodies into the depressions between what had been hills of corn in the long ago, "These blanked rebels have been getting ready for the war more than thirty years; they couldn't fight without trees."

Night-marching made men dull, morose, and cross, all anxiously looking for the dawn, and when at last the eastern sky grew gray there were men who thought, if they did not say,—

“The morning light is breaking, the darkness disappears;”

while they varied the second part of Smith’s glorious hymn somewhat thus:

“The sons of earth are marching, ’mid penitential tears.”

Truly we thought the breezes sweeping o’er, not the ocean, but this fated Southland brought tidings from afar, not of foreign, but domestic war. It was morn of July 2d when our long march ended where it began when we started for Reams’ Station. The heat was terrible, and the men took their rations uncooked if possible; even coffee-cooking was a serious task. Air in motion was like a simoon, and the dust was inches deep. We were about five miles south of Petersburg at Williams House. Picket-duty was a relief, and men hailed its imposition with pleasure, though they moved out that night in the midst of a drenching rain. It was cooling, and that was what they wanted. Heavy thunder with lightning added variety. It was when one of the loudest peals was rattling through the sky that Tom C., having Grant’s great flank movement in mind, said, “Look out, men, they are flanking us above.” The rain ceasing, and having with rails made some sort of a defense in front of the reserve, the following hours on picket we pass not unpleasantly.

To the vidette standing three rods in front of the post, it is stated that there is nothing between him and the enemy, that the safety of the army depends on his vigilance. How acute becomes his hearing! The snapping of a twig is surely the approach of a foe, and he peers into the thicket before him. He can not walk a beat, for that would betray his presence. He must be still and just watch. However severe this duty in the day, it becomes doubly so in the night. Then tired nature calls for sleep, but he must not yield. The touching of leafy branches in the wind rouses his suspicion, and the movement of some night-prowling animal is surely the step of a stealthy foe. The hours here are so very, very long, but even they have an end, and again day gladdens his sight. Though with the morn came rain, that, too, soon passed on. Then followed a faultless mid-day, during which some of us studied the effects of war as

applied to the plantation of one Henry Gurly, M. D., who had departed with his family on the approach of our forces. His faithful [?] contrabands are left in full possession, and they occupied thoroughly. They had ransacked the house and were wearing every bit of finery it afforded; everything that they could by any means use they had appropriated. They were living on the fat of the land. The lines of Henry C. Work's song, "Kingdom Coming," are suggested:

"The darkeys feel so lonesom libin'
 In de log-house on de lawn;
 They move dar tings to massa's parlor,
 For to keep it while he's gone.
 Dar's wine an' cider in de kitchen,
 An' de darkeys dey'll hab some,
 I s'pose dey'll all be confiscated,
 When de Linkum sojers come."

* * * * *

"De whip is lost, de han'-cuff broken,
 But de massa 'll hab his pay;
 He's ole enough, big enough, ought to know better,
 Dan to went an' rnn away."

The elegant furnishings were at the mercy of the negro and mischievous soldiery. Some of the latter played the piano, *fortissimo*, and others walked on it. The negro quarters, which were numerous and populous, were curiosities. There could be found much that properly belonged to the house, but there were many articles that had been given to favorite servants, who, in turn, were ready to pass the same along to the soldiers if desired.

Near the picket-line there were indications of forays in the shape of graves of soldiers so thinly covered as to only partly hide their sickening contents.

The 4th of July, ever glorious, found the Potomac Army before Petersburg and full of patriotic music. The rebels were equally melodious with their somewhat limited repertoire, but by tacit consent there was very little firing, though pickets were told to be particularly vigilant for fear of a surprise. Quite likely rebel pickets had similar instructions. From some source the regiment was favored with loaves of soft bread, the first since leaving Alexandria. No one thought of butter in his eagerness to give hardtack a rest, and there were berries

too. Late in the afternoon of the 5th, Lieutenant Brinkerhoff of Company A leads a small party on a reconnoissance, but discovers nothing except a Johnnie cavalryman stealing oats.

The morning of the 6th brought relief to those on picket, and they marched back only to find the other companies ready for some sort of an expedition, no one knew where.

The night before tents had been pitched with great precision, which in itself augured an early departure. A little after midnight the authorities had been ordered to march in the morning to City Point, and there to take transports for Baltimore, and thence to Harper's Ferry. This we knew later; then we had only to "forward, march." If from the North Anna down we had a mud test of our endurance, this day was to give us an equally severe trial of dust. It did not seem as though it could be ankle deep on the roads, so much of it was in the air. Dust and perspiration combined to make facial effects never before or since surpassed. No mother could have recognized her own son in those "dust-browned ranks," which, after fifteen miles of misery, at about noon threw themselves upon the ground overlooking the dock at City Point. There was very little attempt at order as we lay there, and when on the approach of General Grant, who was picking his way through and over the prostrate men, some over-zealous officer desired us to stand at attention, the great commander said: "No, lie still, men, and rest if you can;" murmured blessings were called down upon his head by many a boy who heard the remark. Food was scarce, but some soldiers were fortunate enough to get supplies from the Christian Commission. Some, too, went aboard certain boats and slept until ordered off, and then onto others. Meanwhile, those upon the shore were treated to a variety of incidents, as, when three luckless fellows, sleeping on the edge of a deep pit and in their dreams tumbled in, a commotion arose over their discomfiture and extrication. Later came a great alarm, so noisy that a general attack was suspected, though it was really only a team of unruly mules trying to run away, thereby inducing a chorus of "whoas" from a thousand throats.

Rations were carried aboard the transports, and we started away at different hours, Companies A, B, C on the Winona, the others on the Salvador.

During this period of a little more than three weeks, the 3d Battalion had done its work faithfully, but apart from the regi-

ment. The march down to the James differed in no essential feature from that of the other battalions. The men encountered the same dust, and suffered from heat and hunger as did their comrades in the other eight companies. They boil wheat and parch corn for food, meanwhile complaining because guards are placed in rebel houses and by the wells so that our men have to drink swamp-water. The 1st sergeant of one of the companies, busy in making a detail for picket, had his tent pitched by his mate, and when, late and very tired, he lifted the flap of his tent, as he supposed, and threw himself down by the side of his comrade, he did not discover his error till morning, when he was aroused by the odor of his bunkie, and found that he had wandered near the hospital and had been sleeping by the side of a corpse. On the 16th the battalion crosses the James at 6 P. M. on a pontoon bridge, made of 103 boats, and makes a night's march towards Petersburg. The 17th brought the men to the investing lines. It was on this march that our boys met the 24th New York Cavalry, which had not up to that time been mounted, but with all their yellow trappings were doing infantry service. Someone of ours sang out as the lines met, "Well, boys, where are your horses?" The reply was exceedingly apt as the cavalryman answered, "We sent them all down to City Point to draw up your cannon." It was a frequent taunt thrown at us that we had taken the big guns off our caps and placed them on our shoulders, but such badinage bred no hard feelings; we were all the merrier for it.

There is plenty of firing all along the lines, and the beleaguered city can be plainly seen from elevated points. One company encamped on a planter's premises finds a number of guns, sabres and other weapons of war, some apparently forgotten in a hurried departure. On the 18th the battalion changed position. Captain Sinclair was hit, not seriously, by a piece of shell, on the 19th. On the 20th those who had the good fortune to visit corps headquarters saw President Lincoln, Secretary Stanton, Generals Grant, Meade, and other notables. June 21st march to the left in southerly direction across Norfolk and Petersburg railroad; at 8 A. M., 22d, halted six miles south of Petersburg. Till the 29th much time was spent in the rifle-pits and in the regular moving, to which the troops were constantly subjected. Wells are dug, and conveniences of camp

are established. At 3 P. M. started with corps to participate in Wilson's raid on Weldon railroad. Several miles of track were torn up. Hungry soldiers, ever on the alert, dig up wine and other luxuries buried in gardens. The sagacity of hungry men at times surpasses the smelling record of bloodhounds.

June 30th a return march of several miles was begun, and a camp was made over the 1st of July. It was on this backward turning that A—— B—— of Company I had lots of fun all by himself. He had raided some countryman, and with coat, put on over his knapsack, he was several points ahead of the famous hunch-back of Notre Dame. Wearing, besides, a tall hat and an umbrella, he excited the risibles of the 3d Division not a little. Though falling out was forbidden, he somehow managed to slip his orders. On the 2d the battalion found itself in the same place left on the 29th of June. During this day in camp some of the boys have the unusual luxuries of beets and sage tea. Could anything be more absurd than that drink! Those same boys would have resented it at home, unless served by mother with an accompaniment of feet soaking and a direct run to bed. Till the 8th there was little variation in the regular work, in the trenches or on guard duty. The dust and heat are memorable. Company G builds headquarters for Colonel Thompson, commanding the artillery brigade, and the companies fall back half a mile to a new line of works. Always there is opportunity to use the shovel, for the breast-works were never quite finished. No man can tell the starting-place of rumors, but somehow the idea gains credence that Breekinridge and Ewell are near Harper's Ferry and that the 6th Corps will be sent north.

On the 8th come orders to pack up and start for City Point; at 9 P. M. the boys were on their way, and they marched nearly all night through indescribable dust. Every face in the morning looked as though it wore a mask. They board the steamer Thomas Powell at 9 A. M., and are delighted to be free from dust for a short time. Few know or care about the object of the change from land to water; but they are grateful for a little variation.

CHAPTER XIV.

TO AND THROUGH MONOCACY.

The ride down the James on the 7th of July was an oasis in the campaign's desert. To be sure, much of interest along the river's banks was passed in the night, but we touched at Fortress Monroe; we saw the tip of a ship's mast, flag-surmounted, above the water in Hampton Roads, and were told that it was that of the *Cumberland*, destroyed by the *Merrimac* March 8th, 1862; in the distance we might have seen the seminary to be in after years a National Soldiers' Home, and near it the site of the Hampton Institute, to be the place for educating negroes and Indians, under General Armstrong. We pass in sight of Capes Charles and Henry, thus named by Sir Christopher Gosnold in a spirit of loyalty, and we have a chance to reflect on the intensely English character of our surroundings, for till we swing around into Chesapeake bay we are riding on the James, named for the father of the two princes, whose appellations bid fair to ever grace these two noteworthy points. The vessels bearing the division do not keep together; indeed, some troops, including the division commander, are distanced, and Scriptures are again vindicated, for the last have become first.

This trip up the bay could not have been more pleasant, though our boat had been a stock transport, and still bore unmistakable traces of the stable. As we passed the mouth of the Potomac, it became evident that Washington was not our destination. Having rations in abundance, with plenty of leisure, there was nothing to prevent the soldiers having a good time. Many letters were written, and it was not an infrequent sight to see a score of lines trailing along behind the boat. To each one there was attached at least one soldier's shirt; we were not fishing, though some, knowing well our entomological condition, did suggest live bait for sharks. It was an opportunity to give one's garments a good soaking and their denizens a pickling, and we felt cleaner for the operation. Night shut down upon us while we were steaming southward, and we gave ourselves to dustless sleep. Early on the morning of the 8th of July, we were docked somewhere, but no one seemed to know just the place.

The rising sun soon disclosed such an abundance of chimneys and steeples that we were sure that Baltimore was the name, and our impressions were soon confirmed. The docks are early a scene of lively preparation for eating and departure. Soldiers of an investigating nature make tours, more or less predatory, in the neighborhood, and secure variations in the monotony of army rations. Our stay here, however, is brief, for soon after 7 A. M. we are off in a westerly direction. Passing the Relay House and keeping the main line of the Baltimore & Ohio railroad, we are certain that Harper's Ferry is sought. Possibly there could be no stronger contrast than that of the dust-covered, war-devastated region which we had left in Virginia and the verdant, fertile country through which the train was rapidly bearing us. Here were people at home and at work, a novel sight to our eyes, and the flag of the Union was in evidence on many a house and yard. Our train, made up of freight and cattle cars, was not running at express rate, for danger lurked near every southern and border road, so it was considerably past noon when we drew up at Monocacy Junction, fifty-four miles west of Baltimore. Though many alight to purchase food of the hucksters, who have numerous tents here, the train soon moves across the Monocacy river, and then, instead of keeping the main track to Harper's Ferry, defects to the right and passes on to Frederick City, that famed place which Whittier had already rendered immortal in his "Barbara Frietchie." Though we were ahead of some parts of our division, we were by no means the first to pass over this route. At 8 A. M. the 10th Vermont and the 14th New Jersey of the 1st Brigade had gone on to Frederick, and had been doing their best to make the enemy believe that a large force was opposing.

At this point a statement should be made as to just why we were thus so far away from the Army of the Potomac. The Lynchburg campaign of General Hunter had left open the valley of the Shenandoah, and Lee was not slow to improve the opportunity to replenish his stores from the granary of Virginia after the familiar fashion of preceding years. Accordingly, Early with the old soldiers of "Stonewall Jackson" are sent out to forage, pillage, and if possible to make a diversion of Grant's forces before Petersburg, through an assault upon Washington, for the vise-like hold of the new Union leader had become extremely irksome to the Confederate commander and



MAJOR GENERAL LEW WALLACE,
Commanding at Monocacy.

his followers. That Lee had thus disposed of a part of his force, the Union authorities could hardly be made to believe. Numerous dispatches are in existence whereby President J. W. Garrett of the Baltimore & Ohio railroad finally convinced Halleck, Grant and Meade that some attention must be paid to the Union rear; hence the sudden departure of the 3d Division on the 6th of July, and the later following to Washington of the 1st and 2d Divisions.

We are all at sea, for no one appeared to really know how many men were in Early's army, and there was only a general knowledge as to his whereabouts. During a large part of the war a considerable force was maintained at or near the Junction. Colonel C. K. Thomas, about whose home the battle of the 9th was fought, has said that he left Baltimore in '61 to be out of the whirl of war, but that for most of the time between '62 and '65 there were encamped within sight of his house from 2,000 to 15,000 troops. At this particular time there were in the immediate vicinity the first separate brigade of the 8th Corps, under the command of Brigadier General Erastus B. Tyler, and a small cavalry detachment under Lieutenant Colonel David R. Clendenin of the 8th Illinois Cavalry. To these was joined in the fight the 3d Division of the 6th Corps, all except a part of the 2d Brigade, including the 6th Maryland, the 67th Pennsylvania, and a portion of the 122d Ohio. Colonel Horn of the 6th Maryland states in his report that it was the breaking down of an engine on the transport that caused the delay of this detachment. The Union forces were under the command of General Lew Wallace.*

*Lewis Wallace, better known by the abbreviated "Lew," was born in Franklin Co., Ind., April 10th, 1827, the son of David Wallace, a graduate of West Point, and a very prominent office-holder in that state. The younger Wallace, after receiving a common school education, was studying law when the Mexican War began, and, suspending his studies, he went in as a first lieutenant. On his return, he resumed his law study and was an attorney in Crawfordsville when the Rebellion began. He became adjutant general of the state, then went to the front as colonel of the 11th Indiana Infantry, was promoted brigadier general, Sept., 1869; he led a division at the capture of Fort Donelson, and his bravery there secured a commission as major general of volunteers early in 1862. He was at Shiloh, and the poet, Wilson, in his "Old Sergeant" says,

"There was where Lew Wallace showed them he was of the canny kin."

During a considerable portion of the 8th, Colonel Harvey and his men of the 10th Vermont, with those of the 14th New Jersey, were doing their best to make a big showing west of Frederick, for the purpose of impressing the presumably on-looking rebs with the magnitude of the Union forces. To some extent the tricks of Bannockburn were resorted to, and the results were satisfactory, at least to the extent of keeping the Confederates back till the remainder of the division arrived.

The hour was well along in the afternoon when our train reached Frederick and marched through the streets of Dame Barbara's city. Many an eye was cast right and left, wondering whether a gleam of her flag might not be seen, but we had no key to the situation nor directory of the city, though we did remark the plentiful display of colors.

"Forty flags with their silver stars,
Forty flags with their crimson bars,
Flapped in the morning wind: the sun
Of noon looked down and saw not one."

Merely advancing the time to afternoon and eve, the foregoing description applies to our observations, though the evening part was told by our men captured on the skirmish line, but there was no woman left in the city to take up the flag "the men hauled down." The body of Barbara Fritchie, only four years short of a century old, for nearly two years had been lying in the Lutheran cemetery of Frederick. Our three companies, A, B and C, march to the westward on the Hagerstown pike, and filing to the left form in line in a field of corn whose tassels reach to our chins. Captain Hyde of A Company commands the detachment. A line of pickets is thrown out, which later largely falls into the hands of the enemy. The scene as we

He commanded in Cincinnati on the expected rebel attack in 1863, and the next year brings him to Monocacy and its sacrifice. Later he was of the board that tried the Conspirators, and also he presided at the trial of Wirtz, the Andersonville fiend. Returning to civil life, he has been governor of Utah and U. S. minister to Turkey. Possibly it was this eastern residence that suggested his great story, Ben Hur, whose wonderful popularity has given him a foremost place among writers of fiction. That his military spirit is not dead we may gather from the fact that he was an applicant for service at the beginning of the Spanish War. In a letter to the writer, he mentions his recollections of Monocacy and his appreciation of the services of the Ninth in that battle. His home is still in Crawfordsville.

thus face the setting sun is indelibly impressed on many minds. To the westward are the Catoctin mountains, only a few miles beyond which, at Antietam, was fought the bloodiest single day's battle of the entire war, nearly two years before. Up those very steeps where now is seen the dust from rebel tread, in 1755 rode Braddock to defeat and death. Our surroundings are fragrant with history, but it is not that which chiefly concerns us now. The men speedily learn that marauders have not recently disturbed this locality, so they dip freely into the toothsome contents of well-stored spring houses, in some cases leaving comrades to carry their guns should the line fall back.

Darkness was upon us when we heard the order to retire, and then began a march not so long as many we had taken, but very trying on account of the hard road upon which we were called to march. The soft and yielding highways of Virginia had afforded no preparation for the macadamized pike upon which we traveled, back through Frederick and towards Baltimore till we had passed the Monocacy river, upon a great stone bridge, which arched the stream most beautifully. A toll-gate was evident as we passed through the parapets, and that poor toll-taker must have grown weary of the stale remark, "We'll pay you when we come back."*

Finally we file to our right, and in the darkness plod along with sadly blistered feet and heavy eyelids. Apparently our guide is not proficient in his knowledge of the way, for there are many halts, not long enough for rest, but just sufficiently frequent to be vexatious when we all wanted to camp. There was a decided variation when a gun of the Baltimore Battery accompanying us was tipped over and men of the Ninth had to right it. It was long past midnight when in a drizzling rain we got the welcome order to halt and in place rest. This we did effectually until the east began to redden, when we fell in and marched a short distance, coming out on elevated land near the stopping-place of the train the day before.

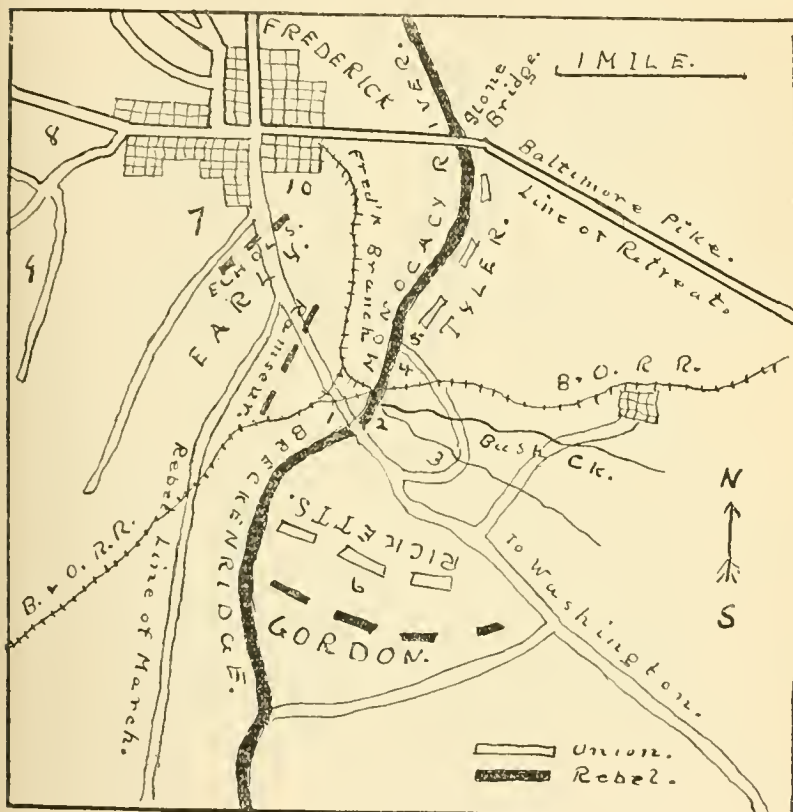
*There are few if any finer specimens of bridge-making in America; built in 1808, it is still as firm and beautiful as when erected. Here in December, 1824, the citizens of Frederick met Lafayette, on his memorable tour, and escorted him to their city. Some may note the great stone decanter or cruise on the eastern end, placed there probably to indicate the plenty known to abound in Frederick county. The passing events are to add to its history.

The other companies of our battalions are here; with a beautiful view of the land on which the day's fighting is to be done, we take an early breakfast, in many cases enriched by the preceding night's visits to Maryland dairies. How blissfully ignorant we are of the coming conflict! Farm-laborers are working energetically to secure the crop of wheat which covers the large field west of the Washington pike and south of the river. Apparently the owner suspects trouble in this vicinity. We can see that had we followed the road from Frederick down, we might have reached our present station easily and quickly, but the Confederates had made of that road "no thoroughfare." In other words they held the road, having worked in at our left while we were facing westward, and the wonder was that all of us were not taken; there was reason enough for the careful way in which our night's march was made. Two extremely attractive young women are very much in evidence as they flit from place to place, obviously in deep distress over something. The last that we saw of them was their rapid crossing of the railroad bridge to the westward.

There is a big stone mill, Gambrill's, at our left, and a well-shaded way leads up to the mansion of Colonel C. K. Thomas. It is in the vicinity of 9 o'clock when we find ourselves in line on the Georgetown pike, with the covered bridge at our right. Between us and the wheat-field is a well-made mortised rail-fence. We are directed to lift it up and lay it down, an order we readily obeyed. Lieutenant Fish with his boys of Company B are on the other side of the river guarding the bridge; beyond them on the skirmish line, along with many of the 10th Vermont and some others, is Captain A. S. Wood and his Company M. Our regiment is well to the right of the line, and in the earlier part of the day the fighting is largely at the left of the 1st Brigade, in and about the premises of Colonel Thomas. A wheat-field south of his home is a prominent theatre, and it is an interesting sight to see shocks of wheat used as a defense by our soldiers. Also the hedges and trees in the Thomas yard are thoroughly utilized. Again and again the rebel advances are repelled, but they eventually outreach and completely flank our position.

In the meantime rations are brought to us as we lie under the brow of the hill, as usual trying to burrow by means of haversack utensils. The fact that we are under fire drove to

safe places in the rear the contingent that during active service was chiefly in evidence when food was distributed, so that once in regimental life the supply of luxuries like sugar and coffee exceeded the demand, but later in the afternoon, when the rebels swept down over our position, they licked our platters clean in no time, and, it would seem, never lost their alignment for a moment. They knew a good thing when they saw it. It is



MONOACY BATTLEFIELD.

- | | |
|----------------------------|-----------------------------|
| 1. Turnpike Bridge. | 6. Col. Thomas' Home. |
| 2. Wallace's Headquarters. | 7. Olivet Cemetery. |
| 3. Gambrill's Mill. | 8. Line of Battle, the 8th. |
| 4. Blockhouse. | 9. Road to Harper's Ferry. |
| 5. Battery. | 10. Hospital. |

vivid in many minds to this day, the view of those stragglers who, like Job's war-horse, sniffed the battle from afar, and went without their rations. Way beyond our skirmish line,

quite near the city of Frederick, is Mount Olivet cemetery, and in it lies the body of Francis Scott Key, who wrote "The Star Spangled Banner," and we wonder whether the proximity of stars and bars does not make his remains uneasy.

Major Burgess has moved along with his battalion towards the left; Alexander's Battery has gone in before we are ordered to advance. The foe has found a ford in the Monocacy down the stream, and is now making his way up the river's side. A large field of standing corn confronts us just to the westward of the wheat-field in which we had been lying, and we understand that the enemy is approaching under cover of the tasseled stalks. Before this, however, the turnpike bridge has been fired by Lieutenant Fish's men, and the story is best told by one of the company as follows:

"Colonel William H. Seward, Jr., received orders from General Wallace about 9 A. M. to detach two companies from his regiment for perilous duty. Colonel Seward immediately detached Company B by the following order (the line was resting in place): 'Lieutenant Fish, order your company in line and move it down to that bridge, and hold it at all hazard.' The order was promptly executed. The company arranged to stubbornly defend the passage of the bridge. The rebels tried to dislodge the company by directing shells on the bridge, which raked the structure with terrific force, but failed in their design. 'Hold it at all hazard,' was the order. As the battle raged furiously, the lines changed front, and from the situation of the respective armies it became evident that the bridge must be burned to prevent General Breckinridge, who was waiting near Frederick City with two divisions, from crossing the bridge and intersecting our rear. Members of the company procured sheaves of wheat from a near-by field, and placed them under the southeast corner of the roof of the bridge.

About 12.30 P. M. Lieutenant Fish received an order from Colonel Seward to burn the bridge, which was promptly executed. Privates Alven N. Sova, Samuel R. Mack, and Sergeant Albert L. Smith participated in setting the fire, which wrapped the roof in flames like magic. It was impossible to rejoin the regiment at this time. The only escape was to the rear, but Lieutenant Fish declined to move his company without orders. About 2 P. M. a field-officer rode up and ordered Lieutenant Fish to move his company to the rear immediately, which he



FREDERICK CITY.

GRAVE OF BARBARA FRIETCHIE (Right).
CONFEDERATE MONUMENT.

GRAVES OF FRANCIS SCOTT KEY AND WIFE.
OLD STOREHOUSE, MONOCACY JUNCTION.

did while being urged forward by rebel bullets. On intersecting the railroad it was found that Lieutenant R. E. Burton and two privates were missing or taken prisoners. On crossing the railroad the situation seemed perilous, and to prevent the further reduction of his ranks Lieutenant Fish gave this unique order: 'Sergeant Stanford, put the bayonet through the first damned man that attempts to leave the ranks.' On reaching the woods and filing to the right soon came out into an open field, and were intersected by General Wallace on his return from the stone bridge, where he had been to personally give orders to Colonel Brown. On nearing the company the general asked, 'What troops are these?' Lieutenant Fish replied, 'It is Company B of the 9th New York Heavy Artillery.' General Wallace said, 'Lieutenant Fish, it is no fault of your company nor the 9th New York Heavy Artillery regiment that this battle has been lost.' Lieutenant Fish replied, 'General, I trust not.' On starting to leave the company, General Wallace remarked, 'Lieutenant Fish, I certainly will remember you in my report,' and rode away rapidly."

The other company to which special duty was assigned was M, whose captain, Anson S. Wood, thus describes its performance of duty:

"I was directed to take files enough from Company E (six men, Lieutenant Freeoff) to make with my company my 100 men for picket duty, and an orderly from General Wallace's staff was directed to show me where to go. I had no orders, and no intimation was given me that we were in the presence of the enemy.

"I crossed the bridge, and marched up the pike toward Frederick, anticipating a pleasant day on picket when suddenly a rebel skirmish-line opened full upon us. I immediately ordered my men to lie down, and went forward a short distance to ascertain whether there were any of our troops near by. I soon discovered a Union captain, and learned from him that he had some sort of a skirmish-line on the left of the pike looking toward Frederick, and that he outranked me. I told him that I reported for orders and awaited his instructions. He said he thought I had better move my men up and reinforce his line. I did so, and within five minutes the captain and the few men he had there disappeared from my sight and hearing forever. The rebel skirmish-line was a few hundred yards in

our front, and we exchanged shots from time to time, but the firing was very light. I had been upon the skirmish-line but a short time when I received a visit from General Ricketts, accompanied by two or three members of his staff. He inquired of me who was in command of the line, and I stated to him the disappearance of the captain to whom I had reported for orders. He directed a soldier standing near to knock down the fence so he could ride on the pike, directed me to stop the firing, or advance the line, said he would send a field-officer to take charge of the line, whereupon Captain Damon of the general's staff pointed to a mounted officer a long distance in the rear, and said: 'That is Colonel ——, who is field-officer of the day.' General Ricketts said, 'I will send him to you.' Just at that moment the rebel skirmishers gave the general a salute, and he turned and rode away. I immediately deployed the larger number of my men to the east side of the pike. I never saw the officer after that, never received any orders from that time on from any source, but fought my part of the battle untrammelled with orders from any source. Not long after the general left, Lieutenant Parrish discovered that an attempt was being made to flank us on the extreme right, and I directed him to change our line so as to prevent it. Some time prior to the commencement of the battle proper, the rebel skirmish-line was reinforced by troops moving up from the direction of Frederick.

An advance was made on our line, and I ordered the men to fall back to the line of the railroad. I think it was about this time that Surgeon Chamberlain was captured at a farm-house between the lines, but some distance to the left of my line. About this time Captain Parker of the 106th New York, with one or two companies, moved forward on my left. My skirmish-line in falling back to the railroad displayed about as good soldierly qualities as the most strict disciplinarian could desire. They maintained an excellent line, loading and firing rapidly, keeping the rebel advance in check until they reached the cover of the railroad cut. I recall particularly one soldier, a tall, stern man, formerly a school-teacher in one of the western counties of the state (I think his name was Mellon), who stopped and fired each time with great deliberation and excellent effect. After we reached the line of the railroad, a few of the Maryland 100-day men made their appearance and helped

to hold our line. Just before the bridge was fired, a message came to me that it was to be burned, that I was to hold my line as long as possible, that if it became necessary to get out, I could come on the railroad bridge or ford the river, and the place where fordable was pointed out to me. I am unable to state from where the message came, but I think it must have come from General Wallace through one of his staff.

"From my position I had an excellent opportunity to witness the main battle. If I had been fortunate enough to have a field-glass, I could have taken it in in all its details. I held my position on the railroad till after our troops were driven from the field, then recrossed the river, Lieutenant Parrish and a part of the men taking to the water. I crossed with the balance of the men under a severe fire, but fortunately without loss. One man was killed fording the river with Lieutenant Parrish. I do not recollect how many were killed and wounded out of the hundred men I took up on the skirmish-line that morning, but I think our loss was not so heavy as in the other companies of the regiment. I was slightly wounded myself.

"I shall always think that no troops ever behaved better on the field of battle than the handful of men who delayed for one day Jubal Early and his Confederate forces on their way to capture Washington. After crossing the river my company reformed in one of the rifle-pits, from which we were ordered by General Ricketts himself on his retreat from the battlefield. I think my company was the only organization that kept together. I know that from time to time other members of the old regiments joined us, and I think ours was the first regiment to recover and get into shape after the battle.

"Among other things I vividly remembered was seeing Colonel Taft's black horse galloping riderless to the rear, and later on Adjutant Pringle on his cream-colored steed following rapidly in the same direction. That day and the night following tried my physical endurance more severely than any other like period of my army service. I never recall it without wondering how I ever could have endured it. It was the best and the hardest day's work of my soldier's life. It was the last time I marched on foot; from that time on I was mounted."

It was well along in the afternoon when we, who had been lying so long on the brow of the hill, were ordered in. We were very near the river, only one regiment, the 110th Ohio, at

our right, intervening. Colonel Seward sat his horse as erect as a centaur; Lieutenant Colonel Taft was also in his place and mounted with Adjutant Pringle. Our alignment is excellent, and the colors stream along as we advance over the space separating us from a standing field of corn. Here is another strong fence whose rails afford us excellent rests for our guns as we rapidly fire into the field through which the enemy is making his way and firing as he comes. We are finding no fault with our part of the game, and our Harper's Ferry muskets are doing such execution that we think ourselves able to hold the place indefinitely. But there is trouble at the extreme left, where we are flanked. Soon the order comes to fall back, which we obey slowly, keeping up a desultory fusillade at the rebels, who climb our fence in a surprisingly brief time after our leaving it. A halt is made near the point where we had thrown down the fence. Lieutenant Harmon of Company H unconsciously used the refrain of Root's Battle Hymn as he exclaimed, "Rally round your flag, boys," for the colors were there. Further along, towards the left, and under the hill, Colonel Seward, who had been injured by his wounded horse falling upon him, and who was supported by two men, was directing an officer and guard to advance to a tree some rods nearer to the enemy to secure Lieutenant Colonel Taft, who was lying there wounded. This order Lieutenant Colvin of Company H essayed to obey, but before the officer could be reached, the rebel line had swept by, and the effort was futile.

Our lieutenant colonel thus wrote later of his injury: "I was withdrawing from the field when a numbness seized my left leg and I dropped to the ground." The rebels took his sabre, revolver, watch, pencil and pen, though he had surrendered to a general officer. He was afterwards carried to Frederick, but it was not till September 10th that Lyons accorded him a handsome welcome home, the Rev. L. W. Brown speaking for the people, and Colonel A. D. Adams for the wounded officer.

By this time our own lines were thrown into great confusion. The flank movement on the left had driven down towards Gambrell's mill portions of the 1st Brigade, and our own 2d was mingled with them. Colonel M. R. McClellan of the 138th Pennsylvania was in temporary command of the 2d Brigade, and possibly he was the officer who was shouting, "Elevate your pieces, men; elevate your pieces;" this in regard to the

advancing Confederates who, in great numbers, are bearing down upon us. From some source comes the order to shift for ourselves, and the Monocacy field is left behind us. One private recalls hearing the color sergeant of the Ninth say, "I don't see any use in staying here any longer," and said private thought his record safe in that he left the field behind the colors. Colonel Seward got away, riding on a bridleless mule, which he directed by means of a silk handkerchief inserted in his mouth. The day has ended disastrously, so far as we are concerned, but for nine hours a handful of men has held Early's thousands, thus permitting the remainder of our corps to reach Washington and so prevent the consummation of the rebels' audacious plan to capture the Capital.

One who was in the battle thus writes: "I pass a comrade sitting by the roadside. Blood is trickling from a wound just below his heart. I had carried his gun the night before, and now I say 'Good by' to him; there is no fear, no regret in his tone as he replies. A brave country boy he had lived, and death has no terrors for him. He could not have smiled more sweetly had he been lying down to pleasant dreams. Hours afterwards, I carry a canteen full of water to another comrade lying on a pile of grain in the store-house by the railroad, and he, too, had no complaints, no repinings. He said only, 'I have my death wound,' and with the dew of youth yet fresh upon him, with all the prospects of long life ended, he closed his eyes in dreamless sleep. And so they died in the east and in the west, the young and the old; on the field amidst the roar of musketry and cannonading; in the hospitals, of wounds and fever; on the lonely picket line; as scouts and videttes; and who records any regrets? They deemed the cause worthy the sacrifice. Eyes grow dim in many a Northern home

'For a singer dumb and gory,'

but he recked not; he was past all pain and sorrow. For him there was burial near the place where he fell, and for the future his name upon the nation's deathless roll."

At this moment, however, flushed with victory the enemy, horse and foot, with seemingly an unending array of artillery, presses hard upon our retreating lines. The falling back is not undisputed, and the stubbornness of those covering the rear rendered the escape of most of the men possible. There was a

short train at the station, upon which many took refuge, and with it steamed away to safety, but to those who left the field last there was not even Hobson's choice. There was nothing for them but quick eyes and alert feet. They had a general notion that salvation lay in the direction of Baltimore, and thither they directed their footsteps, in many cases interrupted by the pursuing cavalry that seemed to be almost ubiquitous. If the men knew enough to keep off the traveled ways, in the woods and fields, they generally managed to escape the foe, but he followed hard and fast, and captures were made when the soldier thought himself entirely out of the range of pursuers.

The records state that fifty-one men from the eight companies were killed or mortally wounded this day, among them Lieutenant James H. Ellis of Company E. He had enlisted in Company D as a sergeant, and had been promoted to quartermaster sergeant of the regiment. Thence he went as 2d lieutenant to Company E. He was born in Lyons April 1st, 1843; was reared there; served from 1859 to enlistment, in R. H. Murdock's store as clerk; was a member of Grace Church and Sunday-school; his death occasioned widespread grief in his native village.

The official dispatches and reports concerning this day's work are worthy of insertion complete, but only an abstract can be given. It is to be regretted that our commanding officers were not more explicit. Dispatches on record in Washington show that had they (the dispatches) been received earlier, our regiment had had no part in the Monocacy fight. Fortunately for our military reputation, we were in the battle before they were sent. The truth of the whole matter was that all Washington was badly scared, and with justice; only the timely arrival of the 1st and 2d Divisions of the 6th Corps saved the city from pillage and conflagration, and it was our heading off Early at Monocacy that permitted such result. Early himself in 1888 told the writer that the sight of the Greek cross on the works north of Washington was what induced his retreat. "D—that 6th Corps," said a Confederate officer in front of the Capital, "we find it everywhere."

For those who were taken prisoners a special chapter will be given. Now we must follow the fortunes of the two battalions, to whose members the day at Monocacy was memorable.



GABRIEL'S MILL,
NATIONAL CENTER, WINCHESTER

HOME OF COL. C. R. THOMAS,
HOGAN'S FIELD, WEST OF FREDERICK.

MONOCACY.

CHAPTER XV.

RETREAT AND PURSUIT.

The turnpike from Frederick to Baltimore is as straight and as hard as the hand of man can make it. Those who had a good start found the road a convenient one to follow towards Baltimore. Those who could, marched all night, and at some hour of the 10th reached Ellicott City, passing on their way St. Charles College, named for Charles Carroll of Carrollton, the last survivor of the signers of the Declaration, whose generosity had endowed this institution, one of the famous Roman Catholic enterprises of the state; but our boys are more interested in food and raiment than in mind and religion, and did not improve the opportunity to "go through college," though they did remark its appearance as they marched by.

The men were badly scattered; the largest number that any one company could muster was thirty-one, officers and men. Here something like organization was had; camp was pitched and pickets thrown out.

The 11th of July saw the regiment *en route* for Baltimore by way of the Baltimore & Ohio railroad, a more agreeable form of locomotion than that recently practiced. Twelve men of Company M were left at the Relay House to serve the big guns there in case of need, and Maryland's chief city is reached at about 10 A. M. by some of the regiment, though others did not leave Ellicott City till nearly night. The 12th was spent in camp, and the rest thus secured was decidedly grateful to the weary men, though it is recorded that some of the soldiers were not too tired to break open certain bales of soldiers' clothing and so help themselves. The law that heaven helps those who help themselves seems to have been firmly planted in the minds of all soldiers, both North and South. As many had not yet reported, rations went begging, and on moving camp the "boys" gave to a needy woman two-thirds of a barrel of pork, a larger supply than she had ever possessed at any one time before.

On the 13th camp was changed to Washington park, near the edge of the city, having to travel about one mile to reach it. Hard by is the estate of Mr. Kirby, a lumber merchant, also

a small fort without guards, though some other troops are camped near.

By the 14th the Ninth was ready for another advance, and after marching to Druid hill, the men moved to Washington station, and thence by rail rode to the Capital. In leaving Baltimore, one company so won the good opinion of a Mr. Quirk that he gave to each man a head of cabbage, but as if to compensate for this good fortune, they had to march full five miles, one mile directly away from the station. The crowning motive in most of the marching and countermarching of the war the unprofessional mind has never been able to comprehend. The sight of a company of men, each bearing a cabbage, must have been an inspiring one, and though there is no record of the epithet "Cabbage-head" being hurled at these battle-proved soldiers, it must be acknowledged that the provocation was great. Sundown sees the boys in Washington, and encamped at or near Soldiers' Rest.

The march on the 15th began before breakfast, and terminated at Tennallytown, where orders were received to report to Major Snyder at Fort Reno, but somehow this conflicted with General Ricketts' notions, and the two battalions moved on, leaving the other in the fort which it had helped defend during Early's raid. While here President Lincoln drove out to our camp to congratulate the troops on their stubborn resistance at Monocacy. His carriage stopped in the midst of our regiment and the boys gathered about him in great crowds. A tall stripling of a lad of Company D crowded his way to the carriage, and, handing the president the eagle-plate from his cartridge-box straps, with a Confederate bullet sticking fast in its centre, said, "See, Mr. Lincoln, this saved my life at Monocacy; the force of the bullet knocked me down." The president took the relic in his hand, looked it over carefully, and after commenting on the fortunate escape of the soldier with the man who sat beside him—a member of his Cabinet, probably Seward—he handed it back to the soldier, saying, "Young man, keep that for your children and grand-children, for future generations will prize that as the greatest heirloom you could possibly leave them."

The pursuit of the raiders, too long delayed, was now begun, and we passed on after them, crossing the Potomac at or near Edward's Ferry. As there were no laws against such proceed-

ings many of the men cross *en dishabille*, carrying their clothing on heads or shoulders. Nothing but laughter greets the unfortunate soldiers who step on slimy rocks and receive involuntary immersion. The water was about three feet deep, and the current strong. Camping near by, excellent facilities are found for securing food in the way of sheep and hogs from neighboring farmers, always supposed to be disloyal, and in the discussion of dainties thus secured the end of the 16th day arrives.

Next day the march was resumed, and was continued through Leesburg about four miles. Government rations falling short, there was all the more need of replenishment from neighboring sources, and the regiment began taking lessons in self-help, a principle well ingrained before the end of the season's campaign. On the 18th the march is resumed, extending through Hamilton, Snickersville and Snicker's Gap to the Shenandoah river. It was our first view of the stream so redolent of American history, and with whose name that of the 6th Corps through the events of the coming months was to be inextricably blended. A division of our forces, 8th Corps, had crossed the river, but had been driven back by the enemy, some of our soldiers having drowned, so said, in the recrossing. We were under fire for a time, and a few of the regiment wounded.

Business begins early the 19th, for it is 3 A. M. when the camp is roused, rations drawn, and preparations made for breakfast. The latter is not fully ready when orders come to pack up, but we lie here all day, finding the berries on the mountain-side unusually good.

At 10 A. M. the 20th, we get away and wade the Shenandoah at Snicker's ford through thirty inches of water, and two or three miles beyond halt. Hungry soldiers—they were always so—soon gather in sheep, hogs and bacon; what purveyors! A resident farmer says the two armies have destroyed 6,000 sheep for him. If alive at the end of the century, one might wonder what he thinks of the protection of wool industries. The 21st saw a falling back on our part, and we recrossed the river at about 11 P. M., Company B guarding the wagon-train. Guerrillas were troublesome, and some stragglers are captured by them. It is an all night's march, and before we camp we have passed through Leesburg, crossed Goose creek, near which on the 22d we bivouac; our distance from Washington being esti-

mated from eight to twelve miles. This retiring upon Washington was made on the supposition that Early had returned to Lee's army, and our 6th Corps with the 19th was to rejoin Grant as quickly as possible, expecting to take waiting transports in Washington. It has been claimed that in the preceding thirty days we had traveled 600 miles.

The 23d finds the Ninth once more in the District of Columbia. Having left camp in the morning, we pass down by the side of Fort Marcy, cross the chain bridge and late in the afternoon camp between Tennallytown and Washington, being again on familiar ground. The 24th is Sunday, and it is a memorable day in that the regiment gets fully two bushels of back mail, for in our peregrinations there had been no effort made to follow us. All sorts of rumors are afloat as to our future. We learn that the 1st Vermont, the 2d Connecticut and the 9th New York, all heavy artillery regiments, are to remain permanently in the defenses, thus replacing us in the 22d Corps. Severely blistered feet make this grateful intelligence to many, but the sequel showed it to be mere idle vaporings. Grant had other and better use for these disciplined, well-drilled veterans than to leave them idling away their enlistment behind those green sodded earthworks; besides, there were officers in the various commands who could see no laurel-getting in such humdrum living. At the present moment, however, we are interested in a Palmyra (Wayne county) visitor, who goes through at least one company distributing Testaments, writing-paper and envelopes, and he also preaches.

As if to confirm the rumors of the day before, the 25th finds the boys in motion, going back to the Virginia side of the Potomac, where some of the companies repose at the very forts which they left for the front two months before. As moves on the chess-board, the occupants of the forts in some cases departed, and we entered, but it was a very brief halt, though we did have the sensation of sleeping under a roof once more, though only that of army barracks. Six days' rations were distributed the next morning, which did not have a particularly permanent bearing, and before they could be cooked our dream of rest was dispelled by orders to pack up and march away. It is not a forced march, for night finds us in the streets of Georgetown, where we get such rest as the gutters and sidewalks afford. From such entertainment it is no hardship to

tear ourselves at dawn of the 27th and go under our burdens, marching to the northward through the village of Rockville, between which and Clarksburg we encamp. We later learn that if Early had ever intended going back to Petersburg, he had changed his mind, and his obvious northern tendency was the cause of our present tribulations.

If this portion of "Maryland, my Maryland," is not well known to members of the 9th New York Heavy Artillery, it is not the fault of those who direct our footsteps. We start at daylight of the 28th, and put a goodly distance between ourselves and our camping-place before we halt for breakfast near Clarksburg. Thence we pass through Hyattstown and Urbana to our battle-field of Monocacy; unconsciously we have taken in reverse the very course pursued by our comrades captured here, who after the fight, as prisoners had accompanied the Johnnies in their march to the head of Seventh street, Washington. We linger long enough on the field to recall impressions of that brisk little engagement, and then we pass on to the mountains northward, going round the city of Frederick. No one will ever know just why we make this circuit, for we come back to the Harper's Ferry turnpike, along which we march, or a very small portion of the regiment, for the greater part straggle, leaving only a fraction to go into camp at Jefferson. A short cut across the country would have saved miles of travel and hundreds of blisters, but we should not have seen so much of the locality that Whittier said was—

"Fair as the garden of the Lord,
To the eyes of the famished rebel horde."

Twinges of pain all along the soles of our feet render us somewhat oblivious to the beauty of our surroundings, and those who had fallen out were chiefly intent on catching up. It is hardly a fragment that for some inexplicable cause is hurrying along at this breakneck pace. From Jefferson on the 29th we bear off to the northward, passing through Petersville, and the next day we march through Harper's Ferry and on to Halltown, four miles or so. We have marched more than seventy-five miles from Washington in considerably less than three days. The next day, the 30th, we turn about and retrace our steps to the Potomac, crossing the same upon a pontoon bridge. All this reads easily enough, but no pen can do justice

to the heat that poured down upon the men who waited in that narrow gorge on the Shenandoah side for their turn at the crossing. If we only could have looked up the scenes of John Brown's raid, when twenty negroes, five white men and a cow had thrown Virginia into paroxysms, we might have waited to a purpose, but it was too hot and explorations were under ban. Long, long hours were thus spent, and it was not till past midnight that some of ours took their swaying way over the floating bridge, passed on through Sandy Hook, and all the rest of the night pushed along towards the north.

The last day of July, 1864, was signalized by a march unequaled even by that made by the 6th Corps when it hastened towards Gettysburg. No rain had fallen in weeks, hence the dust was everywhere. The mercury danced in the higher 90 degrees, even in the shade, and in the sunlight it nearly boiled. No wonder that man and beast suffered indescribably. The fallen horse was left to rise again, if he could, only to be seized by a frolicsome drummer or bummer and ridden till he fell again. Nearly a hundred men are said to have suffered from sunstroke on this forced march to head off Early, who had really turned north and was paying his attentions to Chambersburg* and neighboring towns. General Wright was besought to moderate his pace, but his reply was, "My orders are to reach Frederick at 2 P. M., and I shall do it if I go alone." Just five minutes in each hour were given for rest, and this under the pitiless sun. Again the corps must stand between the enemy and Washington.

August entered with the 6th Corps having as near a rest as these men of swift feet, later to be called Sheridan's foot cavalry, ever had. They are in camp, though a portion of the Ninth is on picket. Lest inactivity might stiffen the joints of our men, we take a morning march on the 2d and, having raided a flour mill, ford the Monocacy, and again go into camp. On the following day as if to compensate the miller for his loss of flour, the cavalry and artillery pay him extra for his hay. During the 4th there is actual rest with the added pleasure of a full complement of rations, through all of which wearied nature quickly rallies, and has energy enough to parade through the

*Burned on the 30th by McCausland, who told a local clergyman that he was from hell, a statement that the minister had no disposition to dispute.

camp a lad of acquisitive tendencies bearing on his person the label "Thief."

At no time in the regiment's experience were the conveniences for bathing better than those afforded by the clear waters of the Monocacy. What delicious memories of incomparable swimming! If a man couldn't swim, he had ample opportunity to paddle. These aqueous privileges did as much as their rations towards renewing the strength and energy of the wearied men.

The rising sun of the 6th beheld the tents down and all in readiness to march, but delays follow. There is nothing to do but lie in the hot sun and grumble. Some suspend their canvas as awnings and thus get some relief. In this way the day passes, and after dark we pack up and move to Monocacy Junction, where we use our knapsacks for pillows till morning. The next day, the 6th, we vary the monotony of our marching by a car-ride to Harper's Ferry, through which we march and, two miles away, camp. On account of our regular visits to this place, some of the Vermont vets dubbed the 6th Corps "Harper's Weekly." Till the 10th the time is spent in camp getting ready for the approaching campaign, of which, however, we know nothing. Few if any were aware that General Grant had had an interview with Sheridan on the 6th in an upper chamber of Colonel C. K. Thomas's house at Monocacy Junction while we were embarking, and that then was outlined the campaign to end only when Early was sent "whirling up the valley."

Hunter was relieved of his command of the Army of the Shenandoah; the Middle Military Division was constituted with General Philip H. Sheridan in command, whose headquarters, though he never said so, were always in the saddle. Grant was determined that henceforth there should be no open door in his rear, and that the granary of Virginia or the Shenandoah valley should no longer yield its plenty to aid and comfort the enemy. After the protracted experience, beginning July 9th at Monocacy, these days of rest were particularly grateful. During this time, orders were promulgated as to the discipline to be observed on the approaching march. Court-martial awaited him who straggled or left the ranks without permission, for we were to pass through a section alive with guerrillas and bushwhackers. We were to march one hour before break-

fast, to have one hour for that meal, and to rest ten minutes after each hour's march. An hour was given for dinner, and we were to have supper at dark. Officers were to see that canteens were filled at halts.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE VALLEY AND WINCHESTER.

The 10th of August beheld the advance begun and we march through Charlestown, where December 2d, 1859, was presented the final scene in the John Brown tragedy, whose first act was at Harper's Ferry, the 16th of the preceding October; a tragedy whose sequel was the war in whose fourth year we are marching and fighting. Here the old hero was confined, tried, and hanged, and Judge Parker, who presided at the trial, is a resident, to survive the war many years. We can see the court house, the jail, though in ruins, and, in the distance, the field where was erected the gallows from whose crosstree, less than five years before, on that December day, hung the incarnation of hatred of slavery. Thousands sang "John Brown's Body," and it is claimed that no Northern soldiers ever marched through the place without giving the citizens the full benefit of their musical qualities in the John Brown line, nor forgetting to state their intentions to hang Jeff. Davis to a sour apple-tree.

We, however, have no time for moralizing, though farmers in our ranks could not help noting the beauty and fertility of the region—a limestone country, and clear, cold water, hard of course, but central New Yorkers are used to that. Early apples are prime, and green corn excellent. Southdown mutton, hogs and poultry betokened good farmers whose fields were glad with grain and fruit—a fair picture for soldiers to view, but too often clouded with the results of war. Our first camp is pitched at 5 P. M.

The sun of the 11th is not up earlier than we, and we zigzag, between railroad and river, till we strike the Winchester and Berryville turnpike west of the latter place. Much of our way is through fields and lanes, shaded with oak, locust, sassafras and wild cherry, a condition coming as near poetry as war ever

gets. Our camping-place is eight miles from Newtown, near Clifton. The 12th carries us through Newtown and Middletown to Cedar creek, on whose banks we camp, quite unsuspecting the history to be written here in blood a few weeks later. The enemy is not far away, and a sharp skirmish ensues between the foe and some of the 8th Corps, who have been thrown across to discover if possible the situation. On the 13th all cross the creek and move southward to the vicinity of Strasburg, where Early was strongly placed on Fisher's hill. Deeming discretion the better part of valor, we face about and, returning, recross Cedar creek, and go into camp. On the march, corn and pork are early secured, and the laugh is on one party of investigators, who from a mill carry away a quantity of unslaked lime, mistaking it for wheat-flour.

For three days the regiment camps. The grounds are policed and tents pitched. The neighboring country richly supplements army rations, for green corn, apples and all kinds of meat may be had by very little exertion. Wheat-flour can be secured from a mill near by, and the new luxury of honey is brought into camp in great quantities, for the bees of the valley appear to be very numerous and more than proverbially busy. Soldiers of inquisitive or scientific disposition—the terms are nearly synonymous—have much satisfaction in exploring a large cave near Cedar creek, a curiosity by no means rare in this limestone region.

But we are not here merely for a summer outing, and in the evening of the 16th* we pack up and retrace our steps towards Winchester, along that

“Good, broad highway leading down,”

whose every inch we were fated to know ere the snows of winter settled its dust. It is an all-night march, and the sun is an hour high before we halt for breakfast. That finished, we proceed, passing through Winchester and out on the Berryville pike about four miles, crossing the Opequon creek and camp.

Middletown is twelve or more miles from Winchester on the

*On this day a brisk cavalry engagement was fought at Cedarville on the Front Royal pike between General Merritt and Fitz Lee, and though ending successfully for the Union side, it may have caused Sheridan's withdrawal, he preferring to choose his own battlefield.

main turnpike, and from it a road leads up the Luray valley, since the projection of the Massanuttan mountain here divides the Shenandoah valley into two divisions. Front Royal lies further to the east and at the entrance to the Luray. Its location made Middletown a place of unusual importance. Through the Luray valley were approaching Fitz Lee and Kershaw with two divisions just from Petersburg. Moseby was active near Berryville, hence the necessity of the reverse movement. The valley that we were to know so well extended from Harper's Ferry to Staunton, a distance of more than 120 miles. With the former place or Martinsburg, twenty miles further west and even more remote from Winchester as the base of supplies, any one can see that Sheridan's great problem was to keep communications open. The section was terribly hostile, hence the necessity of making the long halts near the foot of the valley, or in proximity to our base.

Rapid cannon and musket firing in the direction of Winchester indicates that the enemy has kept near us. The Jersey brigade, 1st Division, with some cavalry had faced about just to see who are following. The vigor of the enemy's attack soon imparted all the knowledge necessary, and in considerable disarray they continue their retreat. On the 18th we march to Berryville, and then return to our late camping-place, prepare and eat our dinners and then march to the vicinity of Charlestown, camping at or near midnight. The 19th finds us in camp and guarding the turnpike leading from Harper's Ferry to Winchester. Our location is delightful, with most excellent springs, and near by is the extensive farm of a Mr. Davenport, who had some fame as an importer of Alpaca sheep.

All quiet till Sunday, about 10 A. M., when as the men were preparing for inspection, without any warning hostile shells were pitched into the camp, and the whistling of bullets called the soldiers into line. It appeared that Early wanted to find out just where we were, and so stirred up the Vermont brigade of the 2d Division; by the way, a most excellent source of information, and the manner in which he retired from the presence of those Green Mountain boys indicated that his lesson in geography was well learned. The fight was known as the Battle of Charlestown. As for the Ninth, we were repeatedly in line, but as usual there didn't appear to be any place just fitted for us, so there was no end of marching by front and

flank, right and left facing, battle-line and all sorts of places, and finally we settled down to our old occupation of building breastworks. Here we were quite at home, but again as usual, just as we had them nearly completed, about midnight, we left them and passed rapidly to Bolivar Heights near Harper's Ferry. Old friends in the 8th New York Cavalry are greeted as the regiment passes us.

From the 22d to the 28th of August, we are encamped with only the variation of change of position to right or left, picket experience, and such interest as comes from the knowledge that the enemy is near us. He had dogged our footsteps, but we were accomplishing our mission, viz., keeping him from further northern raids. Cavalry skirmishes and frequent cannonading prevent any great degree of camp ennui, and ingenuity in the cooking line maintains the physical man in good form.

In this period the Confederates had made their last effort to cross the Potomac. It was at Williamsport, but the immediate presence of Custer and his men prevented, and Early fell back, duly followed by Sheridan and his army.

At 8 A. M. on the 28th we once more advance slowly southward, passing through Charlestown in the afternoon, and again encamp near the Davenport place. Lieutenant Freeoff, in command of Company M, in a letter home August 29th, says the two battalions of the Ninth in the field number but 214 men; M, the largest, has fifty-three; C, the smallest, just sixteen. He says the bodies of our dead are invariably robbed, in one case to the very last stitch of clothing. Artillery firing near Berryville September 3d attests the near presence of the enemy; we subsequently learn that Kershaw's division, under orders to return to Petersburg, and quite ignorant of our presence, had, in the language of Sheridan, "blundered" into Crook's lines. As the rebels had no desire to stay, it didn't take them long to get away.

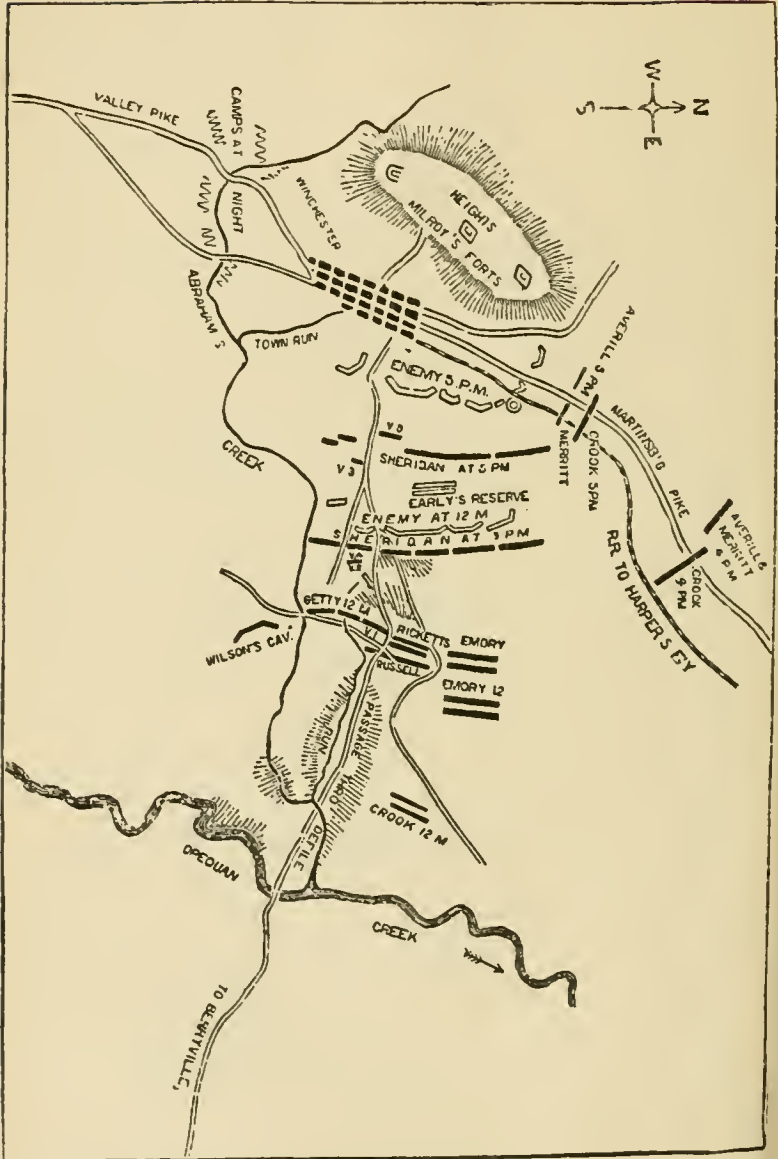
In this locality the army remains three weeks, a long halt for us; yet possibly we accomplish just what we were set to do. Of course every regiment and company have their particular incidents, but few of them were bloody. Camp-sites were changed occasionally, and we were conversant with the country from Smithfield to Berryville. We guard wagon-trains, pick blackberries and raspberries, with which the fields abound, read the papers, build breastworks, draw rations, have inspections, dress-parade,

and even get back to an old-fashioned drill. Our quiet, however, is only the lull before the storm. The most noteworthy event of this interval to us was the joining us, on the 16th, of our regimental band with Company Q,* which had been having a good time in the defenses, though on this very day General Grant was having an interview with Sheridan in Charlestown, whose results we were soon to experience. Grant had drawn up a scheme of offense, but he was so well satisfied with Sheridan's fully formed plans that he left him with the single injunction, "Go in." However, with plans, men who carried guns had very little to do. They were intrusted, however, with their execution. All the minutiae of camp life are maintained for the following two days.

We start away at 2 A. M. on the 19th, destined to be a memorable day in our lives and in the annals of the nation. In guarded manner we march southward, and before daylight are at the crossing of Opequon creek, from which some name the battle, though it is better known as Sheridan's Battle of Winchester. In guarded manner, with Company B flanking, we march westward, reaching the Opequon creek before daylight and here pass the head of the 19th Corps. The Berryville pike ran through a deep gorge, and on this the artillery and wagons proceeded, while the infantry marched in two columns, one on each side of the road. It had been Sheridan's design to attack Early's right, and if possible pass to his rear while our cavalry were holding the attention of his left, hoping to thus effect his entire destruction, but delays had admitted of the union of his divisions and we were to assail his entire force.

It should be stated that the day before, in accordance with his chronic disposition to destroy railroads, Early had sent Gordon towards Martinsburg, which, coming to the notice of Sheridan, the latter was quick to recognize as his opportunity to attack the enemy in detail, and his orders were given accordingly, but in the telegraph office of Martinsburg, Early had learned of the recent visit of Grant to Sheridan, and at once suspecting that action would follow such an interview, he proceeded to reunite his divided army, or to get its parts within supporting distance of each other.

*By common consent a name given to the many men who linger in hospitals and camps ever ready with reasons why they should not do regular duty.



From Chaplain Hayne's "10th Vermont."

WINCHESTER BATTLEFIELD.

The battle had begun at 5 o'clock by Wilson's Cavalry driving the enemy's pickets to their first line of defense, and actually leaping their horses over the works, they captured fifty or more of the foe. Melancholy interest is added to the advance of our corps as we meet wounded men in varying conditions of injury; sometimes they are leading wounded horses; here may lie one receiving the care of comrades, and many, stretched out in death, effectually answered Joe Hooker's bantering question, "Whoever saw a dead cavalryman?" Sheridan himself, well-nigh ubiquitous, assists in the alignment. The 2d Division of the 6th Corps holds the left of the line, and our 3d is next, with the 1st in reserve back of us. Had the 19th Corps been ready to continue our line to the right, according to Sheridan's plans, who can tell how much more effectual the day's work might have been, but there is a delay of more than two hours, occasioned, it is said, by an ammunition train, before the corps is with us. Wilson and his cavalry are looking out for our extreme left. Crook, with his 8th Corps, Averill and Merritt with their cavalry are in reserve, but in time they will give an account of themselves on the extreme right.

It was about 9 o'clock when our corps took its place, and we have waited long. The 2d Brigade, under General J. Warren Keifer, is at the right of the division, and is wholly north of the Berryville pike. It is nearly noon when the 19th Corps moves up and Grover's 2d Division touches our right. Among his regiment is the 75th New York, containing hundreds of our school-mates and relatives, many of whom this day's work will consign, with our immediate comrades, to graves in the National Cemetery, at a later date to be planted on this very road, between us and the city. The Opequon is fully a mile back of us, while Winchester is in plain view in front. The intervening land is generally open, with some pieces of woods with cornfields and meadows with occasional houses, but numerous ravines render it a hard surface on which to maintain alignment.

Till nearly 12 o'clock, the fighting was confined to the skirmishers. Then came the order to advance. Rodes and Ramseur command the enemy in our immediate front, and on their left Gordon faces Grover. No earthworks have been thrown up on either side, so it is a fair stand-up fight with no favors, but it is a terrible ordeal through which we are compelled to pass, one to appall the stoutest heart.

The Ninth is in the second line, having the 122d and 110th Ohio, in that order, at our right, thus bringing us quite near to the pike, so often mentioned, which had been pointed out as the guide for our advance. This road had a southerly trend soon after our starting that must have been overlooked by those giving it as a line of direction. At any rate, adherence to this order soon caused a divergence of the respective courses of the two corps, and General Keifer in his report thus states:

As the lines advanced the interval became greater. The enemy discovering this fact hurled a large body of men towards the interval and threatened to take my right in flank. I at once caused the 138th and 67th Pennsylvania and the 110th Ohio to break their connection with the right of the remainder of my brigade, and to move towards the advancing column of the enemy. These three regiments most gallantly met the overwhelming masses of the enemy and held them in check. The 19th Corps soon came up and encountered a very heavy force of the enemy in a wood to the right of the three regiments named. As soon as the 19th Corps engaged the enemy, the force in my front commenced slowly retiring. I pushed forward the three regiments until we came upon two batteries (eight guns), silencing them and compelling the enemy to abandon them. The three regiments had arrived within less than 200 yards of the two batteries when the 19th Corps, after a most gallant resistance, gave way. The enemy at once came upon my right flank in great force. Successful resistance was no longer possible; the three regiments had already suffered heavily, and were obliged to fall back in some disorder. The enemy regained a portion of the ground from which they had been driven. In falling back we lost no prisoners. The broken troops of my brigade were halted and reformed in a wood behind the reserve, which had come forward to fill up the interval. As soon as they were reformed they were moved forward again over the same ground they had advanced the first time. While moving this portion of my brigade forward, I received an order from General Ricketts, commanding the division, to again unite my brigade near the centre of the corps and to the right of the turnpike near a house. This order was obeyed at once, and my whole brigade was formed in one line, immediately confronting the enemy. The four regiments of my brigade that were upon the left kept connection with the 1st Brigade, 3d Division, and fought desperately, in the main driving the enemy. They also captured a considerable number of prisoners in their first advance. Heavy firing was kept up along the whole line till about 4 P. M. when a general advance took place. The enemy gave way before the impetuosity of our troops and soon were completely routed. This brigade pressed

with the advanced line to and into the streets of Winchester. The rout of the enemy was everywhere complete. Night came on, and the pursuit of the enemy was stopped. The troops of my brigade encamped with the corps on the Strasburg and Front Royal roads south of Winchester.

The divergence of the two corps on account of the trend of the Berryville pike came near proving a fatal mishap to our cause. Indeed, General Early fancied that he had won a victory, and so proclaimed, but he little realized the resources of the Union army. Not only had Ricketts made the sudden turn of his men, but when the enemy came sweeping in upon the 19th Corps, expecting to prove a veritable wedge, driven through the Federal lines, General Russell, with his 1st Division, till then in reserve, was ready to attack the rebels in flank and to turn upon them the fire of his batteries. The triumph of the foe was short, for he was driven back with terrible loss, but we paid dearly for our victory, since here fell General Russell,* of whom Sheridan said, "I have lost my captain."

Coming back to our own regiment, as we pass through the woods in our front, we encounter the fire of the batteries, noted by General Keifer, and it was thus early in the day that we met our severest losses. Here it was, while passing through a field on the Dinkle farm, that a single volley killed Myron Fish, Samuel Myers and Charles Thomas of Company B. Young Fish had just said to his nearest neighbor, Vernon R. Howell, "Gosh! Vern, they are coming thick," when his head was pierced by a bullet, and he fell dead. Four others were mortally wounded, and the day's losses for the company footed up eleven others wounded, including Lieutenant Fish himself. On the way to the encounter, in the early morn, he had been oppressed with forebodings of ill, and he had asked the 1st sergeant, James H. Thatcher, to look after the company accounts if anything should happen to him, for he was in command of the company, but it was the son, not the father, who was to be called. Though

*David A. Russell was born in Salem, N. Y., Dec. 10, 1820; West Point, 1845; classmate of "Baldy" Smith, Fitz John Porter, Gordon Granger, and others; won distinction in the Mexican war; was a captain in the 4th Infantry when the Rebellion began; served in the defenses till he became colonel of the 7th Massachusetts Infantry; was repeatedly promoted for bravery, and his gallant death made him brevet major general, U. S. A.

severely wounded the lieutenant refused to leave the field. His company numbered forty-two at the beginning of the day. Language is inadequate to express the regret of every survivor of the Ninth Heavy that Major Burgess did not describe in detail the part borne by his command in this great battle. His report simply states what every one knows, viz., that the regiment was in the engagement.

As already noted, the divergence of the lines interrupted an otherwise unbroken advance, and the repulse of the 3d Division compelled a falling back and a reformation. In one of the ravines, with which the surface abounded, our regiment sought shelter, reformed and awaited orders. When the same came to again advance, to the minds of those present, the air seemed almost solid with lead and iron, and the disposition to respond was not tumultuous; but Color Sergeant John Hermann, rising, and turning to the color-guard, remarked to James Marvin by his side, "Will you go with me, Jim?" The latter was ready, and these two moving forward were speedily followed by all the rest, and they had their part in the advance that scarcely halted till they had passed through Winchester. There are those who recall the bravery of a mother and daughter who stood in their doorway refusing to fly or hide, and when pressed for a reason, said they were safer there than elsewhere, for no one would fire at them if seen, but if hidden they might be shot by accident. Whether their reasoning was good or not, they escaped unharmed.

Fox in his book of regimental losses makes that of our regiment, eight companies, at this battle as twenty-two, not so great as in other encounters, still carrying unending grief into many Northern homes. The death of General Robert E. Rodes* of Early's army in the fierce charge against Ricketts and Grover might be considered as an offset to that of General Russell of our forces at the same time.

The superb generalship of Sheridan was evident in the manner in which the finishing stroke was given to his victory. As before stated, Crook's 5th Corps had been held in reserve,

*Rodes was in command of the rebel right, and was one of the most trusted officers of the Confederate army. Born in Lynchburg, March 29, 1829, he was educated at the Military School of Lexington, and had been a teacher in the same. He entered the Confederate service as the colonel of an Alabama regiment.

and Torbert, with all the cavalry on the right, had been sent a long distance around, that at the proper moment they might strike the enemy in flank. When the 6th and 19th Corps had effectually performed the tasks allotted them and the foe was slowly but surely retiring, there came loud shouts and heavy firing beyond the right of our already widely extended lines. What did it mean? Then it was that Sheridan came riding down, and was heard to say, "I have put Torbert on the right and told him to give them h—l, and he is doing it. Crook is on the right and giving it to them; press them; I know they'll run." Then followed the fierce onset, and they did run. This closing act of the day, the artist, Thurlstrup, seized for his masterly representation, calling it "Sheridan's Last Charge at Winchester." Never was there a better place for a cavalry charge, and never was one better made. To thousands the impression was as vivid as that made in "Scotland Forever," at Waterloo. The yellow locks of Custer appear well in advance, but with him ride Lowell, in just one month to fall at Cedar Creek, Rodenbough and Baker of the regular troops.

"Oh, the wild charge they made!"

Boldly they rode, and well. Nothing that Early could oppose was strong enough to stem such a tide, and they swept horse, foot and artillery before them. With flashing sabres they rode, veritable demons of war, crowding multitudes of the flying foe into surrender. They thread the battle-wrecked streets of the city; nothing escapes them till finally they drive Early into his stronghold at Fisher's hill. There was propriety in the message of Sheridan, "We have just sent them whirling through Winchester."

How strangely all these combats of the Civil War mingled thoughts of the past. This city, thoroughly battle-scarred, was a favorite place with Washington, and to this day are pointed out situations permanently linked with his name. Every acre of this territory had been hunted over by brave old Dan Morgan of the Virginia line in the Revolution, and since 1802 his body has been lying in the burial-ground past which our battle sweeps. Our fierce division now is to bring about a closer union in the years to come.

The effect of this fight was far reaching. It not only made Sheridan the idol of his immediate followers, but it convinced

the North that there was a true leader in the valley. However closely Grant was holding the rebel lines in front of Petersburg, and however many engagements had been fought from the Rapidan southward, it must be allowed that the best any one could say of them was that they were drawn battles. The country had become anxious for an unqualified victory—one in which a large array of prisoners and captured guns and standards should tell of actual defeat; and here they got it, for five cannon, fifteen flags and 2,000 prisoners attested the success of the day. A hot presidential contest was in progress, and this victory was worth whole tons of campaign literature to the side that was supporting Abraham Lincoln.

How it struck the Confederates themselves appears in the following wail taken from the diary of a wounded prisoner, confined in Winchester: "I never saw troops in such confusion before. Night found Sheridan's hosts in full and exultant possession of much-abused, beloved Winchester. The hotel hospital was pretty full of desperately wounded and dying Confederates. The entire building was shrouded in darkness during the dreadful night. Sleep was impossible, as the groans, sighs, shrieks, prayers and oaths of the wretched sufferers, combined with my own severe pain, banished all thoughts of rest. . . . Our scattered troops, closely followed by the large array of pursuers, retreated rapidly and in disorder through the city. It was a sad, humiliating sight."



FORD OF THE OPEQUON.

During the remaining months of the war, the Confederates never saw the lower valley in force again. They were confined, closer and closer, to the ways leading to Richmond. Moseby and his men still harried both friend and foe, but no organized front was again presented north of Middletown.

An early start is made on the 20th, and the rebels are followed swiftly through the valley towns to the hill just south of Strasburg. So rapid is the pace that men fall out, orders to the contrary notwithstanding. Some companies of the regiment are almost nil when in the afternoon we go into camp. The 3d Division is in the advance, so near to the rebel signal-station on Three-top mountain that though out of range of ball or bullet, the enemy can easily see our every movement, count our numbers and almost describe our rations. Having every advantage of position, that Sheridan on the 22d was able to dislodge him was all the more creditable to general and soldiers. The next day the regiment falls back to Sheridan's headquarters and the hospital. During the day, many men slightly wounded or unarmed come up. Lieutenant Freeoff writes September 21st: "We are lying in this cursed gap (Fisher's). The rebels are in it also, and if an attack is made it will be an awful fight. There are two high hills and only a road ten feet wide between to go through. The rebels, I hear, have never been beaten at this place. Some of the prisoners say they are glad they are with us." Congratulations from Washington and Petersburg were read before every company for the Winchester victory.

The 22d is the day of Fisher's hill, and the rebels are driven out by the 3d Division of the 6th Corps, combined with the same flank movement so brilliantly worked at Winchester. Again it is Crook's men who scale nominally inaccessible steeps, and falling on Early's rear compel him to retreat in the direst confusion, but in this day's glory the Ninth had no part, for we were consigned to the useful yet inglorious duty of guarding the hospital, which, however well done, brings no laurels. Our surgeons, Chamberlain and Brandt, labor at the amputation-tables for thirty-six hours. The victory seemed to supplement that of the 19th, if anything were lacking on that day. Though not in the fight, our major was on the alert, for it was on the 22d that he rode into camp and ordered a corporal and guard to go out and arrest a rebel whom he had found wander-

ing in the woods. The rebel proved to be our brigade butcher. The major must have had an expensive settlement with his brother officers over this incident. Companies B and H serve as rear guard. The 23d still in the vicinity of Strasburg. Supply-train arrives; on the 24th pass through Strasburg and encamp south of Woodstock. The 25th continue the march southward, and we again pass through Edinburg, Hawkinsville, Mount Jackson and New Market, camping on the farm of Mr. Williamson, a rebel major, from whom his Confederate friends had taken 800 bushels of wheat. Still to the southward. On the 26th seventeen miles to Harrisonburg, where on a hill to the east of the village we camp. Here also is the hospital tent. We are now just 100 miles from Harper's Ferry, whence we started one week ago. In camp during two following days, and the region being new to us, an unusual store of provisions is brought in. The boys steal the most unreasonable things. Even colts are taken, though we are by no means hippophagi, or horse eaters. The 29th takes us to Mount Crawford. Eight miles further to the south and we fairly revel in the good things of the land, though the inhabitants must have correspondingly suffered. Mills and houses are ransacked for flour; salt and fresh pork are found, and as proper judges we pronounce the land excellent. In the Vermont brigade was a practical miller, Major Safford, who ground out a full day's ration for his entire division. The last day of September sees us falling back to Harrisonburg. As the farmers raise a little sugar-cane, the boys get some syrup, but it is poor stuff; also the eider obtained here is not up to the Wayne and Cayuga standard. Wheat has been sown in some places and cultivated in. We remain here four days, with little to vary the monotony. Sunday payroll is signed. Monday, the 3d, get ready to march at daylight, but directing powers thought otherwise, and we remain in camp. What will not these inquisitive Yankees find? They even secure a quantity of maple-sugar. The day is specially noteworthy in that the 3d Battalion moves up and once more forms a part of the Ninth.

It was May 31st that the regiment was separated, and though still a large body of men, the 9th Heavy Artillery is much smaller than when we took transports at Alexandria for Belle Plain. Men and officers have changed much, not only in experience, but in personnel as well. Colonel Welling is now a

lawyer in Lyons. Colonel Seward with a star upon his shoulder is in command in Martinsburg. Colonel Taft on account of his wound is not with us, and since Monocacy Major Burgess has directed us; now he yields to Lieutenant Colonel Snyder, or would do so were the latter not absent on leave.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE 3D BATTALION FROM PETERSBURG TO HARRISONBURG.

In Chapter XIII at its close, the 3d Battalion, including Companies F, G, I and L, had gone aboard the transport Thomas Powell, and on the 9th of July, while the other eight companies were fighting at Monocacy, these our comrades were having an excursion down the James quite as delightful as that which we had taken a few days before. Fortress Monroe is reached at 3 P. M., and a stop of two hours is made for coal. Thence moving seaward they reach the mouth of the Potomac at 1 A. M., where the anchor is thrown out waiting for the high tide, and at 4 o'clock the steamer starts on its way to the Capital. *En route* the men note Mount Vernon and Fort Washington, and at Fort Foote, which Company G had helped to build, the boat was greeted with hearty cheers. The dock was reached at noon, and dinner was served at Soldiers' Rest. A halt was had here till 4 P. M., when the line of march was taken up through Washington and Georgetown to Forts Reno, Simmons, Kearney and intermediate batteries. One who was in this march says, "The men cried, 'Boys, we are glad to see you;' women cried for joy at the sight of these dusty soldiers; girls brought water, ice and milk; pies and cookies were offered; nothing was too good for the soldiers."

These men are now back in familiar scenes, and are ready to defend forts which they had helped to erect. It is evident that the enemy is nearing, and the utmost vigilance is maintained, the soldiers lying by their guns throughout the night. The 11th of July is ushered in with activity in front, picket-firing and skirmishing. The enemy burns a bridge on the Baltimore & Ohio railroad and sets several houses on fire. Some firing from our forts.

Evidently the companies were distributed in squads. Anthony Stacy says: "Company L went to Simmons first, then to Reno, but thirty men had to return to Simmons at once, because the men who relieved them were not armed. Some of L were also in Forts De Russey and Kearney; Company F went directly to Reno, later was in Fort Bayard, where it remained for several weeks, finally to Fort Thayer, near Bladensburg. Company I was in Sumner and then in Reno. Lieutenant Yard gives prices of food for officers at Tennallytown: cheese, 50 cents per pound; butter, 60; sugar, 16½; tea, 90; ham, 16½. July 31st thirty 'T' men went to Battery Rossell, eighty rods from Reno."

The 12th saw what fighting there was in defense of Washington. As the most of the work was done in or in front of Fort Stevens, there is not so very much to relate as to the part borne by the Ninth. Our men, however, were there ready to work the guns which they had assisted in planting and with whose use they were fully acquainted. All obstructions in front of the forts in the shape of buildings are removed lest they may afford cover for the foe.

The opportune arrival of the 1st and 2d Divisions of the 6th Corps with our own 2d Battalion had done the business for Early, and he withdrew his forces at the close of the day, though extreme vigilance was maintained for several days, scarcely abating till the 17th. During the investment, if such it could be called, Company L was partly in Fort Kearney, and its 100-pound Parrott was used to good purpose; Companies F and G were in Reno; I, in Simmons. On the 13th Colonel Seward, who was disabled at Monocacy, visits the battalion. The 19th Army Corps passes on the 14th with a wagon-train, evidently in pursuit of Early. The 15th brings the welcome sight of the Ninth or the other two battalions, having come up by way of Baltimore and Washington. They are at Tennallytown. President Lincoln visits the regiment. Stragglers from Monocacy continue to make their appearance for several days. On the 29th stringent orders are issued concerning stealing from the inhabitants, and leaving camp; while vigorous and extended drill is ordered. The 23d brings back the 6th Corps, including the 1st and 2d Battalions of the Ninth, from the trip through Snicker's gap. Everyone in the regiment wonders whether the two divisions will be reunited. The picket-line is fully five miles from the forts, and our companies

have to take their regular turns, though the fresh food obtained from the adjacent farms made the duty somewhat pleasurable.

On the 26th the companies reported at Fort Reno, having been relieved by 100-day men, and evidently were again to take their place with the regiment, marching out some ways north of Tennallytown and encamping. The 27th the 3d Battalion started towards Rockville, but before reaching it was overtaken by orders to return to its former stations, the march being apparently the result of an error. As the men countermarch, they meet the other eight companies on their way to and through Rockville at the beginning of their long and exacting march. The following weeks in the defenses are not eventful. There is a regular round of picket-duty, inspection, parade and drill. Now and then deserters from the rebel ranks come in, and escaping conscripts are taken in. August 1st brought an alarm of rebel approach, which sent the men into the forts and to their guns for several following days.

This life in the forts gives minutemen excellent opportunity to display shining brasses and white gloves. What would some of the Washington military visitors have said had they known how they were sized up by officers and men who kept diaries? Here is one entry: "Visited by General W——, an upstart and a blockhead," yet very likely this embryonic Caesar went away thinking he had left an ineffaceable impression. Well, it was lasting, but not just what he intended.

August 17th Company L being relieved by the 6th New York Heavy Artillery, Colonel Kitching, went to Fort Simmons, and the boys feel quite at home. On the same day, G Company goes over to Fort Mansfield. August 23d Colonel Seward comes out from Washington and is anxious to have the regiment united. Of this evident desire, one officer makes the record: "Apparently the colonel would rather have us together in hell than separated in heaven." Whatever his wishes he was never to see the men together again, for before the review came, he had laid off his eagle and "hitched his wagon to a star," and the Ninth was under another commander. Sunday, the 28th, the chaplain announced church, but only three or four attended—very unappreciative.

As an illustration of how Dame Rumor changes facts, a journal-keeper on the 26th records a smart cavalry skirmish near Fort Sumner. It really was had at Annandale on the Fairfax

Court House road, west of Alexandria on the 24th, between the 16th New York Cavalry and Moseby's men, the latter returning unsuccessful. On the last day of the month Major Snyder inspects the 6th Heavy, and Colonel Kitching performs a like duty for the Ninth, and takes occasion to compliment the men. There is no record of what Colonel S—— said to the 6th, but it is reasonable to think that he made a fair turn-about.

September finds the company still doing garrison duty, though the air is laden with rumors of departure, and ere the real start is made some moving about among the forts intervenes. On the second day Major Henry Roessle of the 15th New York Cavalry, who had been captain of Company E, rode through and received the greetings of old acquaintances. Apparently there is nothing happening of more moment than the occasional catching of a sentinel asleep on his post, and the riots incident to the absorption of too much corn-juice. The 16th Major Snyder starts for home on a furlough. Companies G and L are ordered to Forts Mansfield and Reno, and I to Battery Vermont, about one mile from Fort Sumner. The 204th Pennsylvania Volunteers relieve Company L at Fort Simons, and the company declares the bed-bugs at Reno "the largest, fiercest and most numerous yet encountered." The 5th Pennsylvania Light Artillery relieves G at Fort Mansfield. On the 18th I Company proceeded to Fort Lincoln, twelve miles away, just east of the Bladensburg pike, near the Eastern Branch, and only three miles from Washington. Company F goes to Fort Thayer in the same range. On the 18th, Company G marched to Fort Bunker Hill, recalling the early days of 1862. Company L marched the same day to Fort Totten, just a little to the northwest. The location and view are admirable. The U. S. Military Asylum is only a short distance away, and is visited by many.

Though there is every indication of an early departure, measurements are made for targets, just as though all were to remain here the rest of the season. Soon after midnight of the 23d of September came the orders that were to send the four companies to join their fellows in the valley. With three days' cooked rations, all the men are off before daylight for Washington, which they reach at 7 A. M. Breakfast is had at Soldiers' Rest, and during the forenoon cars are taken on the Baltimore & Ohio railroad station for Harper's Ferry. Prog-

ress is slow, for it is not till the middle of the afternoon that the Relay House is reached. (The writer recalls that in war times he once jumped off a moving train on this section, and back again, to prove that he could run faster than the train was going.)

Monocacy Junction is seen at sunset, and night has settled down when the Ferry appears. It is on record that the train stopped so suddenly here that several men of Company I, riding on top of a car, were tumbled off into the canal by whose side the halt was made. Luckily no serious injury was suffered, wherein they were more fortunate than a certain Massachusetts regiment, which had several men drowned in this same place and manner. Marching across the Potomac, a bivouac is made on Bolivar Heights. From the 24th to the 27th the men lie here while final preparations are made for their departure. They do not know the scoldings received by their officers from still higher ones because this or that was not done. It is all the same in military—leave out the bickerings and fault-finders, and there would be a remarkable shrinkage in records.

While here on Sunday a raw German regiment with bright new uniforms camped beside us. A cake-peddler came to camp and stopped between the two commands to sell his goods. Some mischievous scamp upset his wagon, and cakes covered the ground and rolled about in profusion. A general stampede for a supply of cakes was inaugurated, and soon every man in sight, Dutchman and Yankee, was crunching cakes. Shortly after the catastrophe happened, a report was circulated through our camp that the Dutchmen had two of our men bucked and gagged in punishment for tipping over the peddler's vehicle. This created great indignation among our men, and a howl went up for dire vengeance on the "fresh fish" for their audacity. Our commander, Major William Wood, and some line-officers repaired to the guard-house of the Germans, and found the report too true. A peremptory demand was made for our men, followed with a threat of summary punishment if not complied with in twenty minutes.

The German officers began to get scared; they gathered in a bunch near their guard-house and jabbered and gesticulated in Dutch and watched our men "falling in." Soon their colonel sent over and asked for an armistice; this request was indignantly spurned. The twenty minutes' time allowed was about

up, the officers were taking their places presumably to do something awful when a shout went up, and the imprisoned cake fiends came walking over to our camp. So much for bluff!

Some of the men find old acquaintances in the 184th New York, a battalion of which is encamped near. Harper's Ferry is visited. The scenes of John Brown's raid are inspected, and Sheridan's captured cannon from the valley admired.

The starting on the 27th is slow, going just about one mile before dinner to the westward and then wait awhile; later we take up the line of march, passing through Charlestown at 5 P. M., of course realizing all the John Brown memories that the place was sure to excite. The march of the 28th is a long and hard one, with the added duty of guarding a wagon-train, liable at any moment to prove a serious affair, for Moseby and his men came and went like the wind. The start is made at sunrise, and the route is to the west and south through Smithfield and Bunker Hill to Winchester, and camp is made late in the afternoon south of the city and twenty-two miles from the starting-place. The next day the march is resumed at sunrise and extends through the valley villages of Newtown, Middletown and Strasburg, five miles beyond which a camping-place is found. It was a long and tedious trip, passing *en route* the battlefield of Fisher's hill, where on the 22d Sheridan had beaten Early. The day's jaunt covered nearly or quite twenty-five miles. Mount Jackson is fully twenty miles away, and the companies move at daylight September 30th. Many burned railroad bridges are passed, and all note the absence of able-bodied men in the places threaded—only children, aged men, and women of all ages, the latter sour in visage and saucy in spirit. Thus Woodstock and Edinburg are seen, only brief halts being made on the forced march. Nightfall finds a camping-place west of Mount Jackson. The men begin to realize the possibilities of a trip through an enemy's country, and regale themselves on the few chickens left by those who had preceded them.

October signaled its advent by a hard, cold rain, but it did not prevent the march, which, beginning at 8 A. M., continued through the mud and wet till 9 P. M., terminating near Harrisonburg. New Market is passed, where in the preceding May, 15th day, the rebels under Breckinridge had beaten Sigel, driving him and his men back to Strasburg, resulting in his super-





MAJOR GENERAL H. G. WRIGHT.
BREV'T MAJ. GENERAL JAMES B. RICKETTS. BREV'T MAJ. GENERAL J. WARREN KEIFER.

sedure by Hunter. The country seems all aflame, for Sheridan is carrying out his orders to make the valley less desirable for Richmond raids. Forage of all descriptions, grain and barns are destroyed and stock is driven off. It is a melancholy sight; but it is war. Roast pig, not cooked according to Charles Lamb's formula, but nevertheless exceedingly palatable, tickles the taste of some of the boys, on the day's march. It is said that Sheridan's headquarters are only two miles away. While there is an abundance of water in the air, there is very little to be had for drinking purposes. The 2d is Sunday, and a needed rest is had in camp, the only drawback a lack of water. Food is abundant, both in the way of rations and from local sources. The senior captain in the battalion buys an eight-dollar horse; doubtless he had a premonition of his approaching promotion, and he wanted to be ready. Some of the boys from the other companies of the Ninth make friendly calls. The 3d day of October ends the separate career of the 3d Battalion, for on this day it moves up and reports to Major Burgess, in command of the other two. In the morning a portion of the battalion, 225 men, was set to guard certain prisoners, while the remainder, 453 men with eleven officers, reported to the regiment. For several months the twelve companies will march, bivouac, fight, suffer and rejoice together.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE VALLEY AND CEDAR CREEK.

"There is perhaps no fairer land beneath the sun than that section of Virginia called the Great Valley."

D. H. Strother, "Porte Crayon."

Himself a native of Martinsburg, which might be called the extreme northern end of the valley, he may be said to have had the hallowed associations of childhood to bias his judgment, but those not to the manor born have fully agreed in his opinion. Visitors from all parts of the world have unconsciously expressed the same sentiment. It is all the more pleasurable in quoting the words of General Strother to note that he served in the Union army throughout the war.

Of the thousands who followed "Phil" Sheridan up and down the valley, there were very few who failed to note its surpassing beauty. While blistered feet and empty stomachs are not conducive to aesthetic observations, even these could not restrain the eye as it rested on wooded peak, sinuous river and fertile fields. Everywhere nature had spread her gifts with lavish hands, and passing events were to give to these ways and hills and acres a gloss like that which gilds the noted spots of the Eastern world.

These soldiers in blue and gray were shuttles in a mighty loom, whose beams and posts were the roads and hills of this fair land; the woof, the principles for which they fought, and as they alternately shot back and forth the fabric of history grew, woven of successive threads of varying hue mingled with crimson red, their own life's blood, till the mighty web seemed a veritable tapestry on which we might read deeds of valor, tales of endurance and suffering and love of native land alike creditable to all. The pictures anon seem to breathe, and we see starting into action the brave men who here gave themselves to this national texture. Russell and Rodes, Lowell and Ramseur, with the thousands of lesser rank who unshrinkingly offered themselves to adorn its surface—all these are seen by every eye that glances over the mighty work which they accomplished, and posterity, generations yet unborn, shall see in the product of their labors that for which they gave their lives, liberty for all. Those who died from Winchester to Staunton died not in vain. They live, and must forever live.

It is probable that living upon the enemy never had a more thorough illustration than on the part of our boys in their valley experience. What they could not tell of foraging and "drawing" supplies, would not be worth telling. While Sherman's "Bummers" may have done a larger business, they did not have such a variety of resources, nor so rich a base of operations. Notwithstanding the almost ceaseless activity of the army, the men found time to inspect every nook and cranny of the country. They devised or appropriated cooking utensils till they were ready to prepare any dish from fried pork to a plum pudding. They developed culinary talent that would have astonished the women at home. It would seem that aside from the duty of fighting and chasing rebels, they became little better than organized stomachs. One veteran, who kept his diary

through the entire enlistment, says: "As I read over these words written so long ago, I almost blush at the reflection that I recorded little else than what I had to eat." After all, has not General Sherman said, "An army moves on its belly"? The harder and fiercer the strife, the nearer man reverts to that early period in his history when, with his fellow animals, he struggled for mere existence. The culture of ages disappears, mind yields to matter, the body asserts itself, and that upon which it may subsist is the prime consideration.

Rations* as furnished by the government were well enough to fall back upon under pressure, but for daily consumption the country itself afforded what the soldiers liked far better. In taking these items there was little question of the suffering that might be caused by such an appropriation, yet these men had helpless families at home; in many cases they were professed Christians; but war, cruel, relentless war, transforms those who engage in it. Hungry men do not moralize.

Behold a camp scene! The fuel used is in many cases the farmers' fences. In one instance the hapless possessor said, "That is the third fence destroyed on that same line within the last three months; secesh and Union, they both act just the same." There was nothing so handy for placing pots, cups, spiders and kettles as a pile of rails, and how the Virginia rail-fences would burn! They had been drying for generations for just this purpose, and no man more quickly realizes the eternal fitness of things than the soldier in active warfare. From our first entrance of this happy land, fruit and vegetables have been at their best. Green corn was in a state to keep Indians' feet dancing, and all the stock had not been driven away. From the mills and houses raw flour was secured, fowls were stolen, and chicken potpie was by no means a rarity. Boiled dinners, including the orthodox cabbage and salt pork, were frequent, and for side dishes honey and preserves were the rule. For the proper preparation of such dishes, heavy

*An army ration as issued on the march consisted of 12 ounces of pork or bacon, or 1½ pounds of fresh beef, or 1 pound 6 ounces of salt beef; 1 pound of hard bread. Fifteen pounds of beans for 100 rations, 8 pounds of roasted coffee, or 2 pounds of tea, for 100 rations; 15 pounds of sugar and 4 pounds of soap for 100 rations. Beef was driven on foot. In camp near supplies, flour or soft bread was issued in place of hard-tack when asked for, and rice in place of beans, and vinegar, pepper and desiccated vegetables in addition.

kettles were carried in addition to the regular warlike accoutrements, the members of a mess by pairs taking turns in transporting. Of course the kettle itself was at first stolen, and not infrequently stolen again by some envious mess in another portion of the force. It was, "Every man for himself, and the d—l take the hindmost."

Some new dishes were devised, one something like the home succotash without the beans; corn in the milk cut from the cob, cooked in water or milk, and stirred until thick; then corn a little older would be rubbed upon a grater made by punching holes in a stolen milk-pan. This when cooked was an improvement on samp, or coarse Indian meal. The valley cows supplied the natural accompaniment. Eggs were cooked in every conceivable way. We made biscuits, too, but, "How could you raise them?" says some careful housewife; easy enough for an inventive Yankee who knew just a little of chemistry. Wood ashes boiled for a while supplied the potash base of saleratus, and a few drops of vinegar did the acid business, at home done by sour milk, and a covered spider was oven enough. Had wives at home only known the talents of their benedicts, many would have demanded a culinary vacation, at least for a while when the war was over.

"An army terrible with banners," was not to be mentioned with the 6th Corps when it had on its war and cooking togs. Guns and ammunition were useful on occasion, but when the real necessities of life were mentioned, they were not in it with the blackened coffee-cup tied to the haversack, the leaf or grass cleaned skillet, with soot-covered exterior, suspended from the stalwart back forming a sort of rear armor, and the tenderly-watched camp-kettle borne by sometimes wearied hands. If they do not carry Caesar and his fortunes, they surely bear that which has to do with the meat upon which Great Caesar feeds.

October 4th still in camp, with conflagrations in every direction; much family history is disappearing in this ruthless way, but war's demands are heartless. One boy records that he paid \$15 in Confederate money for five pounds of cheese. It is a comforting reflection that even one purchase was made. Owing to the reunion of the regiment, a rearrangement of battalions is made, and Major William Wood commands the 1st, Captain Hyde the 2d, and Captain A. S. Wood the 3d.

Colonel Seward has become a brigadier general, with headquarters at Martinsburg; Lieutenant Colonel Taft, promoted to colonel, is unable to be with us on account of the loss of a leg at Monocacy; Major Snyder, now lieutenant colonel, is away on furlough, and Major Burgess commands the regiment. Companies G, K, I, and D are in the 1st Battalion. We are a long way from our base of supplies. Our wagons, not numerous enough for our needs, are attacked in every train. Guarding trains is no sinecure.

Nothing can be found of the enemy in front, so the lost third of the Ninth comes up just in time to fall back with us, for on the 6th we retire twenty-two miles with very little halting, having started at daylight, and camp near Mount Jackson. The air is filled with the smoke of burning property. The Ninth leading the 3d Division, we march more easily than those behind. We occupy old rebel rifle-pits.

It was on this day's march that one of our boys, with foot so swollen that he could not wear a boot, had fallen out, and was fully an hour behind the regiment. The sun was an hour high when the sight of three cows aroused an appetite for milk. Though far behind and very weary, he determined to have milk for supper. Two bossies were impervious to his blandishments, but the third yielded and a full cup rewarded his efforts. Sitting on the corner of a rail-fence with crumbed hardtack, he played he was a boy again. Just then an officer rode up, saying, "What in h—l are you doing there? There are rebs in those woods, and you will be gobbled before morning." At this announcement a lively fusilade from the woods made the rider put spurs to his horse and disappear. "I finished my meal in peace; never had bread and milk tasted so good before, and strengthened by the same I pushed on, unmolested further by the Johnnies, and just as the sun passed over the mountain, I caught up with my comrades."

The next day we continued our retrograde movement, though slowly, through Mount Jackson and Woodstock, camping a little north of the town. As bridges had been burned, all streams had to be forded. A cloud of smoke accompanies us, betokening ill to the inhabitants. The hours of the 8th see us marching back to Strasburg, passing Fisher's hill, and camping on flat land by the river-side, where we meet the postmaster for the first time since leaving Harper's Ferry.

Sunday, the 9th, is spent in camp, and the paymaster, Major Ely, makes the day happy for some of the companies. On this same 9th there is fighting back of us; men, wagons and guns are captured. It was a short, sharp conflict at Tom's brook between our cavalry and that of the enemy under Rosser, a new leader, who instead of clearing the valley of our forces lost nearly everything that he had. It may have been here that coming into Early's presence with laurel leaves upon his hat, the older officer remarked, "A pumpkin-vine would be more appropriate." "How so, General?" said Rosser. "Because it's so d—d good at running."

The morning of the 10th reveals the first frost of the season, and while it may injure corn, it will surely ripen persimmons. March near middle of forenoon north to Middletown, thence deflected to the southeast, reaching Front Royal in the afternoon. It was just before this march that a 1st sergeant of the Ninth stole two very fine white geese, one of which he and his friends cooked and ate, but "forward" orders came too early to secure the second in like manner. So the goose became a part of the officer's baggage as they marched away, reposing upon the shoulders soon to wear lieutenant's straps. For once the bird was too heavy, or as the writer expressed, "He was not up or down to my standard of leanness, so he was presented to the commander's orderly, who carried him to our journey's end; there he was cooked and served, and I came in for a good share of him, though not in a perfectly legitimate way, for I did not dine with the major." Here on the 11th more companies were paid, for six months, the first money received since leaving the defenses, and the most of it was sent home. Some of the men were ordered out to drive away guerrillas who were prowling about the camp, but being well mounted, they had little difficulty in escaping. Foraging is very good, and life is worth living.

October 12th is signalized by the arrival of Lieutenant Colonel Snyder, who brought numerous commissions with him. Promotion in war-time is rapid. Camp is moved across the small creek on whose banks we had paused, and a bridge is built in the rain by our workmen. The next day we march towards Ashby's gap, the rumor being that we are going to Alexandria, but the orders are countermanded on reaching the

river, so we countermarch and encamp near Millwood.* An apple-orchard near by renders the camp all the more pleasant, for the fruit is the best yet sampled. War knows neither night nor day, for it is 3 o'clock A. M. of the 14th when we rouse, fall in, and start away on a march, striking the Winchester pike at Newtown and terminating at Cedar creek, where we form in battle-line, the enemy being in evidence; but as nothing comes of it, we go into camp. The next day came nearly 300 recruits, who were distributed through the several companies. Our camp is moved a short distance and tents are pitched regularly. The enemy can be seen plainly beyond Fisher's hill cutting trees, and apparently planting batteries.

The 16th is Sunday, and we are ordered under arms between 3 and 4 A. M., as an attack is expected; but it does not come. Sergeant Devoe of Company G, who later became our chaplain, gave us a sermon. Monday is cool, and our recruits get their first drill. Great vigilance is had, for an attack is imminent. Notwithstanding the danger, the regular purveyors go out after food, and return with the proverbial mutton. Among the seekers were some of the new recruits, and one, only a lad, records his inability to hit a turkey; says they started at 9 A. M. and got back at 5 in the afternoon. Thinks they must have gone ten miles, and is sure that they took everything that was out of doors and they happened to want. Wonders how the folks in York state would like such usage. The 18th saw a general effort to secure wood for fuel, fence-rails having long since disappeared; battalion drill with enemy in sight; otherwise quiet.

By many the 19th of October is considered the most impor-

*Since the war we have learned that Sheridan sent the 6th Corps to Front Royal with the expectation of returning us to Washington by the Manassas Gap railroad then being repaired. As, however, repairs had ceased, he ordered us up to Ashby's gap, and General Wright's horse was in the Shenandoah when the countermarching order was received. The enemy had reappeared in force at Fisher's hill, and therefrom was sending out attacking parties, evidently under the impression that the main army was much smaller than it was before. Sixth Corps veterans cannot be blamed that they are proud over Sheridan's conclusion that their retention was necessary to the success of his campaign, though their return meant resumption of long marches, and the horrors as well as glory of Cedar Creek. The wisdom of this reversal of our movements was evident when Early moved out on that morning walk of October 19th.

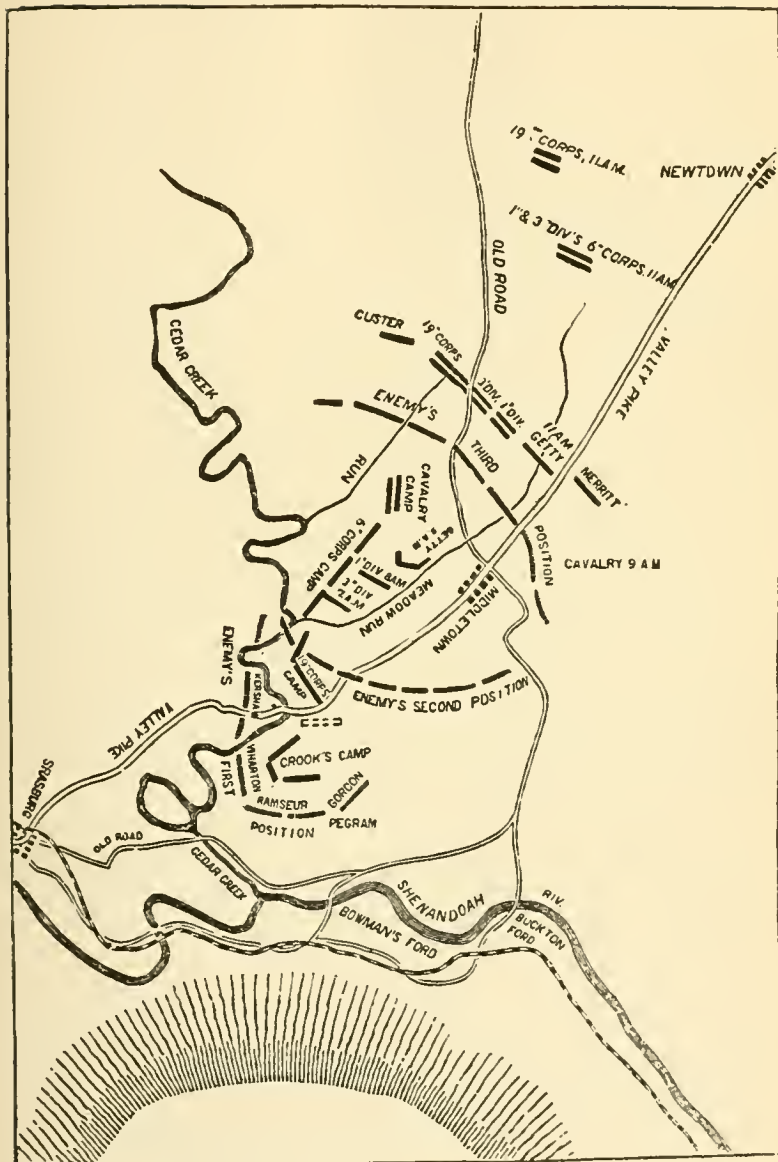
tant day in the history of the regiment, for within its hours was fought the great Battle of Cedar Creek.* On the 15th, in obedience to orders from Washington, Sheridan had departed thither, via Front Royal and Manassas gap. On his return he reached Winchester between 3 and 4 P. M. on the 18th, and reports from the front, where General H. G. Wright was in command, being reassuring, he remained there over night. At 6 the next morning, he was roused with statements that heavy firing was heard from the south, but it was not till nearly 9 o'clock that he mounted Rienzi and started armyward. Even then he had no intimation of the disaster that had befallen his forces.

In brief, the situation on the banks of Cedar creek, this October morning, was as follows: Of the main infantry, General Crook with his 8th Corps, the same men who had so gallantly turned the rebel left flank at Winchester and Fisher's hill, held our left and the valley pike facing east and south, and having intrenchments. Then towards the right came the 19th Corps, General Emory, facing south and along the high banks of the creek. Here also were earthworks, the corps being considerably further to the north than the 8th.

Again towards the right and north, almost at right angles with the 19th, was the 6th Corps. We faced the stream and looked westward. Of this corps, the 2d Division held the right, the 1st the centre, and the 3d the left. The 2d Cavalry flanked the infantry, with Custer on the right of the 6th Corps, and Powell, formerly Averill's, on the extreme left, our lines extending thus from North Mountain to the vicinity of Front Royal. Never was there a morning better fitted for Early's purposes than this. The air reeked with moisture, and not till 9 o'clock could men be sure of where they were.

His plan was to make a feint upon our right, and to attack in force the left. He had learned from his slightly signal-station on Massanuttan mountain that our left was lightly picketed, and that the cavalry force was small. He accordingly de-

*Just before the Battle of Cedar Creek, Early declared he would be in Pennsylvania on election day, November 8th, or in hell; a remark characteristic, but as far from realization as Beauregard's similar one before Shiloh, viz., that he would water his horse, on the given night, either in the Mississippi or in hell. These rebels appeared to be very ready to accept hell as their alternative destination.



From Chaplain Haynes' "10th Vermont."

CEDAR CREEK BATTLEFIELD.

terminated to move a column between the base of the mountain and the river (the north fork of the Shenandoah), to ford the same, and then to fall upon our left and rear. The plan was that of Fisher's hill, in reverse. To secure the utmost quiet, swords and canteens were ordered to be left in camp. The rebel infantry to make this attack consisted of three divisions of the 2d Corps, viz., Gordon's, Ramseur's and Pegram's, all under General Gordon, while Early himself was to follow with Kershaw's and Wharton's divisions, and to attack as soon as Gordon had engaged, the latter to be ready to assail at 5 o'clock. Rosser was to lead his cavalry against the Union right, while Lomax was to look out for the Federal cavalry towards Front Royal. Knowing the Belle Grove House to be Sheridan's headquarters, that was made the objective point, with the hope of capturing the Union leaders. In effect, Early moved up quicker than was intended, forded Cedar creek at Bowman's mill, and Kershaw was first to attack promptly at 5 o'clock. Gordon, having forded the Shenandoah, was soon heard from, and Rosser much earlier skirmished as ordered on the Union right.

It has been claimed that rebels in Union clothing relieved our pickets. Be this as it may, the surprise of the veterans of the 8th Corps was complete. It was Thoburn's division that was first struck, and their seven cannon were at once turned against them. The rout continued in detail, next striking the 19th Corps, which in turn gave way, and no settled resistance was made till the 6th Corps was reached. It is safe to state that the Army of the Shenandoah was never in greater confusion. It was just at dawn, with an impenetrable mist. Horses, mules, cows, officers and men fairly confounded confusion, and to crown all, however ludicrous some of the scenes may have been, death was putting in his fiercest work, for rebel shot, shell and bullets kept coming thicker and faster. As General Wright was in command of the army, the 6th Corps was under General Ricketts, the 3d Division under Colonel Keifer and our 2d Brigade followed Colonel Ball of the 122d Ohio. As General Ricketts was wounded early in the fight, he was succeeded by General Getty of the 2d Division.

The mischief of the early morning was done beyond repair, and no gallantry of the 6th could recall the fugitives, but as our interest centres chiefly in our own brigade or regiment, it is well to let Colonel Ball tell his own story:

The troops were roused at dawn of day by musketry at our left. Shortly after the lines were formed, the command of the brigade devolved upon myself, in consequence of changes resulting from the absence of General Sheridan. The brigade was formed in two lines—the first composed of the 9th New York Artillery, 138th Pennsylvania, and a portion of the 67th Pennsylvania; the second embraced the 6th Maryland, 126th, 122d and the 110th Ohio; the regiments occupied positions from right to left as named. Before sunrise I received orders to move by the right flank toward the pike. After moving a short distance in that direction, orders were received to return to the position from which we had just moved, and to await orders. Shortly afterward, I was ordered in the same manner and direction as before. The brigade moved to an elevation near and in rear of army headquarters, where it came under fire. The lines were faced by the rear rank; the second, now become the first, moved forward to meet the advancing foe and hold a crest in front. The troops moved gallantly and drove back the advance of the enemy, and became warmly engaged, capturing several prisoners. About this time a large number of the 19th Army Corps passed through the line and broke its organization. The line could not be reformed in that place in consequence of the numbers retreating over the ground. The greater part of the troops of that line collected and formed on the remaining line. The brigade was then under severe fire, both from infantry and artillery. Troops left the field on both my right and left, until the brigade was without immediate support. At this particular moment the 9th New York Heavy Artillery* behaved with coolness and gallantry. Under orders the troops moved back with great regularity a short distance to another elevation, where they were met by another order to retire to a road half a mile to the rear. At the road the position was occupied a few minutes, the 8th Corps on my left. I was then ordered to move to the left. I did so, connecting with the left of the 8th Army Corps. Having now no connection on my left, I ordered Captain Prentiss, 6th Maryland, to protect the left flank by skirmishers. The direction was promptly carried out.

*Lieutenant Colonel Moses M. Granger of the 122d Ohio, before the Ohio Commandery, Loyal Legion, said: "We had a good view of our brigade while marching to the rear, and especially admired the bearing of the 9th New York Heavy Artillery, our largest regiment." Adjutant Wheeler of the 122d Ohio in a letter to Colonel Granger says: "Admiring the splendid performance of the 9th New York, under their lieutenant colonel (just promoted from senior major, and who had never been under fire before); they marched like a militia regiment on parade, and were frequently halted, dressed, faced about and made to fire. It certainly had a good moral effect."

After occupying the position some time, I received orders to move to the rear. I did so, the troops of the 8th Army Corps passing to my left, and took a position a mile to the rear of that last occupied. Here we were ordered to move obliquely to the left and rear, and connect with the right of the 2d Division, 6th Army Corps. We connected with the right of the 8th Corps at a stone fence in a wood near the pike. Defensive works were hastily constructed of such material as could readily be had, and the troops, it being noon, rested, some two hours or more. . . . While we were in this position, Major General Sheridan rode along the line from left to right, encouraging the men. He was greeted with most enthusiastic cheers by the troops. This was the first assurance the army had of his return. About 3 P. M. the whole army advanced in one line against the enemy. Immediately before advancing the troops were withdrawn to the left, and my left connected with the 2d Division, 6th Corps, while my right connected with the 1st Brigade, 3d Division. . . . Several efforts were made by the enemy during the pursuit to rally, but the enthusiastic pursuit foiled all such efforts. Our troops were subject to artillery fire of solid shot, shell and grape during the pursuit, and we reached the intrenchments of the 19th Army Corps (which were captured in the morning) as the sun set. Here the pursuit by the infantry was discontinued. The first, second and probably the third colors planted on the recovered works of the 19th Corps were of regiments composing this brigade. . . .

Colonel J. Warren Keifer, commanding the 3d Division, in his extended report, mentions particularly the services of Major J. W. Snyder, commanding the 9th Heavy, and also Major Charles Burgess, in command of one of the battalions. Captain Anson S. Wood,* chief of pioneers upon his staff, is commended for his faithfulness and gallantry in the thickest of the battle. He also stated that the 9th New York Heavy Artillery, for its noble behavior, deserves to be specially mentioned. "The regiment had several hundred recruits that had just entered the service."

Let us now return to Sheridan, whom we left riding swiftly to the fray.

Here are his words, descriptive of his first sight of the rout and his subsequent action:

*Colonel Granger, in the paper already quoted from, has these words: "Just then Major Anson Wood, of the 9th N. Y. Heavy Artillery (one of our division staff), was seen galloping across the plateau beyond the ravine. Reining up and raising his hand in salute to Colonel Ball, the major's horse fell dead before the rider could speak his message."

At Mill creek my escort fell in behind, and we were going ahead at a regular pace, when, just as we made the crest of the rise beyond the stream, there burst upon our view the appalling spectacle of a panic-stricken army, hundreds of slightly wounded men, throngs of others unhurt, but utterly demoralized, and baggage-wagons by the score, all pressing to the rear in hopeless confusion, telling only too plainly that a disaster had occurred at the front. On accosting some of the fugitives, they assured me that the army was broken up, in full retreat, and that all was lost; all this with a manner true to that peculiar indifference that takes possession of panic-stricken men. I was greatly disturbed by the sight, but at once sent word to Colonel Edwards, commanding the brigade in Winchester, to stretch his troops across the valley, near Mill creek, and stop all fugitives, directing also that the transportation be passed through and parked on the north side of the town. . . . For a short distance I traveled on the road, but soon found it so blocked with wagons and wounded men that my progress was impeded, and I was forced to take to the adjoining fields to make haste. When most of the wagons and wounded men were passed, I returned to the road, which was thickly lined with unhurt men, who, having got far enough to the rear to be out of danger, had halted, without any organization, and begun cooking coffee, but when they saw me, they abandoned their coffee, threw up their hats, shouldered their muskets, and as I passed along turned to follow with enthusiasm and cheers. To acknowledge this exhibition of feeling I took off my hat, and with Forsyth and O'Keefe rode some distance in advance of my escort, while every mounted officer who saw me galloped out on either side of the pike to tell the men at a distance that I had come back. In this way the news was spread to the stragglers off the road, when they, too, turned their faces to the front and marched towards the enemy, changing in a moment from the depths of depression to the extreme of enthusiasm. I already knew that in the ordinary condition of mind enthusiasm is a potent element with soldiers, but what I saw that day convinced me that if it can be excited from a state of despondency its power is almost irresistible. I said nothing except to remark as I rode along the road, "If I had been with you this morning, this disaster would not have happened. We must face the other way; we will go back and recover our camp." . . . When nearing the valley pike, just south of Newtown, I saw about three-fourths of a mile west of the pike a body of troops, which proved to be Ricketts's and Wheaton's divisions of the 6th Corps, and then learned that the 19th Corps had halted a little to the right and rear of these, but I did not stop, desiring to get to the extreme front. Continuing on parallel with the pike, about midway between Newtown and Middletown, I crossed to the west of it, and a little

later came up in rear of Getty's division of the 6th Corps. . . . Between 3.30 and 4 o'clock, I was ready to assail, and decided to do so by advancing my infantry line in a swinging movement, so as to gain the valley piké between Middletown and the Belle Grove House.

Few battles during the Rebellion have received more attention at the hands of the historian than that of Cedar Creek. That it was one of the most important, few will question. The former engagements in the valley campaign, fierce and bloody though they were, had only scotched the snake, not killed it. Early had the prevailing American characteristic of not knowing when he was whipped, and in this instance his ignorance came near working irreparable misfortune to the Union cause, for the effect upon the presidential contest, then in progress, of such a defeat as the morning's result bade fair to be, no one can overestimate. His attack and early success must be acknowledged to be phenomenal; whether his surprise would have been any less fortunate for him, had Sheridan been in the camp, we can never tell. Very likely the presence of the trusted chief might have sooner brought order out of chaos, but that his coming was the sole cause of the subsequent victory, no 6th Corps man will ever concede. The rout was over, the tide was stemmed, the tangled ends were in the hands of Wright, and the advance would have been made earlier than it was made had not Sheridan appeared. No one questions the enthusiasm which his coming inspired, nor the value of his presence, but twenty-four years later, he said: "The surprise of the morning might have befallen me as well as the general upon whom it did descend."

At no moment was there anything approaching a panic in the ranks of the 6th Corps, and in saying this there is no reflection, direct nor implied, upon the organizations that first received the shock of the enemy's attack. We had time to form, and we did so; we acted steadily and constantly under orders, and never fell back a step, except as the overlapping or flanking of the foe necessitated it. Individuals may have run away, but no regiment nor other body of men belonging to the corps was for a moment stampeded. The most that has been uttered about the battle, in an adverse manner, has come from those who never saw this nor any other fight, and in fancy they have worked wonders. They are scarcely Don Quixotes even, but

rather the windmills that the latter assailed. Should they care to question those who were there, they would find a thorough agreement of sentiment as to the situation when Sheridan came up. The alignment of the 6th and 19th Corps was retained as he found it, and the advance was made therefrom. That some poor fellows were obliged to run, no one denies. They were assailed while sleeping quietly in their tents. Naked they sprang from them, and without arms or clothing they sought shelter as best they could; but they did not make up an army. They were the very first attacked, and their more fortunate comrades further back had more opportunity to dress and be ready. Among those regiments, as Sheridan rode up, were men who were to bear a prominent part in coming years in the affairs of the country. He states in his Memoirs that, at one point, a group of colors arose as he approached, and among the officers he recognized R. B. Hayes, afterwards president, then commanding a division in the 8th Corps, and with him must have been another future president, for William McKinley, a member of the same 23d Ohio, was an officer on Hayes's staff.

What General Wright himself thought upon this subject is evident from the following letter, now for the first time printed.

A member of the regiment, Charles A. Ford of Homer, N. Y., several years since addressed a letter to General Wright, to which the latter was pleased to reply as follows:

Washington, Dec. 5th, 1889.

Dear Sir: I am in receipt of yours of the 30th ult., in which you present the following question: "Do you think the events of the 19th of October, 1864, would have been materially changed had General Sheridan remained in Winchester?"

The position taken up by the 6th and 19th Corps, after the events of the early morning, was in accordance with my instructions, and I had no thought of falling back further; and I fully intended to assume the offensive as soon as the troops should be fairly in position. The formation was nearly completed when General Sheridan arrived and was carried out under the orders already given, none of them being changed by General Sheridan; indeed, he approved of all the arrangements as I explained them to him. I should have attacked sooner than he did; and while the delay was advantageous to us by allowing needful rest to our troops, it must not be forgotten that the enemy derived a like advantage. That we should beat the enemy I felt no doubt; the 6th and 19th Corps were both well in hand, had suffered little from the

events of the morning, and my confidence in them was unimpaired.

I think the foregoing is an answer to your question; and I have proposed to confine this reply strictly thereto, not going into a general consideration of the events of that day.

Very respectfully,

H. G. WRIGHT,
Brig. and B'v't Maj. Gen. U. S. A.
(Retired).

Fortunately the report of Major James W. Snyder commanding the regiment is particularly explicit, and it is given in full with an expressed regret that other officers of the Ninth were not, on occasion, equally clear and comprehensive:

Our regiment was aroused at daylight by musketry on the extreme left of our line and in front of the 8th Corps. I immediately ordered the men under arms. Lieutenant Wiley of Colonel Keifer's staff, commanding 2d Brigade, rode up and ordered the regiment into line. We formed line in front of our camp, struck tents and slung knapsacks. The sick were sent to the rear, and, as the sailors would say, the "decks were cleared for action." We immediately moved off by the right flank, by file right, forming a line perpendicular to the first line and faced to the rear. At this time Colonel Keifer, commanding brigade, succeeded to the command of the 3d Division, General Ricketts being wounded, and Colonel Ball took command of the brigade. I was then ordered to move the regiment by the left flank to the ground in front of our camp, and after halting a few minutes, I was ordered to countermarch by the left flank, and moved out and formed a line parallel and some 150 yards to the right and rear of our first line. From this position, we opened fire and held in check the rebels, who were advancing upon the knoll near the camp. At this time we were on the right of the brigade with no connection on our right, and after a few volleys we were ordered to fall back and take a position on a knoll some 200 yards to the rear of this line. Here we again opened fire upon the enemy, whose colors could be distinctly seen between us and our camp as we advanced. At this point their fire was very severe, but we returned compliment for compliment in the shape of leaden bullets. The ground was literally covered with our dead and wounded, but we contested the ground, inch by inch, until an aide from the brigade commander ordered us to fall back below the crest of the hill, which we did in good order. At this moment General Wright, commanding the army in the absence of General Sheridan, rode up and ordered me to advance and hold the crest. The command "Forward" was given. The men responded with a cheer, and advanced with enthusiasm under a galling fire in front

and upon our flanks. The balance of the brigade having fallen back, and there being no connection on our right, our flank was left exposed to a severe cross-fire from the rebel columns, which had got almost to our rear.

Captain Dudrow, on the brigade staff, rode up again, and ordered me to fall back. I pointed him to General Wright, saying, "The general has ordered me to hold this crest, and I shall obey his orders." Our fire, in the meantime, being delivered with so much spirit, had checked the advance of the rebels, and gave the troops in our rear a chance to form a line. The line being formed, we were ordered to fall back, and marching by the rear rank at a left oblique, we joined the 1st Division on our right. We then halted, faced to the front in a road or lane, and immediately moved by the left flank into a piece of woods about half a mile to the left. There we halted, faced to the front, and sent forward as skirmishers about seventy men under command of Lieutenants Flynn (Company K) and Parrish (Company M). Again under orders we fell back and marched by the right oblique nearly a mile, when our brigade joined the 2d Division on our left. We then faced to the front and the whole line advanced, taking position about one mile and a quarter north of Middletown. There we threw together a breastwork of rails, which we occupied from 10.30 A. M. till 3.30 P. M., when the whole line was ordered to advance through a piece of woods, which we did in good order, the 122d Ohio being on our left. When we were nearly through the wood and about to emerge into an open field on our right, a heavy fire of musketry and shell was poured into us and caused our whole line to waver. At first a portion of our left fell back, but they were soon rallied and pushed forward and drove the rebels about three-quarters of a mile, until they, taking position behind a stone wall, disputed our advance for more than an hour. A portion of my command, having gained a stone wall running perpendicular to the wall behind which the enemy was posted, delivered an enfilading fire, which threw them into confusion and finally into a perfect rout. Their officers tried in vain to rally them, while my men, cheered with the prospect of victory, pressed on after the retreating foe, driving them down the ravine on the north side of the pike, and halted not till our colors were planted first upon the parapet of the rifle-pits in front of the 19th Corps.

Mention of individual bravery would be superfluous, for both officers and men did their duty. . . .

Some 400 men, recruits, who were never under fire before—in fact never had arms in their hands except from Harper's Ferry to this place—fought splendidly and behaved like veterans.

It is due to the memory of Lieutenant Orrin B. Carpenter, Company D, who was killed in the early part of the engage-

ment, to say that although suffering long from fever, and but just able to walk, and having been repeatedly urged for weeks before to go to the hospital, invariably requested to remain with his company, and when the battle commenced was found in line with his men. He was shot through the heart by a rebel sharpshooter while doing his duty and now fills a patriot's grave. Peace be to his ashes.

Lieutenant Oldswager, Company M, just promoted from the ranks, but three days before was killed by a cannon-ball when we advanced upon the crest. He was a noble and brave officer and never flinched from duty.

Captain Howard, Company E, was instantly killed by a cannon-ball, the last shot that was fired from the rebel guns as we made the last advance near the Middletown and Strasburg pike, and when victory had crowned our efforts. He died as all brave soldiers die, with his face towards the enemy, and will long be remembered as one of America's bravest sons.

Thus far we have the great battle as seen by officers, or in general terms. How did it seem to the enlisted man? Fortunately that query can be answered, for we have the stories of observers written upon the spot and very soon after the struggle. The following letter explains itself:

THE BATTLE OF CEDAR CREEK.

Written on a Drumhead by one who was there.

The morning of October 19th was cold and misty; the fog was so thick and impenetrable that we could not see across our camp to distinguish a man. Just at the break of day I was awakened by the firing of the 19th Corps and 8th Corps on our front and left. We were ordered to immediately "fall in" under arms, which we did. The regiment was formed in line; we were then ordered to "break ranks," and go to our company streets and pack up—strike tents as soon as possible. We soon had all of our effects on our backs, and were in the ranks again. By this time the fire had become hot and rapid, the balls were whistling through our company and regiment. We faced to the right and marched by that flank to the rear, and filing to the right, halted and formed a line facing to the south. We were here but a moment; we again faced to the right and moved back to our first position, the double quick; halting here but a moment we were moved back again to the position we had just left; forming a line here we, being on an elevated piece of ground, were ordered to lie down and let the storm of lead and iron pass over us. Now the battle begins to get interesting; the 19th and 8th Corps have broken and are flying across Cedar creek, seeking protection of the 6th Corps. The rebels follow with deafening cheers; already they have turned the guns

which they have captured on to their former owners; they hurl their shot and shell with deadly effect into the flying columns of the 19th and 8th Corps. The rebels are frantic with delight at the success; but, alas! they come to Sheridan's headquarters, and looking over on the hill they see the cross of the gallant 6th Corps; they did not expect this, but they now feel confident that even the iron courage of the 6th will not be able to stop them in their course of victory. They rush on after the corps just routed; they meet the 6th; our regiment is in the front line, and is the first to meet the foe. The order comes to "rise and fire." Like one man the whole line rises up and pours in its deadly fire, which stops the rebels and sends them staggering back to the stone wall and protecting hill. Our boys send up cheer after cheer, and keep up the most deadly fire ever poured into a foe. But soon the order comes to "about face" and "retreat"; this order is obeyed very reluctantly, for the rebels are on our old camp-ground, and the boys feel enraged at their impudent trespass; but casting our eyes to the left, we see why we fall back; the rebels have flanked us on our left, and already they pour in a deadly cross-fire on our lines; our men are falling thick and fast on every side; we fall back to a knoll, and again halt and pour in our fire. Here our color-bearer, Thomas Paden, of Company M, was shot and killed. Our colors fell to the ground stained by the blood of the brave color-bearer, but they hardly touched the ground before they were caught up by one of our Company F, and waved triumphantly in the face of the foe. Here my tent-mate, Wilmer Stout, was wounded. Firing three rounds after he was hit, he refused help to go to the rear, and hobbled off from the field alone; such is the material the 6th Corps is composed of; God bless them. Again the rebel flanks us on the left; again we are compelled to fall back slowly, fighting at every step, contesting every inch of ground. The enemy has got range of us now, and pours in such a hail of canister, shot and shell, the air is boiling and seething with bullets; solid shot tear through our ranks, and make fearful vacancies, which are quickly and steadily filled up. The men move as steadily as if they were on drill or parade, their comrades falling on every side; they heed it not, but stubbornly fight and repeatedly ask to charge the rebels. They do not know what defeat is; they do not know how to retreat. Here one of our boys, Anthony Riley, was shot and killed; his father was by his side; the blood and brains of his son covered the face and hands of the father. I never saw a more affecting sight than this; the poor old man kneels over the body of his dead son; his tears mingle with his son's blood. O God! what a sight; he can stop but a moment, for the rebels are pressing us; he must leave his dying boy in the hands of the devilish foe; he bends over him, kisses his cheek, and with tearful eyes rushes to the fight, determined

on revenge for his son. We continue to fall back slowly, fighting at every inch; the musketry fire now slackens, and we rectify our alignment and fall back in splendid order. The question is being constantly asked, "Why are we retreating?" We get no answer. We now reach the woods. Our ammunition is exhausted, and has been for some time; we sent a detail for cartridges, and the company is on the skirmish line. We skirmish out and soon find the enemy. Our object accomplished, we return to the regiment, which has moved to the left quite a distance. I have omitted to say anything of our officers. During the whole engagement they behaved themselves with great courage and gallantry. I wish to speak especially of Captain Lamoreaux. No braver officer than he ever carried a sword, no kinder-hearted man than he can be found; during the whole fight he was at his post encouraging the boys; indeed, it seemed he had no fear, and fighting gave him pleasure. He was complimented on the field of battle by the adjutant general of General Wright's staff. Such an officer deserves the respect and admiration of all his men, and our captain has all of that.

The musketry has now ceased, but the artillery fire is very brisk; the shell and canister are poured in very freely where we are forming. We now converted hastily a rail-fence into temporary breastworks; behind this we lay now, waiting the attack of the "Johnnies." Here Lyman Coleman broke one of his false teeth. . . . We had not long to wait here, for they soon charged at the right of our lines. Just at this time General Sheridan came up and rode along our lines; the tired and battle-worn soldiers greeted him with rousing cheers. He told us we would sleep that night in the same old camp-ground we left in the morning; that we would soon gain all that we had lost. This seemed to inspire every soldier with fresh courage, and all were anxious to charge the victorious rebels, and we had not long to wait, for the "Johnnies" came down on our right with their cat-like yells, that sounded more like demons than men. Our boys returned yell for yell, and greeted them with a deadly volley of musketry; in all my army experience I never before heard such firing; the earth shook and reeled; the forest trees trembled with the shock; no living man could stand such firing as this. They were hurled back to their ranks bleeding and broken, and now comes the order to charge. Our captain said to me, "We are now going to charge. God only knows who will come out alive." "Forward!" he commands in loud tones. Up spring the boys, over the rail-piles we go; the cautionary command rings out, "Steady, men, steady." Oh! what a sight to see these men press on in the face of death, nothing daunted. We get outside of the woods into the open field, the rebels pouring into our faces a deadly fire from behind the stone wall, which has a deadly effect on our ranks; but they

close up and press on with cheers and shouts; we gain a hill in front of the enemy; here we halt and pour in our fire. Our company halts on a point of the hill, and of all the fires I was ever under, I think that was by far the hottest; the air boils and seethes with minie-balls and screeching shells and solid shot and deadly canister; all tear and plunge through our ranks. Our boys fall thick and fast; but look! the brigade is falling back; the brigade wavers; I hear the voice of the gallant old colonel from the tumult of the battle urging up them who are falling back. He says: "Will you leave those boys to face the foe alone? Back, you cowards." He succeeds in rallying them, and we again move forward. The rebels fight well, but we flank them, and they must give way. We gain a position behind a stone wall and give them a cross-fire; we fight hand to hand and man to man. Oh! these are dreadful moments. The rebels give way on the right; we capture the battery which has played such fearful havoc in our ranks; their whole line wavers; now they run. Hurrah for the Union! Hurrah for old Abe's boys! Now begins one of the worst stampedes of the war. Talk about Bull Run; it is no comparison to Cedar Run. The rebs throw away everything that would impede flight and skedaddle for life. Our cavalry charge their flank; they fall into complete confusion, every man for himself. There is no rallying the gray-backed rebels of Jubal Early. How my heart leaps for joy to see the glorious stars and stripes following close on the heels of the flying rebels; the plain is dotted with flags, the air resounds with the shouts of the victorious "Yanks," which sound the death-knell of the flying foe, which only stops and fires an occasional shot. The prisoners pour in by regiments; whole trains of wagons and artillery fall into our hands at once. Darkness is now closing over the scene. O night, you came just in time to save the remnant of this once grand army. They make quick work in climbing Fisher's hill; drivers abandon their teams, and all flee the wrath to come. Early says: "Take to the mountains;" and to the mountains they go, the worst whipped rebels the world ever saw.

It is now dark. We are all ordered to our old camp; slowly we wend our way, stepping over the bodies of friends and foes. Now and then the groans of the dying and wounded break the stillness of the night; a gloom hangs over the field of battle; I come to the old camp; I come to the very ground where my tent stood in the morning, but I now miss my tent-mate and comrade. I feel lonesome, and utterly exhausted I lie down on the ground. Victory was on our banner, but our comrades living and dead mingle together on the ground. . . . I was very tired. I hadn't eaten anything all day, yet I could not

sleep, nor could I eat; I could but mourn for my poor comrades, our shattered and bleeding regiment.

Morning comes at last; the sun rises on a horrible scene; the dead cover the ground, the wounded have lain all night and are now dying slowly. I will here come to the conclusion. I forbear to bring up this scene again. Please excuse the poor way in which I have described this terrible battle. Let your prayers be for the speedy return of peace to this our distracted country.

CHARLES L. SHERGUR.

Fought Oct. 19th, 1864.

From far away Missouri comes this account of personal recollection of the fierce encounter by Stephen E. Hurtubise of Company L:

Corporal Clark, Elisha Springer and myself were tent-mates, and on the morning of the 19th of October I went to a spring for three canteens of water, about one-fourth of a mile from our camp. It was daylight, but quite early. I met three or four comrades whom I did not know, but who were on the same errand as myself. We got the water and washed, as soldiers often did, and while we were at that we heard a gun fired at our left, and one man said: "It was on the picket-line," and I replied, "What are they doing with artillery on picket?" Before many minutes we knew that a fight was on, and we left for our commands. When I got to my regiment, the men had fallen in, but the guns were still stacked and the boys were trying to get some breakfast, but the Johnnies prevented their cooking anything. Bullets were flying in our camp, and the order was to pack up and fall in. We were not long at that, our line facing westward, and the fighting was southeast. As soon as we were in line, we moved by the right flank in double quick, and that brought our line east and west with the command, "Halt! Front!" We were with our backs to the Johnnies; not a good position to fight in, and when the officers saw what they were doing, they countermarched us under fire to bring us face to the fight. I may say right here that not many troops would stand this and not break, but the old Ninth, rank and file, was as good as any of them. Our brigade advanced, and Captain William Wood, commanding our battalion, ordered us to lie down, and a stream of wounded and demoralized troops passed over us and went to the rear. It looked to me as if the whole army was running to the north, and the Johnnies after them. Then came the order to rise and to begin firing, but after a round or two, some were panic-stricken and started to fall back. I had an old Springfield musket, and it didn't go off, so I tried to make it go, but fate was against me. While I was holding it up to fire, a ball struck the stock and it was

worthless. At this moment, looking around, I found that myself and two others formed the line of battle, our comrades having forsaken us. It didn't take us long to get back where the other boys were, but by his time the officers had stopped the panic, and the firing was brisk on the right, but there was some sort of commotion in our company, and I went to see what it was all about. I found Lieutenant Howe, with a gun across his body, barring the way of some men who wanted to form a line further north, but he would not hear to it. I asked him to give the gun to me, for mine was broken, and he complied. I made the boys mad by telling the lieutenant to let the boys run if they wanted to, whereupon they turned upon me, and said they were as good soldiers as I was, and would not run. So we all stayed, and did our duty like men. No more scare after that. We kept the Johnnies at bay for some time, but we lost some good men right there. One of the Jackson boys was killed by my side, and the other wounded, but the line was firm. Captain Andrew J. Smith of General Keifer's staff rode up to us with division colors and wanted our regiment to advance, but no order to do so was given by our officers. He said he would give a dollar if we would tell him what we were firing at; just then Corporal Kibbie of L Company was hit in the arm, and he offered the captain five dollars if the latter would tell who hit him. The officer did not take the proffer, but rode away, thinking we were a hard lot. The boys were as cool as if on parade. My comrade, Sinclair, tried to light his brier pipe, saying, "My breakfast was not very good (he hadn't had any), and I don't know how long this foolishness will last." He always had a cool head for a young man. About this time we must have moved around some, for when I was wounded and started for the rear with James Bell, we found that rear in the hands of the enemy, and we were both taken prisoners, and were carried over the field where we first formed in line of battle, passing many dead and badly wounded. We were taken to the Belle Grove mansion, where Sheridan had his headquarters. Now the rebels were using it for a hospital. I was left, but Bell was taken further. There were many wounded rebel officers in the house, among them General Ramseur, who died the next day. It was 10 o'clock when I was led in, and I remained there till Little Phil came and played hob with the Johnnies, and I saw them run. About 3 P. M. they came and carried off all the wounded officers they could and left the rest for the Yankees to take care of, including General Ramseur, some doctors and all wounded Yanks. I was in the house when General Sheridan came in, at night, and I saw him and heard him give orders about the wounded. Excitement ran high with all at headquarters, but the rebels were not quite so elated over their defeat as they were when I was first taken to the house, when they said they were going

to run the Yankees into the Potomac. About 2 or 3 o'clock we knew that something was going on towards the north, as the noise of battle grew louder. We made up our minds that the Johnnies were retreating, and we got all the boys we could up stairs to see the fun. The excitement kept some of us up who ought to have been down, myself among the rest, but we did want to see the rebels run. The old lady who had charge of the house told us we had better lie down or the enemy would run us off, and she was right; for very soon a reb sharp-shooter came running in and ordered all Yankees who could walk to go with him; as he had a gun, the advantage was with him. My hurt was in the head, but I wasn't walking just then, and the old lady told him none of us could walk (God bless her for that lie), and he opened the window to take a farewell shot at our boys as they were in sight, following the fleeing enemy mighty close. To open the window he had to set his gun down, whereupon the good woman grabbed it and wouldn't give it up until he promised to go down stairs and leave the house. If women can't fight they know how to help those who do. But the rebel did not get away, for I followed him and saw him cut down by a 5th New York Cavalryman about 100 feet from the house. He had stayed with us too long. The cavalryman I happened to know, for I had seen him in Syracuse, and his name was Ormsby. He may be living yet. There were dead men around the house, some of ours, but mostly Johnnies. The next morning as I was taken to Newtown, I saw the effects of the battle, and a sorry-looking sight it was. Many hundred wounded men of both sides lay on the ground in Newtown. The next day the doctors said they died like sheep the night before, for it was very cold during the night. Some folks say the Battle of Cedar Creek was not a surprise, but if it wasn't, then I don't know what a surprise party is. General and staff were all at sea. When the sun shone on us, about 8 A. M., troops could be seen all over falling back in line and in mobs, but at 5 P. M. the rebels were running, and they looked like a flock of dirty sheep. We looked badly enough in the morning, but what a mob the Johnnies were in the evening! They threw away all the blankets they had picked up in our camps in the morning and some had rolls as big as a man's body. I saw their officers try to stop them, but it was a stampede. Since the war, I have seen a stampede of cattle, and it was like that of the rebs at Cedar Creek. To say that I felt happy is no name for the feelings I had when I saw them running. I was not sure of living if I had remained a prisoner in their hands, for I was badly wounded; my jaw was broken and a large minie-ball was in my neck, but I forgot all my hurts in the joy of knowing that the enemy was beaten. I never saw the Old Ninth after that, and very few of the men that were in Company L, since I was sent to the hospital in Philadelphia, and was discharged

therefrom in 1865. I owe my life to Little Phil and the good ladies of Philadelphia, for he recaptured, and they nursed me back to health.

STEPHEN E. HURTUBISE.

INCIDENTS OF THE BATTLE.

Samuel F. Harris, then 1st sergeant of Company I, gives this version of the beginning and progress of the battle:

The night before the fight I sent a private of my company, Edward Dongus (sometimes called the Wild Dutchman), with some money to the sutler's to buy something for breakfast. Captain Hughes and myself were tenting together, and I told Dongus not to cook his purchase till morning, and I would help him. His reply was, "Ich cook him to-night, Ich haf him; Ich wait till morning, Ich don't haf him." Accordingly he and several others filled a large camp-kettle and cooked, I should think, nearly all night, for very early in the morning he came and pulled me out of the tent by my foot, and I went over with him and secured a dish of the stew, and brought it back for the captain; then returned and helped finish the kettle. We had got through our repast and were sitting around the fire talking and smoking, as soldiers are wont to do, when we were surprised to hear the report of two or three shots, apparently on picket over by the 19th Corps, and this was quickly followed by a volley. My first order was, "Fall in, company," and then I told Captain Hughes. We soon had orders to strike tents and to form line at the foot of the street, which we quickly did, and I am almost sure Company I was first in line, with tents struck, guns stacked and waiting orders; but we had not long to wait, for the regiment was quickly in line of battle, and soon began firing. It seemed to me as soon as the rebels would flank us, we would fall back slowly and then give it to them again. A good many from the 19th Corps who were surprised came rushing through our lines. Some would stop, but a great many kept on to the rear. Many in the 8th and 19th Corps were panic-stricken, and could not be stopped. I think more of the 19th than the 8th appeared along our lines. We continued to fall back slowly, contesting every inch about two miles past Middletown, where we threw up a temporary breastwork of rails near the road, and had orders to cook our breakfast, for very few had had my good luck, and it was pretty late for this first meal, almost 12 o'clock. We were busy cooking when General Sheridan came off the road just a few feet from my left, and rode in front of the lines. His words, as I remember them, were, "Boys, we will give them the worst whipping they ever had. We have got them, and not a man lives to see to-

night without sleeping on his old camp-ground." This was all I could catch as he rode by, his horse all covered with foam. In a short time we had orders to advance, which we promptly obeyed, passing through a small woods in our front to a stone wall, where we made a short halt, but we soon advanced again, firing as we went, and never stopped till night. Some of the company went back to their old camp-ground, though some of us stayed where the 19th Corps had been, but in the morning we took our old positions.

The worthy sergeant had had an exceptionally good breakfast, but only the kindness of one of his company furnished him a supper. Says J. R. Northcott, now of Toronto, Canada: "The sergeant said, 'Well, boys, we shall have to wait till to-morrow for something to eat.' I said, 'No, sergeant, I have kept my haversack all day.' So we sat down and ended the day with a good supper, which we enjoyed as only veterans can."

Mention has been made of the worthy behavior of the recruits who had had little or no experience. Should any close student of data study the appended company rolls, he will have occasion to wonder at the mortalities and casualties among the recently joined members. Evidently the tyros did not like the terms of reproach sometimes used towards them by unthinking comrades, and so, needlessly, exposed themselves. The old soldier hunts cover not only to take care of himself, but he knows that a live fighter is a great deal better than a dead hero. In his admirable history of the Vermont brigade, Colonel A. F. Walker says: "Fighting experience, which went so far in enabling a good soldier to accomplish the most with the least possible danger." To stand up and take it has long been a characteristic of the British people and their descendants, but the backwoods fighter of America was just as brave and a great deal more successful. From a letter of one of the boys, who came with the recent relay, the following is copied. Like the good boy and soldier that he was, Alfred E. Stacey of Company L was giving an early account of himself to the loved ones at home:

Near Strasburg, October 20.

I had a nice time of it yesterday, which was going into a big battle and coming out just as well as I went in, except being tired from climbing fences and backing up and charging on the Johnnies. A ball went through Anth's (his brother) cap, close to his head. He says he is glad he didn't grow any

taller, for half an inch more of stature would have laid him out. The rebs dressed up in our clothes and relieved our pickets. Then they made a rush on the 19th Corps and clubbed them with their muskets. About 7 A. M. they were on to the 6th Corps, and all the regiments went back but the Ninth, which retired slowly, fighting step by step. The rebs flanked us, and we got our wounds there. We went back three miles and made breastworks of rails; it was here that General Sheridan rode along. You should have heard the cheering. He got here about 11 A. M., and at 3 we made the charge. We faltered once, but rallied.

In his diary for the same period, he enters:

Of the five recruits, one, H. Hayhoe, is dead, and Barber and George (his brother) are wounded. Over twenty killed and wounded in Company L. We camped at night on the same ground they drove us from in the morning. I tried to help some of the rebs to quit the Rebellion. I took aim at nineteen of them, besides, shooting without aim. Nearly all the rebs were hit in the head, ours in the legs.

His brother, George, was shot in the thigh.

The casualties among his comrades, recruits, is in evidence as to the care that older soldiers took of themselves. Three out of every five in the regiment would have made an exceptional record.

William H. Tucker, Company B, now of Monona, Iowa, thinks no company was in the fight earlier than his:

I know our regiment stood in our original position till I had fired forty rounds, and was on the next forty when we fell back, and then we were nearly surrounded, yet we backed up in good order and continued to pour the lead into the Johnnies. . . . I remember that when the rebs came down out of the fog to the little brook to get behind the stone wall, I shouted to my comrades, "Shoot down that flag," and we shot it down four times, in less than seven minutes, and then they lay behind the wall to hold it up.

George H. Alpeter, Company L, of Syracuse, N. Y., after 2 P. M., was shot three times—in the right leg, above the knee; right forearm, and just above the right ear; went first to the field hospital, Newtown, and thence in an ambulance to Martinsburg. Six live men started in that vehicle; only two were taken out alive at the end of the trip. And yet after all these punctures, Comrade Alpeter rejoined the regiment in front of Petersburg. Truly there is a deal of wear in human nature.

George A. Pitcher, Company H, of Nunda, N. Y., writes that he was one of nine members of that company who put up their tents on the very same ground that they occupied in the morning. Evidently the regiment was not a united body when the day was done, but some recalled Sheridan's promise and wanted to verify it. Pitcher was one of the recent comers.

Lieutenant Fish of Company B was again wounded and carried from the field, many thought, for the last time; but there was wear in the lieutenant yet. His company had fifteen killed and wounded. Behind the chimney of Major Snyder's quarters lay three dead rebels.

During the hottest of the morning's fighting, and when wounded men were going or being helped to the rear, an officer saw a man drop his gun and start back, and, fearing some might go who had no need, he took the man by the shoulder, saying, "Where are you going?" With a woeful face, the man pointed to his head, and replied, "Oh, I'm hit, I'm hit." A bullet had cut a hole in his hat, from which his hair instead of his brains protruded. Lifting his hat the officer says, "Oh, you are all right; it hasn't drawn blood;" whereupon the seared man smilingly returned to the ranks and his weapon.

Adjutant Vincent A. Kenyon presents this graphic picture of a scene in this October drama:

Acting Adjutant Philip Sturge of Company K was shot through the neck and fell from his horse, and as his foot was not released from the stirrup, he was dragged some distance in full view of the regiment. He was supposed to be mortally wounded, but he is alive to-day. When his foot was freed, the horse galloped off wildly across the open plain or pasture to the enemy, entering their lines, though he, apparently, had no intention of stopping, for more than a hundred rebels tried to head him off, waving battle-flags, hats and guns in front of him; but he dodged them all and made straight for our lines, about a quarter of a mile to our left, amidst a shower of bullets. In a second, before any one could stop him, he had made his way through our soldiers and, coming up behind Colonel Snyder's cream-colored horse, taking his place upon the colonel's left, came to a dead halt. In a moment Colonel Snyder had another officer in the saddle. The whole affair did not take ten minutes, nor even five, as he went on a keen run, and did not stop nor change his gait till he reported for duty to our colonel. Being a white horse, or nearly so, he made one of the grand sights of the war; his head and tail were well up as he ran to and from the rebel lines, and when in them, seeming to

be on inspection bent, he kept moving fast, as much as to say, "No, you don't." The view was immense, not a tree nor a hedge, and the lines were not more than a quarter of a mile apart, firing into each other's faces almost. Upon one portion of the line, the firing almost ceased as we watched the horse, he being in full sight of the regiment from start to finish. When he took his place again by the colonel's side, cheers went up, and then the shooting began again.

General Early in his account of the battle says:

This was a case of a glorious victory, given up by my own troops after they had won it, and it is to be accounted for on the ground of the partial demoralization caused by the plunder of the enemy's camps, and from the fact that the men undertook to judge for themselves when it was proper to retire. Had they but waited, the mischief on the left would have been remedied. I have never been able to satisfy myself that the enemy's attack, in the afternoon, was not a demonstration to cover his retreat during the night. It certainly was not a vigorous one, as is shown by the fact that the very small force with Ramseur and Goggin held him in check so long, and the loss in killed and wounded in the division which first gave way was not heavy, and was the least in numbers of all but one, though it was the third in strength, and its relative loss was the least of all the divisions. . . . There was an individuality about the Confederate soldier which often caused him to act in battle according to his own opinions, and thereby impair his own efficiency; and the tempting bait offered by the rich plunder of the enemy's well-fed and well-clothed troops, was frequently too great for our destitute soldiers and caused them to pause in the career of victory. . . .

It may be asked why with my small force I made the attack. I can only say we had been fighting large odds during the whole war, and I knew there was no chance of lessening them. It was of the utmost consequence that Sheridan should be prevented from sending troops to Grant, and General Lee, in a letter received a day or two before, had expressed an earnest desire that a victory should be gained in the valley if possible, and it could not be gained without fighting for it. I did hope to gain one by surprising the enemy in his camp, and then thought, and still think, I would have had it if my directions had been strictly complied with, and my troops had awaited my orders to retire.

This explanation was written by our opponent the year after the close of the war, and is as good a setting forth as his side could have. Whatever the cause, whether individuality of the soldier or the fortune of war, terrible disaster overtook the Confederates, and the to them bright sun of the morning became

at eve the gloomiest of objects, and though there were Confederates in the valley to the end, they were of comparatively little consequence; their power to seriously cripple had departed with their losses on this 19th day of October.

Early lost 1860 killed and wounded with above 1200 prisoners; twenty-four cannon fell into our hands, besides the same number, taken in the morning, recaptured by us in the afternoon; we retook all our lost ambulances and seized fifty-six of his, along with many stands of colors; in addition to all of this, the cavalry captured and burned many baggage-wagons and ambulances. So effectually had Early's artillery been captured (he had lost fifty-six pieces in all) that when a new requisition on the Richmond War Department was made, the order was filled, but a waggish clerk directed the same to General P. H. Sheridan, care of General Jubal A. Early, and it, too, in time, reached its destination.

Nor did we escape without serious gaps in our own ranks. The morning's attack had swept more than 1400 men into the hands of the enemy, and these, kept in order, Early says were the only men under his direction who were not in confusion in the grand culmination. Indeed, he ascribes the lack of more vigorous pursuit to the fact that the Union cavalry mistook these prisoners, in the twilight, for a compact, battle-ordered array of Confederates. We lost 569 killed, and 3425 wounded, a record calculated to distribute sorrow through thousands of northern homes. In the final aggregates, it is interesting to note that our own regiment, in this battle for the first time fighting together, lost more men than any other organization at Cedar Creek. Sixty-four of our comrades were killed or mortally wounded, and the other wounded brought our total of casualties up to 208. Comparing other heavy artillery regiments, presumably as large as ours, we find the 1st Vermont losing 24 killed and mortally wounded, with an aggregate of 107, including 20 missing. The 2d Connecticut foots up 44 as above, with an aggregate of 190, including 60 missing. No other regiment in the division, save the 10th Vermont, needs more than one numeral to express the killed. In our own brigade all the other regiments together do not equal our loss. It is evident that there was reason for the boast, made by the boys of the Ninth, that they stood up and fought, and that the enemy appeared to have no difficulty in finding

them. No member of the regiment ever failed to accord the highest praise to Lieutenant Colonel Snyder for the masterly manner in which he led his boys on that day. He was coolness and courage personified.

General officers as well as their men were much in the way of bullets, and General Charles Russell Lowell of the 2d Massachusetts Cavalry, in the battle commanding a brigade, who had ridden so bravely in the charge at Winchester, here rode to his death; Colonel Joseph Thoburn, a division commander in the 8th Corps, and General Daniel B. Bidwell of the 3d Brigade, 2d Division, 6th Corps, had gone down in the early morning. Colonel J. H. Kitching of the 6th New York Heavy Artillery was fatally wounded, while missiles found Colonel R. S. Mackenzie and William H. Penrose, both commanding brigades. General Ricketts of our own division was wounded soon after the battle began, and was carried from the field; General Grover of the 19th Corps was severely injured, and no 6th Corps man will ever forget the bloody face that our gallant Wright carried over the field from early morn until the fight was fought and won.

The battle and the victory made Sheridan a major general in the United States Army.

It is always difficult to give exact data concerning numbers engaged. As a rule both sides, for obvious reasons, will reduce their statements as much as possible; but the following compilation made by General Richard B. Irwin, historian of the 19th Army Corps, may be considered as fair as any. He says: "Wright commanded an effective force of not more than 31,000 officers and men of all arms, made up of 9000 in the 6th Corps; 9500 in the 19th Corps; 6000 in Crook's command, and 6500 cavalry. The infantry probably numbered 23,000; Ricketts, 8500; Emory, 9000; Crook, 5500. Of these, therefore, the hard fighting fell on 17,500. The losses in the 6th and 19th Corps nearly all occurred in the early morning, being about 4500; the two corps should have mustered 13,500 for the counter-attack in the afternoon, yet the ground they then stood upon, from the road to the brook, measures barely 7400 feet. With all allowances, therefore, Sheridan can not have taken more than 8000 men into this attack. This leaves out Crook's men bodily, and calls for 5500 unrepentant stragglers from the ranks of Emory and Wright—one man in three. After all there is noth-

ing so extraordinary in this, but strange indeed would it have been if many of these skulkers had come back into the fight as Sheridan considerably declares they did.

“As to Early’s force, the difficulty of coming to a positive conclusion is even greater. General Early himself says he went into the battle with but 8800 muskets. General Dawes, perhaps the most accomplished statistician of the war, makes the total present for duty, 22,000; of these 15,000 would be infantry. The figures presented in the Century War Book call for 15,000 of all arms. Of these 10,000 would be infantry.”



FORD AT CEDAR CREEK.

CHAPTER XIX.

FROM CEDAR CREEK TO PETERSBURG.

If possible the day after a battle is more trying to the nerves than the fight itself. Then there is the excitement, amounting almost to intoxication, to prompt the soldier to action, but when the foe has fled and we seek out and bury our dead, then come tears, the trembling lip, and the heartache, to last till its latest throb. One man buries on the field his tent-mate. To one northern home will go the sad news that husband and father

are slain on the same day and now sleep side by side. For days after the fight, along the stone walls, dark, clotted masses proclaim the pools of blood where life was rendered.

Besides our own comrades, lying with their white upturned faces, the ground is strewn with the dead bodies of our late enemies once as quick as we, those who with exultant shout dashed through our ranks on yestermorn. Truly they are

“Friend, foe,—in one red burial blent!”

While the cavalry hangs on the rear of the demoralized Confederates, making their rout complete, to the infantry comes the task of rendering back to earth the clay which till yesterday had marched, camped, hoped and suffered with us. Their bivouac is to be eternal; we are to take up the strife on the morrow, respond once more to the bugle-blast, but

“No sound can wake them to glory again.”

Their forms will be missed in the home circles, their names will be preserved in the national archives, but as active participants in the battle of life, they have ceased and passed out into the unseen.

Till November 9th some part of the regiment with the army remains in camp near Cedar creek. The weather advances from cold rain and frosts to snow and need of winter quarters, and reveille comes earlier than ever.



From "Hardtack and Coffee," by permission

ROLL-CALL.

As it is evidently not the intention of the authorities to keep us here all winter, but little provision is made for cold weather, only now and then a mud and stick chimney at the end of a tent to admit of a better fire. Fence-rails have become very scarce, and sometimes are carried a mile. It is, however, no life of ease and inactivity. There are wagon-trains to be guarded, prisoners to be escorted, and no end of foraging to be done. One of the first tasks to be performed is that of escorting the captured rebels to a place of confinement.

Our regiment takes its part in escort duty, and on the 21st Major Burgess starts in command of the 500 or more detailed for this purpose. There are about 2000 of our captured foemen, and it is a responsible matter to see them safely placed in final custody. The route is through Winchester and Bunker Hill to Martinsburg. Notwithstanding the Confederates' long experience, many of them suffer from blistered feet. A part of the trip is made through a drizzling rain. We reach Martinsburg in the afternoon of the 22d, and see the Johnnies safely stowed on the train in care of a few men for each car. Then the majority of the men return to our regiment, while the guard goes on with the train to Harper's Ferry. There they change cars, and rations are served. The orders are to use the men civilly, but to guard them closely. On arrival in Baltimore, the rebels are placed in Fort McHenry. Late in the evening they are taken thence and placed upon a transport, which proceeded down Chesapeake bay to Point Lookout, just at the mouth of the Potomac.

During the night one of the prisoners told Sergeant S. F. Harris of Company I that there was a plan afoot to overcome the guard, capture the boat, run it ashore and burn it, then to make their way across the country to rebeldom. Something similar to this had been done with the transport Roanoke. As this prisoner asserted his intention of taking the oath of allegiance whenever opportunity offered, there seemed to be some ground of belief in his words. The commanding officer was informed, and the cannon trained to sweep the decks and orders were issued to be particularly vigilant. The break was to take place at midnight, and at that hour there was a stir among the prisoners, but they were ordered to lie down, under penalty of being shot. They were not slow to comply, but whispers were heard among them of traitors. Nothing further occurred

before reaching Point Lookout, where those who did not go "whirling up the valley" were turned over to the care of negro troops, a fact which nearly broke the hearts of some of the F. F. V.'s.

Early on the 25th of October, the men who had guarded prisoners to Martinsburg and had been waiting there a couple of days, started back with others in charge of a wagon-train. They had gone only a few miles south of Bunker Hill when they were assaulted by Moseby's* men, who were in considerable force for them. However, the presence of artillery with the escort afforded Colonel Moseby a much warmer reception than he had calculated upon. Accordingly, he withdrew his troops quite barren of trophies, though earlier he had captured General Alfred N. Duffie, who was carelessly riding in a light wagon in front of the train. Of this affair, Moseby's historian, Captain James J. Williamson, Company A of the Rangers, says: "The train was a large one, and had started from Martinsburg early in the morning with a guard composed of Currie's brigade, together with the 5th Wisconsin Volunteers, the 9th New York Heavy Artillery, and a force of cavalry made up of several detachments, all under command of Colonel Currie."

Not being fully aware of the length and strength of the train and escort, Moseby hurriedly disposed his force for the assault: Chapman and Mountjoy with one squadron, to charge

*No part of the Confederacy had more nor more persistent and at the same time more evasive guerrillas and bushwhackers than the Shenandoah valley. It was the stamping-ground of Moseby, by far the most noted of all the irregular gangs of fighters. His deeds and those of his followers, however admired by the South, were scarcely better than those of highwaymen. October 3rd Lieutenant John R. Meigs, engineer on Sheridan's staff, was murdered near Harrisonburg, within the Union lines. For this everything combustible within a radius of five miles was ordered burned, but the command was not literally obeyed. In November Lieutenant Colonel C. W. Tolles, chief quartermaster of the 6th Corps, and Captain Buchanan, 3rd Division commissary, also General Inspector Doctor Emil Ohlenschlager, were waylaid and shot. Captain Buchanan was murdered under circumstances of peculiar atrocity. Such events prompted Sheridan to send General Wesley Merritt through the passes and fastnesses of the Blue Ridge, with the aim of completely destroying the resources and hiding-places of these hard riders and cut-throats. The story of Moseby and his men as told in Captain Williamson's "Moseby's Rangers" eclipses the wildest flights of fiction.

in front, while he, with Richards' squadron, to assail the rear. The cavalry were easily driven back, but the infantry proved too strong, and when the artillery opened fire, Moseby drew off his men, hoping that the cavalry would follow them up, so that he could fall upon them at a safe distance from the infantry and artillery. But this they would not do. The escort seemed to understand that their duty was to guard the train, and they "stuck to it." Our own detachment was under the command of Captain S. F. Lamoreaux of Company F.

The capture of General Duffie made some stir, and the event was the subject of several dispatches, one of them being from our late Colonel Seward, now brigadier general in command at Martinsburg. Sheridan had little sympathy for the captured officer,* saying, "He was captured by his own stupidity."

Our boys reached their old camp without further adventures at sundown of the 26th; also Captain Squyer reported same day. Meantime, on the 22d, the beautiful horse that had borne Colonel Snyder so gallantly in the great battle, and that had been to our boys what the white plumes of Henry of Navarre were at Ivry, succumbed to his wounds, regretted by every man in the regiment. "Do you remember the colonel's cream-colored horse?" is a query heard to this day where comrades meet.



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*Brigadier General Alfred N. Duffié was born in France in 1835; saw distinguished service in the Crimea and in the Franco-Austrian War of 1859. Coming to America at the beginning of our Civil War, he early took sides with the North. Governor Sprague of Rhode Island made him colonel of the 1st Rhode Island Cavalry, and he was later promoted. During his captivity he was held in Danville, where so many of the Ninth's men were confined. He was the leader in the attempted break in December, 1864. After his parole in February, 1865, he was sent to the department of the Missouri, and there served until the end of the war. The last ten years of his life were spent as United States consul at Cadiz, Spain, where he died in 1880.

October 30th Companies A, G, C and D guard a train back to Martinsburg, late Captain, now Major, Squyer in command. He had been away ever since his wound at Cold Harbor, and had his routine to learn over again.

The 27th Major Burgess and his prisoners' escort returned. During these three weeks of stay on Cedar creek, though the enemy was completely demoralized and his exhibition only sporadic, guerrillas were common, and marauding raiders were constantly expected, consequently there was little of the rest that comes from freedom from anxiety. The round of parade, drill, etc., was kept up notwithstanding drenching rains, which were common.

November 1st, a foraging party went seven miles away and secured honey and hogs and a quantity of hay, leaving one-half ton for the old man owner, who sought it as an act of charity. It is pleasant to record this retention of a heart on the Federals' part. It is probable that no one item among the valley products made a more lasting impression upon the army moving along the Shenandoah than honey. Ask any man who served there what he remembers best, and the chances are he will answer, "Honey." They became expert capturers of the same, though the accompanying picture shows what sometimes befell the careless plunderer. Martinsburg prices current are interesting: sugar, 25 cents per pound; cheese, 40; butter, 60; milk, 10 cents per quart.



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November 5th came the first snow-fall, but the camp-duty goes on just the same; Companies H and L on picket; four men and a corporal on a post. The vidette is thirteen rods away from the post in the daytime and three rods away in the night. The posts are about fourteen rods apart. The momentous presidential election of 1864 came on the 8th of November, just as late as possible, and it is not improbable that the movement of the Ninth was delayed till after the voting was done. Our men gave Lincoln a large vote, as might have been expected.

On the 9th of November begins the falling back, moving at 9.30 A. M. and camping between Newtown and Winchester.

possibly four miles from the latter place. Except as exact camp location was varied, we remained here till December 3d, the change of place being caused by a desire to be nearer the base of supplies. There are the daily foraging expeditions, and the wonder is that there was anything left worth taking. Somehow or other the enemy managed to make a deal of noise around us on occasion. On the 10th we change our position, bringing our regiment on extreme right of corps, division and brigade. The 11th sees the tents going up in systematic manner with carefully made chimneys and fireplaces. In the afternoon an alarm calls the boys out with orders to pack up; but firing ceased after dark. The next morning we were stirred up before daylight, form battle-line and march to crest of hill, where we carried rails and resumed our pristine calling of making breastworks. Lie behind them all day, and are relieved at night. We fire off old loads in guns, return to camp and get our suppers.



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FRYING HARDTACK.

This is our part in the cavalry skirmish of Newtown. Early, hearing of Sheridan's withdrawal, fancies that the latter has sent troops to Petersburg, and that there may be a chance for him (Early) to retrieve his lost fortunes, but the reconnoissance reveals the main force as strong as ever. It was on this occasion that Jimmy H., a character of Company A, though pretty well known throughout the regiment, immortalizes himself. At a fine, large spring a mile and a half from our camp, near

that of the cavalry, we were accustomed to get water. On account of the distance, one man would carry a large number of canteens, thus saving many steps. It was Jimmy's turn to go. He had fifteen or sixteen canteens. Later he came running back bareheaded, minus all his canteens, his scant hair fairly erect with terror, shouting, in the richest of brogues, "Begobs, bys, the whole ribbel ahmy is comin'." All of us had to double-quick in the direction of Jimmy's scare and spend the night in throwing up breastworks, but the "ribbels" had been whipped by the cavalry long before we could have been of any service. On our way out we found all the canteens save one, to which some thirsty soldier had apparently frozen, for be it known that canteens in the army, like umbrellas at home, were liable to sudden appropriation.

The performance of the 13th is similar, for we start at 4 o'clock again, and as before form in battle-line; get more rails and repair works impaired by burning of last night. In the afternoon 150 prisoners with two pieces of artillery, captured yesterday, pass through. Though a detail of men is kept in the breastworks, the majority of men are interested in trying to secure food and maintaining regular camp-life. On the 16th came a brigade review by General Seymour, division commander. Regiment complimented, for we number as many as the rest of the brigade. During the days there is never-ending breastwork making, and blisters come on soldierly palms, much to the disgust of the possessors, since that result of working for Uncle Sam is not popular.

The 19th, just one month from the great Battle of Cedar Creek, in behalf of Company E. Major William Wood gave to Lieutenant Colonel Snyder, after parade, a twenty-five-dollar pair of spurs. The evident embarrassment of both officers was greatly to their credit, their forte being deeds rather than words.

Sheridan's review of the 6th Corps, on the 21st, is a memorable event in the memory of the men present. Though rain fell all day, the review went on just the same. It was no ordinary array of men which passed before one of the most remarkable soldiers of the world's history. Man and men were well worthy of each other. Neither Sheridan nor the corps had ever been found wanting. Our regiment was on the extreme left of the infantry. The cavalry go out on reconnoissance, and railroad

connections to Winchester are completed. The 22d, Lieutenant Yard took fifty men from I and as many more from G and started on a foraging trip over the hills, ten miles and back. Loaded six wagons with corn and hay, besides three hives of honey, lots of pork, beans, apples and apple-butter, all hidden in the woods, but the boys smelled them out.

Thanksgiving day for 1864 came on November 24th, and the good folks at home in the North had done their best to make the day a pleasant one. They had sent a large quantity of turkeys, geese and chickens for soldiers' consumption, but somehow or other when toll has been taken at all the ports of entry, the quantity left for the men was hardly adequate. The latter always thought the quartermaster's department a very hungry institution; at any rate there were not enough birds to go round. Thus to the Ninth there came sixty turkeys and geese, just one for every seventeen men, any four of whom would undertake to devour the very largest of them and then clamor for more. However, raffling for a Thanksgiving dinner had not been unknown at home in the palmy days of peace, and it did not take long to resolve upon lot-drawing for the disposal of them. Accordingly a lucky few got the fowls, and invited in whom they chose to help eat. The great majority looked on in hungry envy, but the result to them was not "very fillin'." Still we were not starving by any means, and all sorts of dishes made up from commissary sourees and from the neighboring country, served up with recollections of home, made the food part of the day pass pretty well. Some boys bought out the rights of others and had their birds cooked by the officers' servants. Here is the bill of fare of one mess got from the sutler, and the cost of each item: 1 quart of pickles, 25 cents; 1 bottle of mustard, 50 cents; 20 cakes, 50 cents; $\frac{1}{2}$ pound of raisins, 25 cents; these, with beef, beef's heart, hardtack and coffee stayed the stomachs in blue till the turkey came at nightfall from the lieutenant's cook. As it is the chronicler's duty to record bad as well as good items, it must be stated that whatever lack there may have been in solid refreshment, there were unlimited quantities of liquids, to the extent that the evening brigade dress-parade was said to have been quite a *spirited* affair.

The 25th and 26th days saw considerable parties go out for forage. They are obliged to go quite a distance from camp,

twelve miles or thereabouts, the intervening country having been so thoroughly scoured. The usual plunder is found, though frequently the best items are hidden in the woods. One party thus comes upon a quantity of honey and apple-butter. A hive of bees has no terror for the adept forager. The eleven wagons are brought in, well loaded with all sorts. Still we are not wholly obdurate, and a guard is placed in one house at the owner's solicitation, and at another the effusive gratitude of the mistress thereof is blush-provoking to the captain, whose modesty is only equaled by his gallantry. The manner of cooking our meat was not the home way, but it was effectual.



From "Hardtack and Coffee," by permission.

BROILING STEAK.

It is the second day's trip that a party of guerrillas swoop down on a squad of our men, largely of Company B, and including Lieutenant Fish's colored servant Sam, and gather them in. After relieving the soldiers of their blue uniforms, and leaving Confederate gray in exchange, they made off, taking Sam with them, a fact for which they were subsequently sorry, for the "colored gemmen" succeeded in paying them off by getting them all into the Union lines only two days later. Perhaps the loss of Surgeon Sabin's horse, ridden on this occasion by his orderly, afforded as much regret as any part of the event. This same raid is described by another, who says: "The rebels set out to hang the colored servant at once. They even had a rope

about his neck, but finally concluded, if saved, he might be of some service to them. The enemy hung around so closely that foraging was risky, but two boys who had been on guard determined not to return to camp empty-handed. So they went off on their own hook. The first house they entered had three big masculines, presumably rebels, consequently one of us stood guard while the other ransacked, finding only a little hockcake for his pains. The main party had found a big jar of butter, covered by a brass kettle, hidden in the top of a fallen tree, but we seemed unlucky. However, on leaving the house, we saw two horses feeding in a field near some woods. We debated whether the riders might not be near by, and a rolled Union overcoat was on one saddle; but I wasn't going back to camp with nothing to show for my trip, so I just went in and took one of the steeds. When T. saw I was not molested he took the other, and didn't we ride back to camp in style! for the horses were no old plugs, but real fine young beasts. They were mighty useful, too, for we had to carry water some distance; but a horse-load of cauteens just helped out amazingly. No trouble in getting forage for them. When the time came to break camp and start for Washington, I just 'drew' a small open wagon and loaded in no end of traps belonging to the boys and rode to the station kiting. I had expected to turn the equine loose when through with him, but a native offered me his watch for the whole outfit. I jumped at the trade, and then sold the time-keeper for \$15. T. let his beast run, not being so lucky as I was. I wasn't finding any fault with war just then. As I sat on the top of the car, I saw some of the boys holding the attention of a sutler in front, while the rest of the party were stealing from the rear all they could reach." Is there any wonder that sutler's prices were high?

Camp routine, dear to the officers, disliked by the men, finished out the month and made a beginning of December, though our departure is evidently at hand, since the 1st Division left on the 1st, and on the 2d came the orders for us to be ready to follow.

Camp is broken on the morning of the 3d, and we march four miles beyond Winchester, where we take the cars a little before noon. Proceed thence to Harper's Ferry, whence we ride as the exigencies of railway service will permit to Washington, getting there in the early morning of the 4th. Evident-

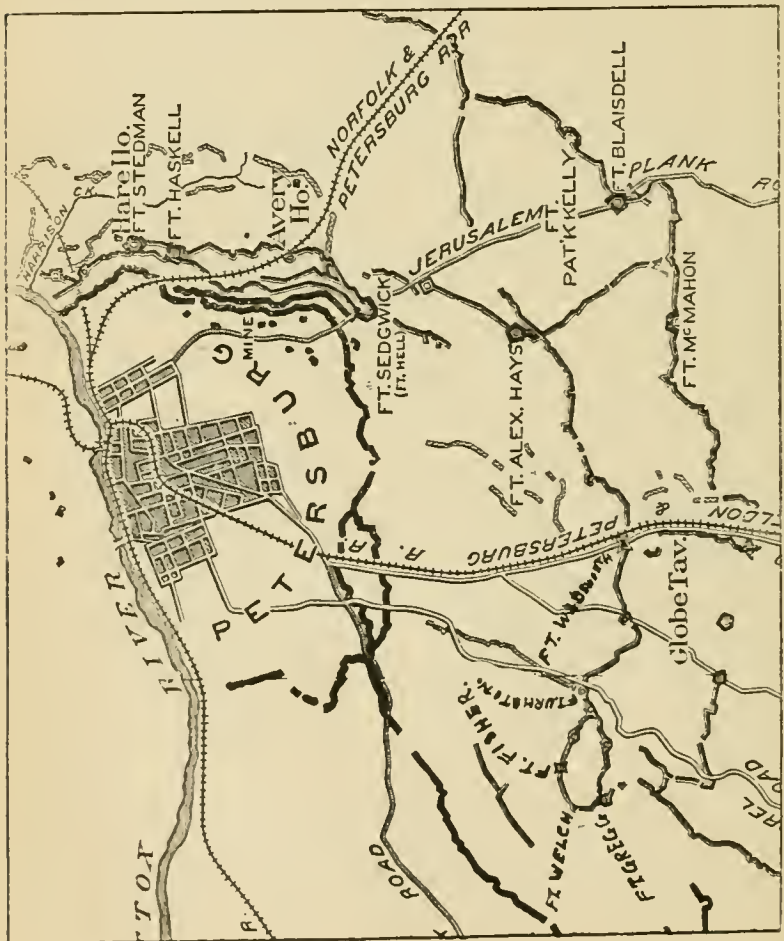
ly the government is not sending us on a pleasure excursion, for our stay in the Capital is very brief, only long enough to get down to Arsenal dock and to eat our breakfast. The transport Hermann Livingston is in waiting, and we are off before noon. Our boat is a rapid one, easily passing all others. Once more we are afloat and passing the scenes made familiar during the preceding two years and more. Here at our right is Alexandria, with no end of recollections of past days there, and at the left rises Rozier's bluff, with Fort Foote surmounted, the product of our hands. Again we note Mount Vernon, Fort Washington and Belle Plain Landing, and night shuts down upon us still ploughing our way towards Petersburg and Grant's relentless grasp. At daybreak we pass from the Chesapeake into the James, seeing Fortress Monroe at our right, but we do not stop, steaming by the several vessels bearing other parts of our division. It is 2 P. M. when we reach City Point, and towards night we land, march a mile or so, and camp.

It is about sundown on the 6th that we take a train for the front. Our return is quite in contrast from that made in the dust of the preceding July, *en route* to our summer and autumnal quarters. The ride is soon ended, and we are quickly at Meade's station, where we alight, and under direction seek the place reserved for us. Scarcely more than half as many men return to Petersburg as left in the preceding July. The months had sadly ravaged our ranks. The railroad laid by Grant for military purposes was very useful, though it violated nearly all the rules of railroad engineering. It was laid on the surface of the ground with little or no ballasting, and still less grading, so that in places both ends of a train might be visible while the middle was lost in an intervening valley. The stations bore the names, as a general thing, of prominent commanders, and were as liable to be moved as those soldiers themselves.

CHAPTER XX.

PETERSBURG THROUGH MARCH, 1865.

Though we had been in front of Petersburg before, there is very little to identify our surroundings. We march past the headquarters of General Meade, and halting near, we are told, the lines held by the 5th Corps, we lie as best we can till morning, the 7th of December, when it appears we have relieved the Maryland, or 3d Brigade, 2d Division of the 5th Corps, and



IN FRONT OF PETERSBURG.

have fallen heirs to their winter quarters. If for a few moments we congratulate ourselves on having houses ready made, we are doomed to early disappointment, for it seemed that these structures were too near the breastworks, and we were ordered to tear them down, and move back 100 feet, so that none should be within 200 feet of the works. Of course this order does not come without a deal of turning round, having to move no less than four times. We are at the extreme left of the line, and as our orders to destroy and move back came late, we have another cold night under the open sky.

The morning of the 8th we are astir early, and under arms, for the 2d Battalion, Companies A, C, L and H, with K added, is ordered to Fort Wadsworth, five or six rods from Weldon railroad, and very near the famous yellow house, all under the command of Major William Wood. At the right there is heavy picket-firing, but all is quiet in our immediate front. The fort has four Parrott guns and four light brass twelve-pounders. Those who did not go to the fort had to get behind the breastworks. Water froze in canteens, and at least one man claims to have had his foot frozen. It is evident we have not yet reached any *statu quo* location, for Company L moves several rods away from the fort, and the 1st and 3d Battalions are off with the rest of the corps to help the 5th and 2d if needed, on their Southside railroad venture, in direction of Stony Creek.

The fort is to be garrisoned each night by twenty-five men and one officer. The boys who remain in camp and are still shelterless work on new quarters. There was more moving with new locations, each one, if possible, being worse than the last. For the sake of exercise (?), there was a double-quick march to brigade headquarters. For a rarity soft bread was drawn. To crown the happenings of the day came a severe snow-storm. Complaints about quarters are numerous, and the 10th records nine changes of position, some getting back to their former quarters, or where they had been, only to find everything stripped, chimneys torn down, but in the midst of snow and sleet the snow is scraped away, the water is bailed out, and camp is again made.

It has been a long and tedious day. We were under arms at 5.15 A. M., and so continued till after sunrise. Fully three inches of snow were covering us when we awoke, and those

who lay on the ground through the night, as the morning dawned, saw in every direction little snow-covered mounds which under the influence of the bugle-blast developed "boys in blue." Some thought they saw reminders of Marshall Ney's bivouacs in the terrible retreat, though some of the French slept ne'er to waken. Our boys revived speedily. We marched half a mile and formed in line; there was brisk skirmishing in front, and for a time it seemed as though there was business in store for us. However, it all subsided, and we move back as above. Camp in a mud-hole on the 11th, and what a time to introduce recruits to army life, but they came and had to take things as they found them.

Work on winter-huts is brisk. For more than a week the men have the privilege of trying to make their quarters endurable, aside from the regular round of guard and garrison duty. It seemed that the army was as well settled as it could be under a commander who never rested. "The all summer line" was extended into the winter, and only Omniscience knew how much longer it might continue. All that the Book of Fate revealed was the page before us, and in that we read work of some kind for every day. There were fatigue, drill, parade and the ever-recurring round of picket. All have to take turns in the fort, going in before day and staying till after sunrise. Then, too, there is guard-duty every other night from 9 to 1, or from 1 to daybreak. December 18th 100 guns are fired from Fort Sedgwick* in honor of Thomas' victory at Nashville. Our foe was just as alert as ourselves, and stagnation was not one of our lurking dangers.

In making our quarters as comfortable as possible all sorts of ingenious devices were had. Tin cans were sought; solder is melted therefrom, that with the pieces eavestroughs might be made; placed with the proper slant they were effectual. The weather was of all sorts: extremes of cold, followed by rain and mud. Seldom was the physical man under greater strain, yet it must have been harder for the rebels than for us, since the most of them were less used to frigid temperature than we.

The exigencies which governed our food supply no man can understand. Here if anywhere rations should be regular and

*Fort Sedgwick was generally known as Fort Hell, and its opposite Confederate fortification, Fort Mahone, as Fort Damnation.

ample. Foraging was out of the question, for the region had become a Sahara, but hunger was a frequent sensation, and when, for some reason, known only to the authorities, the sutler was forbidden to sell us supplies, what was there left for us to do but to raid him? A sutler raid has a distinct place in army memories, and that of December 20th, when the 2d Battalion went in for something to eat, was a busy occasion. Of course profit and loss compel the sutler to charge still higher prices for all losses thus incurred. It did seem rather hard for the much-abused sutler to have to be a scapegoat for the commissary department.

It has a gruesome sound, but the chief diversion of the latter part of 1864 was the attending of hangings in the vicinity. Disciplinary rigor had advanced till death for desertion was actually inflicted. Both the 2d and 5th Corps had several exhibitions. In one case December 23d, in the 2d Corps, three men who had gone over to the rebels and had been recaptured, stood upon the same trap and went down at once. It was claimed that one of them had been a famous bounty-jumper, having gone through the to him farce of enlistment no less than sixteen times. Three had been hanged the preceding Friday, and two more followed the next. The traditions of hangman's day were preserved even in war-time.

Those whose rations of sugar do not satisfy have to pay 25 cents a pound at the sutler's. Candles to help shorten the night are 12½ cents each. Stationery is expensive, too, a quire costing 40 cents and a bunch of envelopes the same. A pair of government socks wear out in two days. The news of Sherman's capture of Savannah made the boys about wild, and we shouted till we were hoarse, the wise ones being sure that we should be home for July 4th.

Christmas comes on Sunday, and has little to distinguish it from other days. Few dainties grace our tables, but hunger and health make substantials taste good. A major writes: "Dine on pork, potatoes, bread and coffee, good enough for a king." No plum-pudding or roast goose in that. While some play seven-up for the scant stationery given by the Christian Commission, there are those who piously eschew cards and take comfort in Beecher's Sermons. The year went out with a bang, for as if to compensate for long inactivity, the Johnnies, or several hundred picked men of them, move on our picket-line

at 5.30 in the morning. At first they break through, but we rally quickly and drive them back. Two of our men are killed, and twenty or more are captured. Several also are wounded.

John Colligan of Company K, whose corporal's chevrons are almost new on this last day of 1864, tells the story of that eventful occasion. "There were captured with me Samuel P. Gray, Michael McKnight, Andrew Jackson and Barney Riley. We were taken at about midnight, when it was as dark as pitch. The rebels made a raid in force on our picket-line. It is claimed that a Wisconsin company broke and let them through, so that they got between our lines and the camp. While we were defending in front they assailed our rear. I had charge of a post with seven men, having been on duty continuously for seventy-two hours with no relief. After capture we were marched to a stockade between Petersburg and Weldon railroad, where we were searched and robbed of all the valuables we had. Then we were taken to Petersburg, kept in hunger and cold for several days, and thence were sent to Libby prison in Richmond, where we suffered all sorts of privations. After several days in Libby, we were transferred to Pemberton prison, also in Carey street, where we remained till February 14th, 1865, when we were sent down the James river for exchange, getting back to the regiment in time for the end."

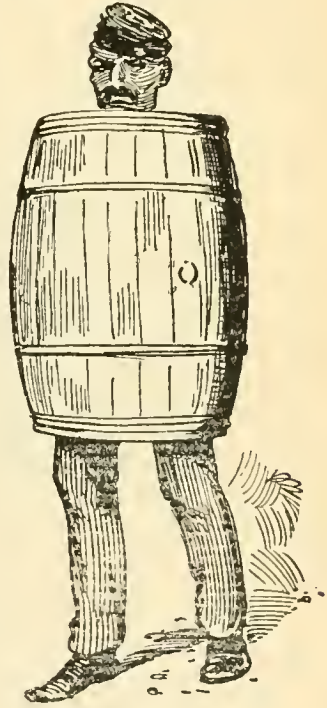
About this time some who had been extremely careful of their precious selves began to venture back to the regiment. The sequel showed that they came too soon. Colonel Snyder goes home on a furlough.

1865.

During January the Ninth remains in quarters as in December. Forts Keene, Fisher and Wadsworth seem to be the nearest fortifications. Fifth Corps is a mile back of us, and the Engineer Corps between. On the left of our corps is the 2d, and the 9th is on the right. Quarters are made of poles with tent-coverings, 10x6 on the ground, 5 feet high. Weather varies from ice cold to warm sunshine. On the 6th a deserter from the 4th New Jersey in the 1st Division is shot.

On the 7th of January our division commander, General Truman Seymour, addressed a letter to the corps authorities suggesting the formation of a 3d Brigade, saying there were 4500

men in the division, and of these the 9th New York had 1140 enlisted men. He would make a brigade of this and one of the other regiments. Evidently his proposal did not find favor, for nothing more was heard of it. Were such a plan ever to have been consummated, it was when the members were twice as many. At any rate we are grateful that our connective corps, division and brigade numerals were never disturbed. We went to the front practically 2000 strong, had received five or six hundred recruits, and yet we number now only about 1200; thus our stay in active service had cost us fully as many men as we then had. January 9th the rebs made a raid on the 2d Division, but are repulsed. During the entire month there is a steady coming in of rebels who are hungry, and in many cases all but naked. During the month a large number of men wounded at Cedar Creek reported for duty. Alternating rain and frost heave the breastworks so that in some places they fall in. Consequent repairing follows. New abatis are made and old ones repaired. Boys are not saints by any means. Some get drunk, thrash round, and then pay the penalty by guard-house and extra duty. These rolling stones gather no moss. Some wore wooden overcoats, like this in the picture.



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The country in front is not exactly park-like in its make-up. In some places it is very swampy, but duty has to be done just the same, mud or dust. On the 11th at 4 A. M. a vidette fired his gun, and at once the whole picket-line deployed as skirmishers. Result, four badly scared Johnnies came in, all intelligent young men, but poorly clad and almost barefooted.

January 14th David H. Stone of Company F, who had just been promoted to second lieutenant, was accidentally killed by the discharge of a revolver in the hands of one of his friends. The body was sent home for burial. A friend writes: "Lieuten-

ant Stone had but recently received his commission, and had just been detailed as an aid on the staff of Major General Wright, and was to report the next morning for duty. He had been out all day on duty and had come to his quarters at night, and was seated at his camp-table eating his supper. During the day a deserter had been returned to the company, and L. H. Bigelow, then 1st sergeant of the company, had taken a revolver from the returned prisoner; the revolver was of unusual pattern, and Bigelow was exhibiting it to Lieutenant Stone, and explaining its mechanism, when in handling it, it was discharged, and the bullet entered the body of the lie-



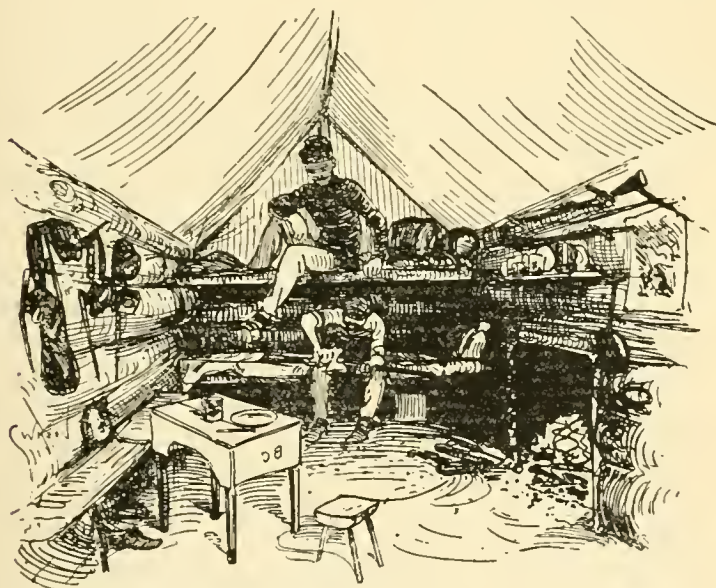
From "Hardtack and Coffee," by permission.

WINTER QUARTERS, OUTSIDE.

tenant, producing a fatal wound. He was taken at once to the field hospital, and died during the night. This was in front of Petersburg. Lieutenant David Stone was one of God's noblemen, a Christian, a gentleman, and every inch a brave, noble soldier. His memory is cherished and held sacred by every member of the company, and many of the men in Company F owe much of their success in life to the noble and pure influence of the life of David Stone. He left a true, loyal-hearted wife, and a sweet baby daughter, in the city of Auburn, N. Y."

January 17th 100 guns for General Terry's victory at Wil-

mington, N. C.; capture of Fort Fisher, January 18th at 5 P. M. 100 Company I men with Lieutenant Yard made new abatis in front of works; have to carry brush a mile through a swamp sometimes knee-deep. Some fear General Seymour will run the Ninth into the ground. By the end of the month, the men were in comfortable quarters, 10x7 and 5 feet high, shelter-tents for roof, fireplaces and stick chimney; burn pitch pine four feet in length. Lieutenant —— thus describes his cabin: "I got straight pine logs, eight to ten inches through, and six feet long, split them, dug a trench six inches deep; set



From "Hardtack and Coffee," by permission.

WINTER QUARTERS, INSIDE.

them up endways, stockade fashion, close, flat side in. Hut ten feet long, eight feet wide, gable with slope, plastered cracks with mud; said mud was easily made by digging a small hole in the ground, pouring in a pail of water and then stirring in the clay just thrown out. It was easily daubed with a stick. If rain washed it out, why, just stir up and daub again. It was covered with shelter-tents, no window needed; light enough from above; bed in one end and made of pine boughs; wood to burn under the bed; door approach made of hardtack boxes.

Fireplace was one side, table opposite also made of boxes. Wooden pegs for hanging things; bookcase over table, floor of split logs."

It was towards the end of the month that General Grant ordered that no newspapers should be allowed to come into the army for one week. He must have been afraid of picket exchange, not caring to have the enemy know his plans.

February 1st. It is scarcely past midnight when orders come to get up, pack up, and be ready to march at any moment. Five days' rations are drawn, and all the fuss terminates in a brigade dress-parade at 3 P. M. All sorts of rumors are circulated as to the reasons for such unseemly hours, one of which was that we were to join the 5th Corps in a raid to the Southside railroad, twenty-five miles to the point we were to strike. A soldier in L, helping to repair Fort Wadsworth on the 2d, remarks on the numerous graves, many bodies being near the surface. The rain washes out the head of a man. Says the company shanties are built over some of them. Rather a hard place for nervous and superstitious men!

He records that Wednesday's early rising was incident to a sudden move of the enemy on our right. Learned from one of the rebels on picket that peace is in sight. On the 5th marching orders received again, and we see the 5th Corps passing by all the morning. The 1st Division of the 6th started at 4 P. M. There has been heavy firing all day, and many wounded from the 5th Corps are brought in. We do not get away till nearly midnight, when we march two or three miles to the right and remain in line till 5 A. M.; then we unbend till 5 P. M., when we return to the camp of the 23d Pennsylvania of our 1st Division. We stack guns, and some of our comrades are permitted to go into tents with the Pennsylvania boys. Rain and snow on the 17th. The next day returned to the old camp, but not for any quiet, for we were hardly in place before we were ordered out, then directed to make ourselves comfortable till morning. Sure enough on the 9th at daylight we march away to the lines held on our left by the 2d Corps, 1st Division, these men having gone still further to the left.

We arrive in time to see the departing soldiers demolish their quarters. We lie around all day, and camp on the ground in the deserted place. The 10th beholds us reconstructing quarters where the 2d Corps had been, and for the next four

days we work on the quarters. Pickets and videttes are very near each other, and trading of tobacco for coffee is a very common thing. The Johnnies proclaimed themselves half starved. So amicable are the relations that rebs and Feds cut wood from the same log. Company L was detached from the regiment and sent to Battery Lee, three-quarters of a mile from Fort Fisher, on the 10th. In the evening went to Patrick's station for the guns, six thirty-pound Parrotts; they having come on platform cars. It took ten horses to draw the guns to the fort. Got them up at 3 P. M. There were also six Cohorn mortars just back of the picket-line. Ten rebels came in to-day. On the 12th, thirty-six rebels, including one orderly sergeant, came in.

Here is a graphic description of the way red tape, routine and military management succeeded in getting a little fatigue duty done: "At daylight we were drawn into line, right-dressed and counted in the company street. We stand here half an hour, and then march to regimental headquarters. The foregoing is repeated here, and then we are marched to brigade headquarters and again repeat. Our next act is to move a little distance to get out of the way of the pickets, who are getting ready to march out. After waiting an hour and a half, we go through right-dressing and counting once more. Thence we march to the fort and repeat the familiar performance. Finally we enter the fort and get the tools to work with. Such is the usual round."

Our chronicler was evidently in a grumbling humor, for he continues, "Although military tactics and everything connected therewith are supposed to be conducted with scientific precision, yet in maneuvering, there is the greatest awkwardness; in engineering, the greatest bungling; in regard to the expenses, there is in every department the greatest extravagance and waste; the strength and patience of the men are wasted in useless marching and countermarching; their time squandered by keeping them out, from daylight till dark in all sorts of weather, to do two hours' work, and then they sleep on the frozen ground in midwinter; by employing them, day after day, in building ornamental fences and screens around officers' quarters; in maneuvering them in brigade drills and dress-parades, neither of which is of any use on the battle-field, and then at night, they have to get down on their knees and creep

under three square yards of cotton sheeting, and lie or sit the long dark night on the cold ground."

The 11th there was a flag of truce, and Yankee curiosity was naturally piqued, but they must wait for Northern papers to learn the reason, though it was less than half a mile away. The next day General Meade and staff rode by Battery Lee, where engineers are putting in a bomb-proof. Another flag of truce explains itself. The rebels want to know what became of one of their colonels wounded at Hatcher's Run. He is in hospital, City Point. Ninety deserters came in to-day.

Rebel pickets are 500 yards away from the fort. Desertion from the enemy is the rule, and the half-starved men are evidently much discouraged. The same is true all along the line. They are glad to change from their rations of one pound of corn bread and one-quarter pound of bacon per day to our larger and better bill of fare. The dog express will ever be memorable in this winter's annals, since a certain canine of strictly impartial sentiments had been taught to respond to a whistle from either side. Thus with a can of coffee suspended from his neck he would amble over to the Johnnies, and when they had replaced coffee with tobacco he would return in obedience to Union signals, intent only on the food reward both sides gave him. Perhaps it was the following order included in one consignment of coffee which brought in the mules and wagon and many deserters with their entire outfit:

Headquarters, Army of the U. S.

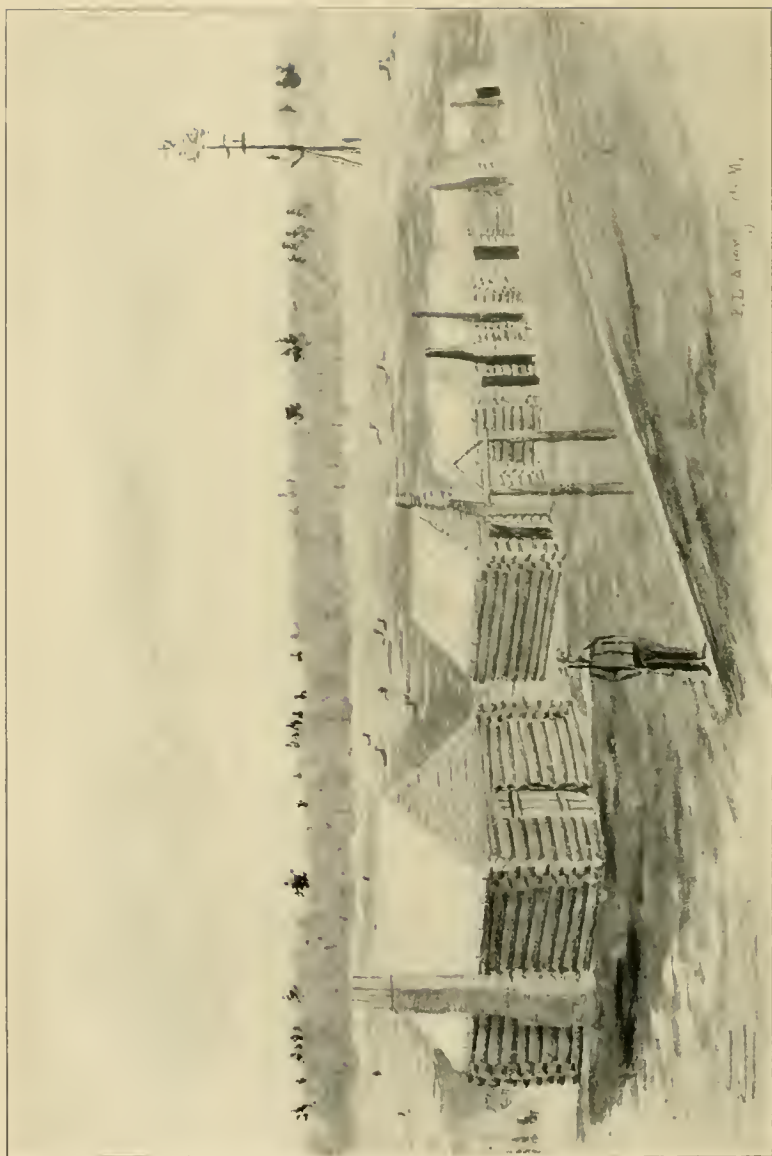
In the field, Jan. 4, 1865.

Special Order No. 3:

Deserters coming in will be sent to their homes or to any part of the Northern states on taking the oath, or will be employed in commissary or quartermaster departments. Horses and mules will be paid for.

U. S. GRANT, General.

A lieutenant coming in with ten men excused the absence of his 1st sergeant, who, having just received \$600 in Confederate money, wanted to get rid of it, but he would come the next time he was on guard. A captain when asked why he came replied that it was about mustering time, and as all his men had deserted, he thought he had better come over and muster them. General Lee is confidently expected soon. So many captives are held that the rear line of forts is devoted to them. Train-loads are sent to City Point. One writer describes the



L. L. & Co. (A. W.)

COLONEL JAMES W. SNYDER'S HEADQUARTERS, BEFORE PETERSBURG, VA., 1865.

prisoners as "barefooted and ragged; the awfulest looking men one ever saw. They say the whole rebel army is in the same condition, and that all would come if they had the chance." Guards are sent out with the rebels when they go out to cut wood lest they desert to our side. On the night of the 24th eleven men came in with a six-mule wagon, which had been sent out for fuel. It found its way to Meade's headquarters instead of that of the enemy. So frequent have desertions become that the rebels have forbidden further trading.

February 21st, 100 guns for the fall of Charleston. Generals Wright and Seymour reviewed the division on the 22d, and the guns were fired in honor of Washington's birthday.

February 24th, 100 guns for the fall of Fort Anderson, N. C.

In the regiment itself there was not a graduate of West Point, nor had we in active service such a one, but our Division Commanders Ricketts and General Truman Seymour* were from the Point; of the former no soldier ever had aught but words of praise; the latter was a martinet of the most pronounced character. He had not won particular honors in the war, though he had served in the Army of the Potomac, South Carolina, Florida, and was after Ricketts' wounding at Cedar Creek with us.

His proper place was the command of a military school, or that of a post in times of peace. On the last day of February he rode through the lines, and in passing our regiment his eagle eye chanced to rest on a light-colored hat worn by one of our boys; the traditional red rag could not have been more exciting to the bovine beholder than this object was to his military sight. He returned to his headquarters two miles away, and thence despatches an orderly to our colonel with the most stringent orders against further infraction of discipline under severe penalties. He had already ordered the arrest of every man who should shout "hardtack," as men sometimes did when

*Truman Seymour, born Burlington, Vt., September 25th, 1824; West Point, class of 1846; was in Mexican War; taught drawing in Military Academy 1850-'53; was in the Seminole War in Florida, and assisted in defense of Fort Sumter in 1861; as stated he served in several departments during the war; was captured in the Wilderness and came back in time to succeed General Ricketts. He was retired from active service in 1876, living thereafter abroad till his death, which took place, October 31st, 1891, in Florence, Italy.

short of rations. Also he had directed the reduction to the ranks of every non-commissioned officer who should appear on parade without his chevrons, though he very well knew there was no material in camp for the making of them. Obedience was secured by our fishing some old red flannel, somebody's cast-off underwear, out of the mud, and improvising the thin red lines. Corporal S——, as he sewed the distinguishing stripes along the legs of his trousers, declared he had never realized before how long those same legs were nor the number of stitches required. However deft his hands in managing the great guns, evidently his fingers were not adapted to so small a weapon as a needle. Again caps must be worn, though many had good serviceable and warm felt hats. Shoes must be worn, though we have in many cases more expensive and certainly more comfortable boots. There was fun, too, though at times somewhat questionable perhaps, as when one young man had a freak of dressing up in woman's attire. The uproar he created was more creditable to his disguise than to the character of his comrades.

March in its beginning offered very little change from February, though we knew that spring would mean active work for us, just as much as though we had been at home on the farm, where even General Seymour wouldn't care whether we wore boots or shoes, or went barefoot. The general flight of the enemy to our lines continued, and if we had been content to remain long enough, we might have received them all without the firing of a gun. They came singly, in squads, and sometimes it would seem in companies. One entire picket-post ran in, leaving only the lieutenant, and as he had no gun he could not fire on deserting comrades. Soldiers are generous always, and on the 3d Company B gave \$80 for a sword to Sergeant Hoag, who had been promoted 2d lieutenant, and during the month the men subscribed liberally to a monument for General Sedgwick, though the gallant officer had lost his life before we joined the corps. On the same day a private gave a dollar and a half for a diary that at home might have cost fifty cents.

The 7th brought a brigade review by General Meade, with General Keifer accompanying. March 9th General Meade and staff rode along the lines. Evidently the commanding general intended to leave nothing to chance. Again on the 10th came a brigade review; possibly this was for the edification of sev-

eral carriage loads of ladies. For half an hour some soldiers stood in mud and water over their shoes, and they hoped the pleasure imparted was commensurate. The next day at division headquarters, one Kelly of the 67th Pennsylvania was shot for desertion. It was said that he had deserted twice and had jumped seven bounties. A priest administered to him the consolation of religion. A squad of eight men fired, and seven balls pierced his breast within a three-inch space. The brigade band played a dirge. While the affair was hardly diverting, it was instructive. General Meade witnesses brigade dress-parade on the 12th. About this time Captain Freeoff, who had been with Company M so long, came back to command his old associates in I, and his boys made him happy by the gift of new shoulder-straps.

A flag of truce on the 13th. Sutler ordered to City Point the next day, with his goods; evidently the authorities want all non-combatants out of the way. Marching orders are received. In the forts there are great activity and alertness. March 15th Corwin's Battery relieved in Fort Welch. Dress-parade the 16th is broken up by a sand-storm; then followed rain. The 18th General Keifer issues stringent orders as to "lights out," and on the same day, Brigadier General Nelson S. Miles of the 2d Corps, who will command the United States Army in 1899, came out to the picket-line with a citizen visitor, desiring to show him how the work was done. They were intending to move along the entire picket-line, but the citizen, scared nearly out of his wits, declared he had gone far enough.

The crowing of a rooster always brings visions of the barn-yard, but here in camp amidst the scenes of war the boys of the 126th Ohio in our brigade have trained a chanticleer to crow lustily, and to whip any dog the other regiments can bring along. How he does strut and crow after such a victory! A rebel officer on the 19th declared he would shoot any Yankee who offered to trade papers. With him ignorance of war news was bliss. The 24th one of our battalions goes over to the 2d Corps to help man the works, while the latter has a review by President Lincoln. To add to our discontent high winds fan forest fires. The 25th ushers in the advance movement to end only at Appomattox. There is general activity all along the front, charges and countercharges. Fort Steadman was taken from the 9th Corps at 4 A. M., but is speedily regained; one of

the prominent engagements of the war. The 2d Corps also moves up.

At noon two regiments lay off knapsacks and form in front of Battery Lee and charge on the rebel pickets. They were driven back, as they found the enemy in force. With two more regiments, and our 1st Battalion, Companies B, D, G and I, a second and successful charge was made. The Ninth's men were the first to reach the works and 200 rebels were captured, we having a large number wounded. Meantime the Confederates opened their batteries on the lines as they were forming, and from Battery Lee answer was made from the thirty-pound Parrotts, and it was kept up all the afternoon, driving the enemy from every fort they occupied. One Company L gunner dismantled the rebel guns, blew up a caisson, knocked a house to pieces, and kept two batteries still all the time. His work won the unqualified admiration of Generals Wright and Seymour, who were looking on from Fort Fisher. They declared there was nothing better along the lines. One rebel shell entered our parapet and three or four went over, but no one was hurt. One hundred and seventy-four rounds were fired. The 26th, a boy writes home: "It is nothing but fun, fighting with artillery the way we did. I suppose you think the noise is something, but we don't notice it, and we all stand within seven feet of the thirty-pound Parrotts." There is no let-up; continue firing all day. One of the finest houses in the South is burned because the rebels would occupy it with their men and then they complained because we destroyed it.

The official report of General Keifer is as the foregoing, though he says: "This brigade, save the 138th Pennsylvania, occupied the line of works including Forts Fisher, Welsh and Gregg, and about three-quarters of a mile from the enemy's fortifications. The enemy's picket-line was strongly entrenched, and manned by an unusually large number of men." He further states that "the first regiments advancing are the 110th and the 122d Ohio. When the second advance is made, the 67th Pennsylvania, 6th Maryland, 126th Ohio and one battalion of the Ninth are in line and go forward under a heavy fire. This they do at 3 P. M. and without halting to fire. More than 200 prisoners are taken.

"Notwithstanding a heavy fire from the enemy's guns concentrated on the troops, the captured line was held. It subse-

quently proved to be of great benefit to the corps by enabling troops to be formed behind it for an assault upon the enemy's works." In favors bestowed he mentions approvingly the leadership of Colonel Snyder.

Colonel Snyder's report is particularly interesting, setting forth the part borne by the entire regiment.

"Two battalions of the regiment were sent into Fort Fisher to repel any attack in case we should be driven back into our main works. The other battalion (1st) was formed in rear of our picket-line. We advance in good order under a heavy fire of musketry to our picket-line, where we halted for about thirty minutes, when at a given signal we crossed a deep marsh or swamp. The battalion occupying the extreme left of the line, being somewhat farther from the enemy's line than the other portion of the line, did not reach as soon as the other parts, but we were not far behind, capturing the rebel pickets in our front.

"Sergeant Cornelius Flannery, Company I, particularly distinguished himself in the assault by his bravery; Captains Chauncey Fish and Henry J. Rhodes (the latter having been wounded, but would not leave the field) deserve great credit for their gallantry, and for their exertions in urging the men forward to the assault."

On the next day, the 26th, "two Confederate officers came directly towards our regiment waving a white flag. The order to cease firing was passed along the line. All the men, both Federal and Confederate, climbed upon their respective breast-works and stood watching the two parties going to meet each other between the lines. Just when the parties were about to meet, two Confederate videttes fired into our men from a pit directly in front. One bullet struck Corporal Willard Rand of Company G in the right arm, passed through it and through his body and lodged against the skin on the left side near the heart, killing him instantly. Immediately every man was behind the works with rifle in hand, ready to avenge the dastardly murdering of his comrade, but the prompt and vigorous action of the officers prevented the slaughter of every man between the lines.

"Rand's body was carried to the rear in an ambulance and was buried by Chaplain Devoe and John H. Devoe. The full details of his death and a short biography of his life were

written, placed in a glass bottle, and buried at his head. Rand was a noble fellow beloved by every man in the company."

The opposing lines are very near each other. March 27th the long roll was beat at 4.30 A. M., for the enemy made valiant efforts to retake our picket-lines, but failed, this particularly before the 2d Division. Then came a flag of truce and agreement to cease picket-firing. For some reason the heavy guns of Fort Lee are sent to City Point, and Quaker or wooden guns take their places. No guns are left in the battery. The 29th, heavy firing on our left indicates trouble in front of the 5th Corps, and the Johnnies make unsuccessful efforts to take Fort Stedman again, but they make nothing. The 30th sees a continuance of yesterday's firing, though the rain falls in torrents. Musketry and cannon drown even the waterfall, and kept everyone along the line on the *qui vive*. Everyone is packed up and ready to move at the word. The expected charge was not made, prevented in part by the rain, but more especially by information imparted by some sneaking deserter from our side, at least this is the statement by rebel deserters. At 4 P. M. we pitch our tents again.



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CHAPTER XXI.

BREAKING THE LINES AND SAILOR'S CREEK.

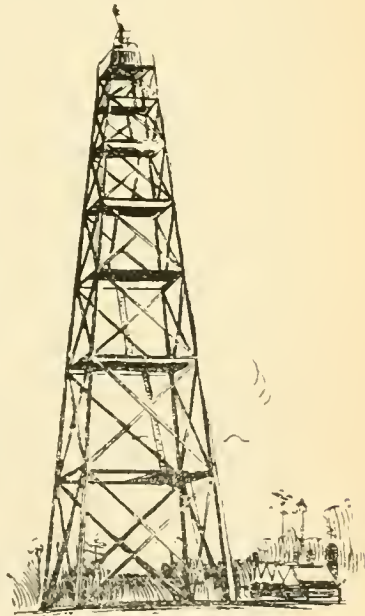
April 1st. Peach-trees inside the rebel lines are in blossom; trees of all sorts about us have been cut off entirely. Peach-trees are more common here than apple-trees in the North. It is no All Fools' day with us, though the foe does not reply to our artillery challenge at 8 P. M.; firing is so common that unless it comes in volleys, we give little heed. Deserters say the forts in front of us are being filled with cannon.

The 2d is the day of the great advance. Just before day the 6th Corps charges the rebel lines and carries everything before it. The enemy's guns are turned upon them and their men are captured by the hundreds. Two miles of works are taken by the 6th Corps unaided. Fort after fort falls into our hands, and the way is cleared to Petersburg, though the foe makes stubborn resistance, and surrenders only as driven to it. One youngster scandalized his officers by donning rebel clothing which was found in passing through the works; but it was fun, though brief, for he was quickly compelled to shed his trophies. General A. P. Hill, one of the best Confederate generals, loses his life on this day.

The part taken by our particular portion of the corps is best told in the report of General Keifer as follows:

Previous to the 2d inst., my command, with the exception of the 138th Pennsylvania, occupied the line of works from Fort Fisher to Fort Gregg, inclusive of the forts named; and also Fort Welch, which was about the centre of my brigade. . .

The brigade was formed for the assault to the front and left of Fort Welch, about 3 A. M., in three lines of battle, with the



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right resting on an almost impassable swamp and ravine, which separated it from the left of the 2d Division, 6th Army Corps. The 1st Brigade, 3d Division, was formed on the left of my brigade. The brigade was formed just in rear of the old intrenched picket-line of the enemy, which had been taken from him on the 25th ult.

Much difficulty was experienced in getting the troops formed, in consequence of the darkness and the deep swamp to be passed through, and also a severe and annoying fire of the enemy. A number of men were killed and a number of officers and men were wounded during the formation of the troops; notwithstanding which the troops preserved good order and remained cool and steady.

The 110th and 126th Ohio and 6th Maryland Regiments were formed in the front line from right to left in the order named. The 9th New York Heavy Artillery constituted the second line and the 122d Ohio, the 138th and 67th Pennsylvania Regiments were formed in the rear line from right to left in the order named.

The signal to assault the enemy's works was given by direction of Major General Wright at precisely 4 (General Wright says 4.40) A. M. by discharging a piece of artillery at Fort Fisher.* Immediately after the signal was given, the troops in the front line moved forward upon the enemy's outer works, which were held by a strong line of pickets, and captured them; and without halting or discharging a piece, although receiving a heavy fire, the whole command moved upon the main works. Not even a temporary check transpired in passing through and over the double line of abatis, ditch and strong breastworks. A hand-to-hand fight ensued within the main works, in which many gallant officers and men were killed and wounded. The rebels in our front were soon killed, wounded, captured or dispersed. Although the enemy had a large amount of artillery in the works in our front, we suffered but little from it. The whole of his artillery in our front fell into our hands immediately upon our entering the works.

This brigade assaulted the enemy just to the left (the enemy's right) of a salient angle in his line of works. After gaining an entrance within the line of works, the enemy was still firing over them to our right and upon the 1st and 2d Divisions of the 6th Army Corps, but in a few moments were driven from their entire line of works in front of our corps. This brigade captured ten pieces of artillery immediately after entering the enemy's works, for which it received receipts; also a large

*As this fort was garrisoned by the Ninth, to our regiment belongs the credit of sounding the knell of the Confederacy. The movement beginning at this 4 A. M. ended only at Appomattox.

number of prisoners, three battle-flags, and Major General Heath's division headquarters flag.

The troops of the brigade were in some confusion after entering the works, but the main body was at once directed along the enemy's fortifications to the left, and upon a strong fort containing four pieces of artillery, which were soon captured. Although a number of troops of the division were hurried to this fort, yet when attacked by the enemy, they were, owing to their unorganized condition, driven back, and the fort was retaken and held by the rebels a very short time.

At this juncture, I directed Major William Wood and Brevet Major S. B. Lamoreaux, 9th New York Heavy Artillery, to place in position a four-gun battery captured from the enemy, which they were prompt in doing, and fired it with good effect. . . .

As soon as the recaptured fort was again retaken by us, the main body of the troops of the brigade, with the other troops of the division, swept along the enemy's fortifications to the left as far as Hatcher's Run, and small parties of the brigade with the brigade sharpshooters crossed it and captured a large number of prisoners. Twelve pieces of artillery were captured during this movement to the left of the troops of the 3d Division. . . .

From Hatcher's Run the troops were hastened back to the place where the attack was first made, whence the division was sent to the front, and formed fronting Petersburg, and upon the left and in support of the 9th Army Corps.

The general calls particular attention to the brilliant services of Colonel J. W. Snyder, Majors William and Anson Wood and Brevet Major S. B. Lamoreaux. "So near were the colors of the 110th Ohio, 9th New York Heavy Artillery, 67th Pennsylvania and 6th Maryland that each claims the honor of being first. . . . Sergeant Judah N. Taylor, Company A, 9th New York Heavy Artillery, is reported by his regimental commander as having captured a battle-flag, which he gave up to two officers whose names are not known to him."

The report of Colonel J. W. Snyder is to the following effect:

We moved out of camp at 12 o'clock midnight to the rear of the picket-line of the 3d Division and halted, the regiment forming the second line. At 4 o'clock the order to advance was given, and we moved forward under a galling fire of artillery. As we moved towards the enemy's works we left-obliqued, and entered the fort in front of the left of the 3d Division line, being the first to enter the work, capturing four guns, which were immediately brought to bear upon the retreating foe with great effect. The guns were manued by men and officers of the regi-

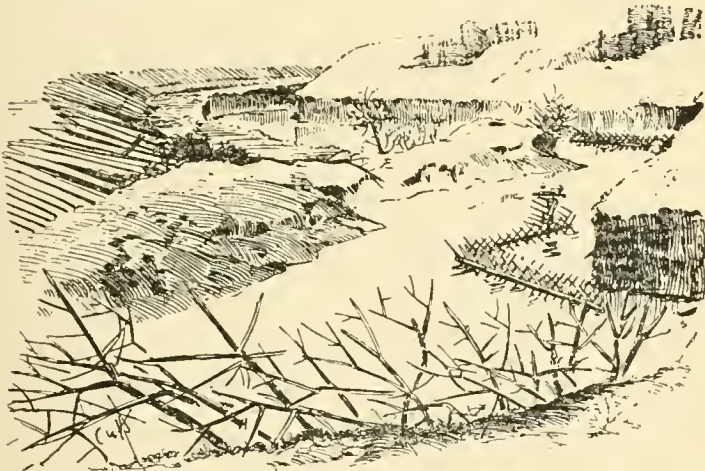
ment, and they handled them with great skill. We wheeled to the left and swept down the right of the rebel line, charging across a deep swamp, then wading to our breasts, and carried another fort, capturing two guns. The rebels rallied and charged upon us and drove us across the swamp again, where we held them for some time. The artillery under charge of Major William Wood of the regiment dismounted one of the pieces at the first fire, which left them but one gun, which was soon silenced, when we charged again across the swamp and captured a great many prisoners. We moved on down the enemy's line for a couple of miles, when we were halted and formed; then moved down the left of the enemy's line towards Petersburg, before which we reached about 3 P. M.

To mention individual instances of bravery in the battle by any single individual would be but doing injustice to others. Both officers and men did their whole duty without a single exception; but I must speak of the field-officers in my command in the highest terms. Major William Wood performed his duty nobly in urging the men forward to the assault, and after carrying the works, in turning the enemy's guns upon them with telling effect; Major A. S. Wood was active in urging the men forward; also Brevet Major S. B. Lamoreaux performed his duty well. The line-officers all behaved themselves nobly; so did the whole command. Lieutenants Guy A. Brown and (L. H.) Bigelow were wounded while charging upon the enemy's works at the head of the command. They should receive honorable mention for their gallantry.

Altogether this was a pretty good Sunday's work, not much like that to which most of the boys had been reared, but a practical destruction of the power of evil, against which all Christian efforts are supposed to be directed. In General Wright's report he states that without the action of March 25th, viz., the capture of the intrenched rebel picket-line, the success of this day had been impossible, for here there was opportunity to assemble in mass and thence to advance. Also he lays stress upon this being the very weakest portion of the enemy's line, a fact detected by long and close inspection. That there is science in war becomes evident when we see the manner in which experts set themselves about carrying into effect their theories. Axmen to cut away the abatis accompanied each advancing line, but so great was the darkness that, he states, the signal for advancing was not given till 4.40 o'clock. It was while the 3d Division was making its left swing and penetrating some parts of it to the Southside railroad that Confederate General A. P. Hill was killed by Corporal John W. Mank of

the 138th Pennsylvania. Recalled, and again aligned, the 3d Division was immediately south of the city of Petersburg, with the left of the division resting on the Appomattox river. General Wright says that so wearied were the members of his corps, having been under arms eighteen hours, it was deemed inadvisable to attack till the following morning, so they betook themselves to merited rest.

One officer, writing home, says of the fight: "Our men seemed to care for nothing; went right in; charged through ditches and over breastworks; never saw such fighting; they were like a lot of wild men."



From "Hardtack and Coffee," by permission.

FORT STEDMAN, SHOWING GABION, ABATIS AND CHEVAUX DE FRISE.

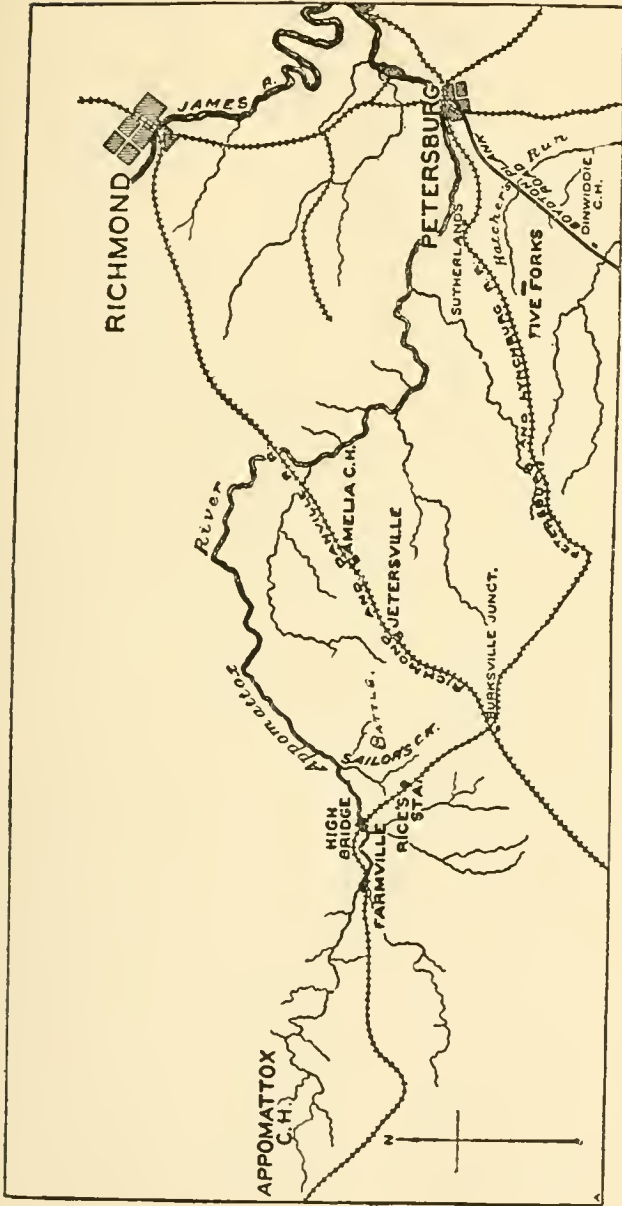
Any man ever in an engagement knows that a deal of urging is necessary at times. Men need driving occasionally to keep them up to the requisite pitch, and the following, written in his journal the very day of the charge, seems a reasonable account of one man's observation, himself one of the most honored survivors of the regiment. Like a sensible man, having loved ones at home, he writes, on the 1st: "Before the light of another day, we shall charge the rebel works; all are talking about it; all dread it." Are we reminded of Bayard Taylor's words in his Crimean Episode,

"We storm the forts to-morrow,"

and as the singer there proved himself a true Briton, so these

dreading Northmen did their duty in the face of danger and death.

"After being up all night in expectation and making preparations, at 4 A. M. we advance upon the enemy's works. We have not gone far upon the charge before we are broken up. We lose our line and all formation. At our own picket-line the men hesitate, and it takes much urging and some coaxing and some beating with the sabre to get them along. Have to go and train many. Crossing the plain, the shells from the enemy's forts screech over our heads, streaks of seething fire. As we get nearer, like a tempest grape and canister plunge, patter and bound around us in all directions. Behind every stump lie one, two or three men very affectionately hugging mother earth as if by close application they were deriving the milk of life. 'Come on, boys, we will carry their works,' has little effect. 'Get up, you cowardly devils;' 'Get out of this;' 'Go on;' with a vigorous application of the flat of the sabre, have power. I started an officer from behind a stump, urged by the flat of my sword; he was very indignant, and asked me if I knew whom I was talking to. Like a lot of sheep, over a stone wall, we go into the enemy's works. I made myself very hoarse by giving commands, cheering and urging on. I practiced some cheating, which had better effect than anything else I could do. When they hesitated and were reluctant to go on, I cried out, 'Come on, boys; they've only one gun in the fort, and nothing but a skirmish line in the works.' The next battery was playing upon us, 'Come on, boys, let's take another.' It is hard work to get the men out of the shanties in the first works, but some go forward and soon the next battery is taken. On we go, and our men enter the next battery and camp, but forgetting all order, organization and discipline and beginning to think of plunder, the enemy in small force turns upon us and drives us back, capturing some. When at the second fort, by the direction of General Keifer, we get into position the six guns we had there taken, and by this time there was need of them to operate against the enemy, who had driven our men out of the third fort and were working the guns against us. We turned their guns against them, used their own ammunition and made it tell well. We fired rapidly, probably half an hour. As a result, one of their guns was found to be capsized and the carriage broken. By the other gun lay its gunner with half



LINE OF THE PURSUIT OF LEE.

of his head blown off, and near by, another with his thigh smashed, also a rebel officer who had bitten the dust. The enemy was driven again. Then having no horses we had to leave our captured guns and again press on as infantry, and on we went. After taking six forts, twelve guns and many prisoners we halted. The prisoners we greeted with 'Good morning, a fine Sunday morning,' etc. We then turned back and directed our course along the line of works lately occupied by the enemy and towards Petersburg. . . . At night we shovel a little dirt for protection, in case the enemy should come down upon us. We lay down to rest, feeling that we have worshiped God with a vengeance." The long drill in the forts, on light guns as well as heavy, on this day bore excellent fruit. The men fell into their places like clockwork, and worked the captured guns as though they had been trained on them.

The morning of the 3d reveals the rebel forts evacuated, and there is nothing to hinder our advance, which we make at day-break. Our folks under General O. B. Wilcox were in the city of Petersburg early, and General Godfrey Weitzel entered Richmond at 8 A. M. Our march in the enemy's wake was a long and weary one. Millions of dollars' worth of impedimenta was thrown away by the retreating foe. They stopped not on the order of their going, nor did they hesitate to throw away anything that could impede. The pursuit was kept up through the 4th with the utmost speed.

Our start the 5th, as usual, is early, before daybreak even, and at sunrise we halt for coffee. A paper is read before us asking us to endure a little hardship, and stating that we must march twenty miles to rations. We halt at 11 A. M. and draw rations, but before we can utilize them the bugle calls "Away," and we are off, leaving abundance of food for crows and buzzards. We march one and a half hours, and then halt fifteen minutes. Again a paper is read stating that Sheridan has captured six guns and that the enemy is only six miles ahead. We cheer, the bugle sounds, and again we advance at a great rate. A cavalryman whom we meet tells us that it is twelve miles to camp. Another day's break-neck march on the 6th, and we sample all points of the compass, ending at 11.50 A. M. very near our late camping-place. Another march of a few hours takes us into the battle-line and the fight at Sailor's creek.

Though we knew it not, there was method in all this march-





MAJ. GEN'L PHILIP H. SHERIDAN.

MAJ. GEN'L U. S. GRANT

MAJ. GEN'L GEO. G. MEADE.

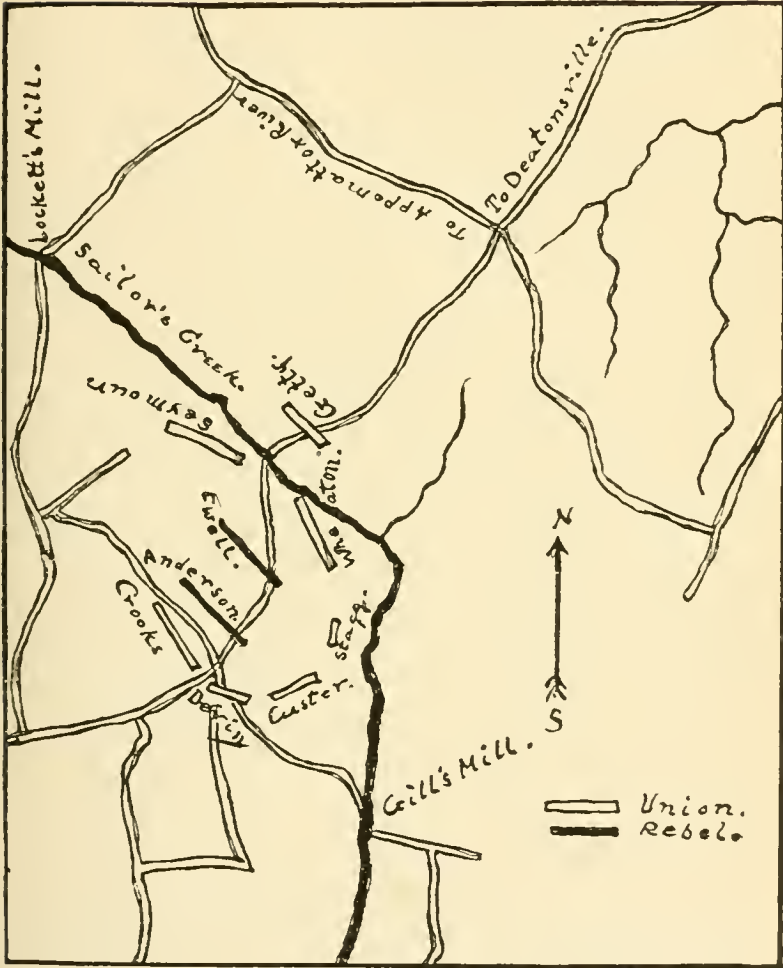
ing and changing. As ever, we were only pawns on a vast chess-board, wholly ignorant of the intentions of the mighty hand that moved us. We could have done no better had each day's intentions been revealed to us. The ancient orders to do our duty and to question not, applied. The men who fell in this day's doings died ignorant of the great consequences following their obedience, and thus it was on every battlefield. Occasionally, as at Winchester, we knew our ground and what the stake, but such cases were rare. Not a dozen men in the regiment, officers included, knew where we were and hardly which way we were headed, except as they now and then glanced at their shadows. We did know full well that we had the enemy on the run, and what were fatigue and danger in the exhilaration of that pursuit?

It is fair to premise that General Lee was straining every nerve to reach Danville, and Grant was equally strenuous in his efforts to prevent. From Petersburg Lee's trend had been southwest, with the hope of eventually making a junction with Johnston, which being done, though the issue would have been the same, the day had been long postponed. Grant was a better tactician than Lee, and his generals could interpret and execute his wishes. Sheridan was one of the gods of war, to whom come, by intuition, the purposes of the enemy, and he moved army corps as easily as a housewife arranges the furniture of her home. These army corps were commanded by kings of men, each one a master in his vocation, and so on, down to the marching entities who carried guns, each man was a thinking, reasoning being having perfect confidence in his leaders up to and including the highest, in the righteousness of his cause, and, what counted most of all, in himself. Every commander believed in his men and every man would stake his life on the ability of his officer, hence the grandest, mightiest aggregation of fighting material the world ever saw.

Then, as to this day, both of the wings of the rebel army, on the previous night by circuitous roads, had marched away from Amelia Court House, around the Union left, and there was danger of their accomplishing the march to Danville. This must be headed off, and Sheridan is the man to do it. His famous 6th Corps with his cavalry is his weapon. In his Memoirs, General Grant says: "When the movement towards Amelia Court House had commenced that morning, I ordered Wright's

corps, which was on the extreme right, to be moved to the left past the whole army, to take the place of Griffin's, and ordered the latter, at the same time, to move by and to place itself on the right. The object of this movement was to get the 6th Corps, Wright's, next to the cavalry, with which they had previously served so harmoniously and so efficiently in the valley of Virginia."

The battle itself is, perhaps, best told in a paper read by our brigade commander, General Keifer, before the Ohio Commandery of the Loyal Legion, and from which in substance the following account is taken. He begins by stating, what few can deny, that not five per cent. of the intelligent people of the United States, North and South, who were of mature years at the close of the Rebellion, and a far less proportion of those of a later day, ever heard of the Battle of Sailor's Creek at all. Most of the well-informed officers and soldiers of that war, of both armies, knew little or nothing of it. This ignorance is readily accounted for on account of the magnitude of the events which were rapidly occurring in those days leading up to the surrender. Very likely, no other two weeks in American history carry so great a burden of imperishable material as those extending from the forcing of the Petersburg lines to the president's assassination; hence this fight of short continuance, involving the loss of many lives on both sides, the capturing of thousands of the enemy, including more general officers than had been taken at one time before, is almost hidden in the stronger glare of Five Forks, the surrender at Appomattox, and the Lincoln tragedy. It was the hottest kind of an engagement while it lasted, and the enemy resisted up to the limit of human endurance, fully exhibiting the proverbial Anglo-Saxon prowess. The stories of other fields less bloody, less important, are told over and over while this is all but forgotten. Sailor's creek, on which the battle was fought, is a small stream in Prince Edward's county, and, flowing northward, empties into the Appomattox. The battle was fought five miles from Rice's Station on the Lynchburg railroad. On the morning of the 6th, our forces at Jetersville were started towards Amelia Court House, but were speedily counter-marched when the movement of Lee was realized. Our next aim was to intercept the retreating army. Every road and cross-lot routes were seized in the effort to head off the foe.



SAILOR'S CREEK BATTLEFIELD.

The 6th Corps followed hard after General Wesley Merritt's cavalry, and as usual overtook them, about 3 P. M., after a march of eighteen miles, at a point two and a half miles from Sailor's creek on the left. Here the cavalry were having a brisk engagement with the enemy. Our 2d Brigade went into the action promptly, with scarcely a halt for preparation. The foe was charged, pressed back and a large haul made of prisoners, wagon-trains and some artillery. However, the main body of the Confederates had gone on to Sailor's creek. General Sheridan ordered an immediate pursuit, and we followed on. The 1st Division of our corps came up and joined in the pursuit. The greater part of the cavalry passed on to the left and south to intercept the retreating enemy. General R. S. Ewell was in command of the Confederates, and by 5 P. M. he had taken up a strong position on the west bank of the creek. His location was elevated and largely covered with forest. The approaches on the east were level and open, the stream itself washing the foot of the elevations. Here he awaited an attack, failing which he would, in the ensuing night, make good his escape to Danville. Without waiting for the portions of the corps which had not arrived, an immediate attack was ordered, and holding aloft their guns and ammunition, the swollen stream was forded, our soldiers literally "wading in." With only a single line, the heights were assaulted, while the cavalry, which had passed entirely around the enemy, furiously fell upon his rear. The Confederates, massed in heavy column and led by Ewell himself, broke our centre. This, however, only exposed him to the artillery across the stream, while the broken Union lines fell upon both flanks, and the cavalry pressed hard upon his rear. The enemy struggled manfully, but to no avail; even the bravery of desperation could not save, and there was nothing to do but to throw down their arms, and surrender. Commodore J. Randolph Tucker in command of the Marine Brigade, a force of about 2000 men, also gave up, though only after a stubborn resistance. The most of the officers of this body, some thirty-five in number, before the war had served in the United States Navy, and before the evacuation of Richmond had made themselves useful in manning gunboats and river batteries. It was a singular decree of fate that sent them, these seventy and more miles from the Confederate Capital, to be made prisoners, of all places in the world for men bear-

ing their name, at Sailor's Creek,* or, as it was sometimes called, Sailor's Run, though be it said to their credit, they didn't run.

Among the officers who fell into our hands were Lieutenant General R. S. Ewell, Major Generals Kershaw, Curtis Lee and Pickett, with Brigadier Generals Barton, Corse and Lewis, while the rank and file number nearly 10,000 men. Yet such a victory has scant mention in the running histories of the day. The loss of so many men forced General Lee to move with what remained of his army northward, and three days later came the final scene at Appomattox. Though there were cavalry skirmishes afterwards, the battle practically closed the great engagement list. General Keifer's concluding words are: "It may truthfully be said that it was not only the last general field battle of the war, but the one wherein more officers and men were captured in the struggle of conflict than in any battle of modern times." In the report which followed this campaign, General Keifer is pleased to bestow merited praises upon several officers of our regiment, ascribing to Lieutenant Colonel Snyder great skill, judgment and bravery in the management of his regiment: "Major William Wood, while leading his battalion in a charge, received a dangerous wound from a canister-shot in the face; Majors Anson Wood, S. B. Lamoreaux and Captains George W. Brinkerhoff, Henry J. Rhodes and Chauncey Fish are among the many who did their duty nobly." He also praises Lieutenant J. W. Jewhurst, an aide-de-camp upon his staff, for his discharge of duty.

Of the part borne by the Ninth in this engagement the report of Colonel Snyder says, dealing apparently with the charge a short distance from the stream which gave its name to the entire battle:

"The regiment was formed in the second line, and advanced

*The peculiarity of this name for a stream so far inland having aroused my curiosity, I addressed a note to Richard McIlwaine, D. D., president of Hampden-Sidney College, located in the same county, Prince Edward's, asking him for an explanation, if possible, and he was kind enough to speedily return the following very lucid reason: "My impression is that the proper spelling of Saylor's creek is with a y. In the last century, there was a family of Saylor's in Prince Edward's county, and my understanding is that the creek took its name from them." (The corruption of this name to that now used is very easy and the explanation reasonable.—A. S. R.)

through a wood in good order. After clearing the wood it made a right wheel and moved forward about 200 yards, when it made a left half wheel. At this time I was ordered to charge a battery that was in our immediate front, in a piece of woods, which was firing shot and shell with great rapidity. We move forward on the double-quick, and soon forced the battery to limber up and retire. They planted the battery again in a piece of woods across an open field and opened on us with a heavy fire, but our advance across the field caused it to limber to the rear. The men were completely exhausted, having marched eighteen miles and receiving no rest before entering the action; if they had been fresh, we should have captured the battery without any doubt. The men behaved with their usual gallantry." He also pays tribute to the bravery of the officers complimented by General Keifer, and mentions the wounding of Major William Wood.

It was in this fight that Jimmy H., the discoverer of the "hul ribbel ahmy" at Newtown in the valley, still further distinguished himself by remarking to Sergeant Judah N. Taylor when the order to fix bayonets and charge came, "Sure, Jude, I cauno' charge whin I have no bayonet;" but Jimmy was swept along with those who were properly equipped, for no one knew just how the remonstrant came to be without a proper outfit. Says an officer of this day: "I went over the field at Sailor's creek. The dead rebels covered the grounds; about ten of them to one of our men."

But this affair, however far-reaching in its effects, is only an interlude in the symphony that Grant is playing for the entertainment of mankind, and on the 7th we pass over the Lynchburg railroad at Rice's Station, entering Farmville at noon very soon after rations had been issued by the enemy. Our bands give the citizens "Yankee Doodle" and the "Star Spangled Banner" as we march through, crossing the Appomattox upon a pontoon bridge.

The debris and clutter of the flying foe cumber the entire way, but the reception accorded by the liberated slaves is something to remember forever. That they were free and that their saviors were passing, drew from all of them fervent thanks and prayers. The farmers apparently had not cared to sow much wheat last fall, and what little they did put in, our beeves were rapidly cropping. Farmville is a fine village, and we hear that

18,000 prisoners have been taken. Still following the flying foe, we march three miles the next morning, and draw three days' rations. The weather is very warm, made all the more so by the burning of a rebel wagon-train. A trace of slavery is seen in the form of a bright hazel-eyed, yellow-skinned boy, who answers our questions very intelligently, yet says he is a slave. Negro women are nearly frantic with joy over our coming. Farmville furnishes an abundance of tobacco, Virginia's peculiar product, and our boys help themselves. They are greedy, and start away with far more than they can carry. The roads are strewn with it.

Gardening was a favorite amusement as the army passed along, for it frequently revealed stores of food and liquors hidden in the ground. At Farmville this kind of industry was particularly fruitful. Sometimes the boys divided with the officers, and sometimes they didn't, depending somewhat on the quantity found, and the popularity of the shoulder-straps.

Our direction of the 8th must have been towards the north-west, for our camp at night is at New Store, and to reach Appomattox Court House the next day we have to turn southward. However, though we reach New Store late, our camp is luxurious to at least some of the Ninth. A member of Company L dilates on the comforts had from a feather-bed taken from the house of a reputed rebel captain. Like the Irishman's bedstead, viz., the floor, our lad laid his bed on the most substantial of holders, the ground, and under the stars fancied himself at home again with his unwonted luxury. He says eight such bits of comfort were taken from the mansion, and in like manner were placed where the occupants wouldn't get hurt if they should fall out. But there is no sweet without its offset of bitter, and the next morning our boys were tauntingly called "feather-bed soldiers" by those not fortunate enough to get there first. Still there was warrant for such appropriation, since these boys in four days and nights had had only twelve hours' sleep. Sofa-bottomed chairs bestrewed the yard, and oil paintings hung upon the walls of the rooms, and singularly enough they were not disturbed, though some books were carried off. Also ablutions were performed in clean, white dishes by these campaign-stained travelers, who took occasion to remark that if the women hadn't run away, they (the soldiers) would not have disturbed a thing. There were buildings

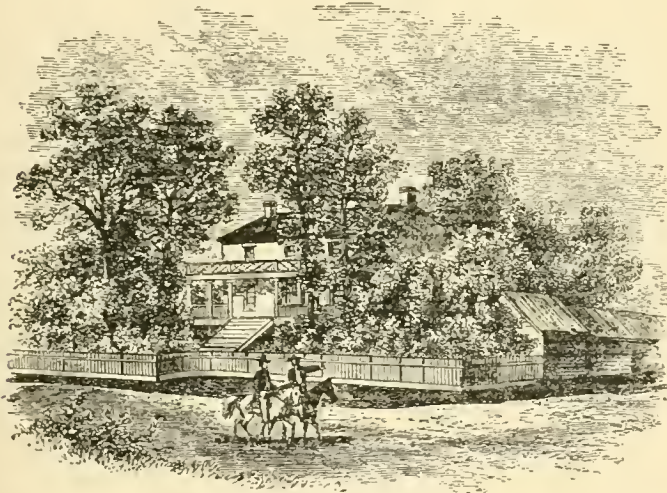
burned, however, among them one that was claimed to be or to have been the residence of the late General A. P. Hill, and to have been more recently used as headquarters. As the Ninth is a very large regiment, it is possible that all did not make this detour. Indeed, so frequently were detachments called for to attend to all sorts of duties, it would be particularly difficult to follow each and every company in its peregrinations.

The sublime and the ridiculous are ever very near each other. We find a verification of this on the 9th in that the sublime was indicated in the surrender of Lee and his forces; the ridiculous in the enforcement of General Seymour's order concerning hats. Light-colored ones are positively tabooed, and those captured are strung upon the bayonets of the guards. A milestone in history is set to-day, for the surrender of Lee marks the collapse of the cause for which he had sacrificed all his private opinions and all his expectations, for General Scott had believed him the man to succeed to the command of the armies of the United States. Cheers from thousands of throats indicated Union joy, and the tumult is increased by the salvos of artillery in honor of the event.

Fate is grim and without reason, else this part of America had not been selected as the climax of the greatest war of the century. Remote, and without distinguishing trait, it had remained unknown another hundred years had not the exigencies of the retreat led these armies hither. The name of McLean* and Appomattox are henceforth to be linked in story, and the brick house and apple-tree are to take their places in the lists of notables for coming centuries. General Grant in his matter-of-fact way dispels much of the halo that had, up to the writing of his Memoirs, attached to the apple-tree. Of course the relic-hunter had carried it off bodily, but the general says that General Lee sat for a few moments by the road-side under its branches, and that no negotiations were had there. The officers met in the house of Mr. McLean, and there their staff-officers visited while the chiefs made the compact which resulted in the surrender of 25,000 worn-out Confederates to the Federal

*Wilmer McLean was living in 1861 on the Bull Run battlefield, his house there being Beauregard's headquarters. Later to escape his vexatious surroundings, he moved to this seemingly quiet locality. It was a strange decree of fate that made his home the very ending of the struggle.

forces. The enemy had fought and retreated till there was nothing left for him to do but to lay down his arms and to receive such terms as General Grant chose to impose. The latter, determined and relentless in war, was mild and merciful in peace. The most stupendous of struggles was ended in the most compassionate manner. The old world had never seen a conqueror dismissing the thousands whom he had beaten, to their homes and vocations bearing with them such articles as might contribute to their future well being. In every way, save in the universal quality of personal bravery, our war was an exception to all those which thus far had devastated the earth. In



WHERE LEE SURRENDERED.

this lull of hostilities, old friends in both armies are renewing former intimacies and none are sorry that, when the leaders separate, it is with the understanding complete. There are few men living who do not regard that moment when the words, "Lee has surrendered," were borne to their ears, in that far-away Virginia county, as the culminating moment of their lives. They lived years in those few hours of bliss, too intense for full expression, though they resorted to every possible form of indication. Nothing, however, in the crowning acts of this day eclipses the merciful kindness of the conqueror in sending rations from his trains which had followed hard after him, but

the men themselves did not wait for the slower coming of food from the supply-trains. They, imbued with the same spirit as that of their leader, emptied their haversacks for the aid and comfort of those whom they had so recently fought and followed. Both sides had learned to respect each other. Says one "chiel," who would always be taking notes, "The rebels are as glad as we that it is over, and it is a glad sight to see them eat." Before we about-face for the return march, we have the unspeakable joy of seeing the flag saluted by the men who had scoffed at it for more than four long years, the very banner which was to hereafter float over a whole nation, one and indivisible.

Though the language of General Wright in this connection may add nothing to the foregoing, it is fitting that it should have a place in these pages. He says: "Starting at 5 A. M. on Sunday, the 9th, the 2d Corps was soon overtaken and followed closely to the vicinity of Appomattox Court House, where the troops were halted and held ready for any movement, awaiting the conference then being held between Generals Grant and Lee. Soon after halting, official intelligence of the surrender of General Lee's forces was announced to the army, and was received with great enthusiasm by the soldiers, who looked upon this as the result of all their privations, and as the virtual ending of the struggle which had convulsed the country for four years, in which they had willingly risked their lives and fortunes."

CHAPTER XXII.

THE DANVILLE RAID.

Some of the regiment as wagon-guard start back on the 10th, on which day, in spite of the recent order, three days' rations are distributed, possibly on account of recent generosity towards our hungry foemen. The 11th sees us beginning the backward march, reaching Farmville on the 12th and Burksville the 13th, where we camp near the junction for ten days. Foraging again is the order of the day, and the valley is recalled. Rain falls at intervals, and boys who lay down dry awake wet, sometimes drenched. So much so in some cases that stockings

had to be taken off and wrung before boots could be put on. Trains come through from Petersburg, and regular rations are drawn. While here the distressing news of President Lincoln's assassination* on the 14th is received, and the joy at Lee's surrender is lost in the gloom of this terrible crime. The 19th, twenty-minute guns are fired at headquarters in token of the burial. Services are also had and General Keifer speaks along with Colonel Snyder and Major A. S. Wood. All flags are craped.

While camping here, we see more than a hundred captured cannon. Seventy of them had been honored with burial, having headboards with all sorts of names and dates to mark their resting-place. As one of Sheridan's scouts assisted in the interment, the deception was readily discovered. There were five

*Our late surgeon, Dr. Samuel A. Sabin, was an eye-witness of the terrible crime, as appears in the following, from a letter to his wife, dated Washington, D. C., April 15, 1865:

"Washington has been, from the first day I came here, until 10.30 o'clock last night, one constant and continued scene of rejoicing, but how soon and how suddenly to be changed to the deepest gloom, the most profound sorrow. Last night I was an eye-witness to the most appalling tragedy ever enacted in the history of the country. Lieut. Hoff, formerly of the 9th, is here, and rooms with me, and I proposed to go, last night, and hear Laura Keene in 'Our American Cousin' at Ford's Theatre. We occupied orchestra chairs near the stage and about the middle of the house. Mr. Lincoln, accompanied by Mrs. Lincoln, Miss Harris and a gentleman whom I did not know (the gentleman was Major H. R. Rathbone, U. S. A., of Albany, who was wounded by Booth; the lady, a daughter of Senator Ira Harris of Albany also.—A. S. R.) entered the upper private box, on the right hand facing the stage, and you will recollect that the upper box is pretty high, facing the stage. The audience greeted him with prolonged cheers, and in the midst of the act, when he entered, the band played a national air. Just as the curtain was rising, in the third act, the sharp report of a pistol was heard in the direction of the president's box, and immediately afterwards a man jumped from the box upon the stage with a drawn dagger in his left hand. The president's box was draped with flags upon the outside, and as he jumped from the box he was partially caught by a flag and fell upon the stage, but not entirely down. As he reached the stage he cried, '*Sic semper tyrannis,*' and immediately ran along the footlights and left the theatre by a back entrance, where he had a horse waiting, which he mounted and rode rapidly off before the audience had recovered from paralysis occasioned by the unwonted spectacle. My first thought was that a boy in the gallery had fired off one of these large firecrackers

which we have been hearing for the last week, and that one of the president's party had been seized with a fit, or had suddenly become insane, and I ran back towards the door to stop him, supposing, as he went behind the scenes, he had instead jumped to the floor and was coming around towards the door. As I got to the door, someone said, 'The president is shot,' and, thinking there would be no surgeon at hand I might be of service, I ran immediately to the president's box. When I got there I found everything, of course, in the utmost confusion, some calling for one thing, some for another. As soon as I saw the wound I saw there was no hope, and another surgeon had stated the same previously. Some brandy was brought and given, but he could not swallow. The bullet entered the head behind the left ear and penetrated the brain, lodging in the same. It seems the man entered the box on some pretence or other, and immediately fired his pistol with fatal effect and jumped upon the stage. The president, of course, was entirely unconscious, and remained so until he died at 7.30 o'clock this morning. He was carried as soon as possible to a private residence across the street, where he remained till he died. Mrs. Lincoln was nearly crazy, and as she followed the body from the theatre she cried in frantic words, 'Oh, my poor husband; oh, my poor husband!' I did not accompany the body across the street, as I might have done, dreading to be called as a witness when there should be an investigation. I shall never forget the expression of the assassin's face when he leaped upon the stage; his face as white as parchment, his black, fierce-looking eyes, his black moustache, the drawn dagger in his hand and the [to some] cabalistic words, '*Sic semper tyrannis*,'—all made an impression upon my mind which can never be erased. Report says, and I do not doubt the truth, that J. Wilkes Booth is the assassin. He has been arrested and he is now being tried. When I returned to my hotel the bar-keeper came in and said that Secretary Seward and his two sons, Fred and Clarence, had all been cut to pieces by another assassin. I could not credit it and went to the secretary's house to ascertain the truth. I found it to be as the papers state it. I have just learned that Secretary Seward is out of danger, but Fred is not expected to live, his skull being badly fractured. * * * I assure you it looked very sad to see the president lying in his box, shot through the head, when but a moment before he had been in full health and life, laughing at the numerous jokes with which the piece abounded. I could not, for a long time after I had seen him, realize that it was the president who was thus, without a moment's warning, all unconscious of the least danger, murdered by a foul assassin. * * * I have just come in from the street, and where yesterday everything was covered with flags and everybody was rejoicing, all is covered with crape and everybody is mourning. When on my way from the theatre, last night, the streets were thronged with negroes, who were crying and wringing their hands in the greatest distress. The fence in front of the White House, to-day, is lined with negroes and they are expressing their great sorrow at the loss of their best friend."

Armstrong guns, two mounted on English carriages, and one Whitworth. Seven rebel officers are reported shot for tearing up railroad track between Richmond and Petersburg. A good, long and much needed rest is had in this halt, and the boys get back to their normal selves.

But Johnston has not surrendered, so Sheridan's old guard of the valley along with his cavalry set forth to make the trip to Danville and thus unite with Sherman. The men are used to marching, and they are nothing loath to undertake the 125 miles to the North Carolina border. The railroad itself is pronounced the very worst we have seen, just old strap iron laid on longitudinal sleepers. The only wonder is that it was able to render the service that it did. Wrecked cars are frequent objects. It was over this road that Jefferson Davis and his Cabinet took their hurried ride from Richmond April 3d on their way to Danville, the last capital of the Confederacy, towards which we are wending our weary way. A considerable portion of our regiment is guarding wagon-trains, so we are not marching as a whole. To Northern eyes the country is not inviting, and we can not help noting the small acreage of grain. The 24th takes us to the Staunton river at Roanoke Station. The name arouses memories of John Randolph, who always affixed "of Roanoke" to his name, and very likely we may have passed quite near the old home of this descendant of Pocahontas.

Once more we are in a land where foraging is possible, but of course, quite out of order, since Lee had surrendered. Notwithstanding, fresh pork was not an infrequent diet on this southern ramble. A small flat-bottomed boat takes us across the river at daylight of the 25th, for the bridge had been burned. The negroes are moving in great numbers towards Richmond, which now takes the place of heaven in their fancies; the face of the country improves as we advance further south. Planters wear pleasant faces, but we can not tell what is in their hearts. Strawberries and blackberries are in blossom. At nightfall we camp in Halifax Court House; others near Boston Station, where they entertain at supper and bivouac Jarvis Norman from Lee's army, exchanging reminiscences. The camp is on the farm of Dr. Coleman, consisting of thousands of acres. Colored women, wearing garments just the hue of the red soil they cultivate, are seen at work in the fields. Hereabouts the

land is better, and better tilled than in the vicinity of Richmond. There are wheat-fields over a hundred acres in extent. One party saw a negro laborer whose overseer had stuck a knife into his shoulder because he could not cultivate corn more rapidly. Said overseer had left before we came along.

Since crossing the Staunton river, the negroes travel with us towards Danville. The 27th brings the different lines together at the covered bridge which spans the Dan river, unaccountably spared when the rebels departed, and it is like the neck of a jug, for through it all must pass in reaching the city opposite. Not much of a city to Northern eyes, but such it is. Some of the Ninth were at the bridge at 3 P. M., but they had to wait till all were up, and then passing through, after receiving the formal surrender of the city from Mayor J. M. Walker and the city government, we camped on a hillside two or three miles south of Danville, and very near the North Carolina line. 'Tis said that the Johnny purpose to destroy the bridge was ready enough, but the citizens prevented. Possibly the disposition to surrender was heightened by the fact that a party of soldiers had already forded the Dan river at the right and had taken 5000 prisoners, with millions of property, while the mayor was doing his part at the bridge. Colonel T. W. Hyde, commander of 3d Brigade, 2d Division, claims the honor of first entering the city. With genuine Yankee curiosity (he was a Maine man) he looked up the office of the Danville *Register*, and finding forms and type and a part of a page set up, he sent Moses Owens to complete and print, issuing the first number that evening. *The Sixth Corps* as long as we remained was a regular article at twenty-five cents a copy. It was not much, only a broadside 11x16 inches, but it was funny. Witness some of its facetiae:

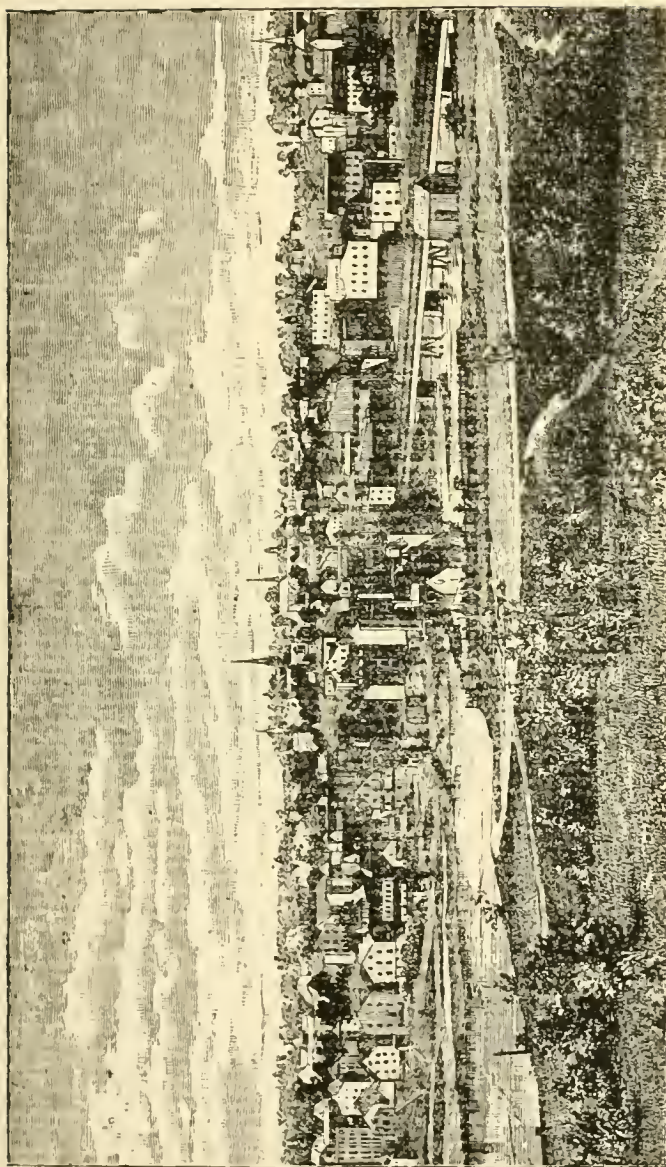
"We have the Wright man in the Wright place."

"Treason can not Hyde itself."

"I met with no opposition except the river, which, by the way, was running rapidly."

"The citizens were delighted to see us, and many were seen to cross themselves before our glorious banner." Signed Owensisko.

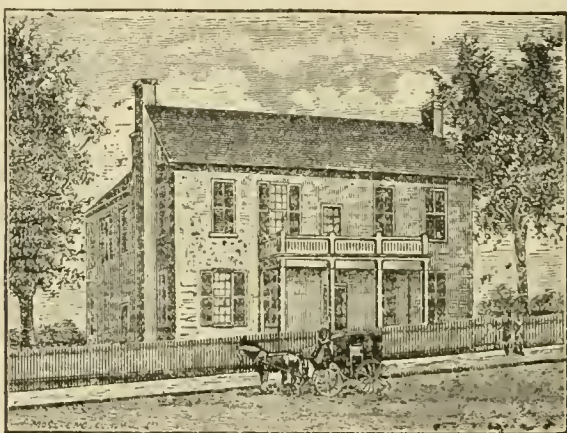
Colonel C. S. Porter of the 1st Maine was appointed provost marshal. Just one-half of the page was given to advertisements already set up, including "Two runaway slaves." The



CITY OF DANVILLE, VIRGINIA.

paper was run on a very funny basis. If Editor Owens didn't feel like getting out a new paper, he reproduced that of the day before. The owner of the paper was joined with Owens in this venture, and he got more money out of it than he had ever made before. They faked their Northern despatches, and news agencies were not of the least account. A bit of original poetry on Sedgwick is given in Miscellaneous chapter. The last number issued bore date May 16th, and contained the notice of Jeff. Davis' capture.

Those who liked fun—and who didn't?—tell wondrous stories of the diversions the place afforded. Certain ones do not refrain from repeating the following, though the joke appears to be on themselves: They found no end of pleasure in



LAST CAPITOL OF THE CONFEDERACY.

attending the dances which the colored people, in honor of their newly-found liberty, were giving every night. Somehow or other the dusky damsels preferred them as partners to the men of their own complexion. After a while this began to rankle in the masculine African breasts, and they determined to rid themselves of their soldier rivals. Accordingly, after due consideration, they sent a deputation to wait upon the white dancers, and to tell them "dat de presence of de white gemmen was offensive to de ladies, for dey couldn't stan' der odor." This turning on the boys their own oft-repeated slur on the negroes' alleged scent, was effectual, and they tripped the

light fantastic elsewhere. The last office of the Confederacy was shown, for in the Benedict House on Wilson street, Jefferson Davis and his Cabinet established themselves April 4th, and there was issued the last address still breathing confidence in the success of the now lost cause. Here Cabinet-meetings were held, and to this place on the 10th, John S. Wise had brought the crushing news of Lee's surrender, and this place Davis must have left for North Carolina at once, for the 11th of April he writes to Joseph E. Johnston from Greensboro. Subsequent years have given to the plain brick structure a gloss that it did not then possess. It is not strange that some citizens take pride in stating that Danville was the last captured of the Confederacy, for after leaving it the president was intent only on making his escape.

It is also noteworthy that, for a few days, Danville was the capital of Virginia, for on the 10th of April, just as Davis was leaving, "Extra Billy" Smith, governor, accompanied by an aide, Colonel P. Bell Smith and a servant, arrived by the way of Lynchburg on horseback. Repairing at once to the quarters of President Davis, he found him in great excitement getting ready to depart, which he did at 10.30 P. M. From Danville Governor Smith issued a proclamation to the people of Virginia, and he remained here till the reception of the news of Lincoln's assassination. The place also received many of the Richmond stores, which were distributed to the rebel soldiers as they came in. Notwithstanding all these honors, the people, at the time, were not particularly proud over them, for they gave them "heaps" of trouble.

Foraging parties were sent out on the 29th, chief products being young onions and corn-meal. The soldiers accompanying the wagons were shocked at seeing slave women and girls at work in the fields with not enough clothing to cover their nakedness. The last day of April all were mustered for pay.

May day was observed by another foraging trip with usual results, plus butter, canteens of milk and a large quantity of apple-jack, which has the customary effects on its imbibers. For a few days camp is maintained on the hillside, during which time former prisoners in the city have a chance to revisit the places of their incarceration and to more thoroughly explore Danville. Also, they go to the cemetery, where the poor soldiers dying here were carried. Their names, painted upon small

boards by John S. Hall of Company A, served to identify the graves of more than 1300 men, and a source of comfort to many a parent's heart.* By the 3d it became evident that some movement is afoot, and the regiment is gotten into shape for departure. A part marches down to the station, and while waiting for transportation gets what comfort it can from the dancing of the negroes, who crowd about in great numbers. Starting away at 11 P. M. slow progress is made northward on the shackley road, taking till 2 P. M. of the 5th to reach Burksville, where guard duty is begun. Other companies follow on following days till finally the Ninth finds itself doing duty along the entire road from Danville to Burksville, a company or more in a place, headquarters being at Clover Station.

Our duties were not especially heavy. We were supposed to guard the railroad track to prevent enemies tearing it up; to keep the station or engine tanks full of water, and to see that the neighboring farm-houses were not pillaged by the soldiers. For the latter purpose one or two men would be stationed at a house, and while there lived on the best the same afforded. Witness this *resume* from one such guard: "Ham and eggs, hot hoe-cake and biscuit, milk, butter, and the unspeakable luxury of a bed." Those who find themselves near the Dan river have bathing facilities not enjoyed for many a day. The proximity of the Yankees prompted many of the colored people to come in, expecting to be fed from the public crib, but by and by when their numbers became excessive, they were made to clean up the camp, and finally to work the pump by which the tank was filled. This, savoring so much of work, constrained them to move back to their old quarters, much to their good and our relief.

In one camp errant pigs were a nuisance, poking their noses into tents and uprooting everything that contained a possible morsel of food. We were on a bluff twenty or thirty feet above the railroad, and we essayed to run these marauders off the bank. No sooner would one of these razor-backed, sharp-snouted individuals make his appearance in the camp than the words, "pig, pig," would be shouted from tent to tent, immediately answered by the occupants, who, pouring out, would

*The preserving of these names was wholly owing to the suggestion and care of the Rev. George W. Dame, referred to in a later chapter.

try to form a line close enough to force the animal off the bluff. In this, however, we succeeded only once, for in spite of our efforts he was able to force his thin body through our ranks. Just once we managed to launch a victim, less agile than his fellows, off the verge, and we had the pleasure of seeing him describe a somersault or two in its descent, accompanied by all the traditional music made by the pig under the fence.

It was while doing duty along this railroad that we picked up Loveless, a negro from Mechenburg county, of great length of heel and a limberness of tongue that was marvelous. Loveless may not have been his plantation name, but that is what we called him. He had great power in argument among his own people, and it was as good as a circus to have him engage some sporadic darkey who had dared to measure tongues with him. Much that he said had no meaning, nothing but words, but how they did wilt his antagonists! Some soldier usually stood at his elbow and gave him a word if by any means he failed. "Give him unconstitutionality, Loveless," says Sergeant E——, "Yas, dat's it; wat's you got to say to dat now, you nigger, unconstitudinatleley, dat's what I wants ter know!" He paralyzed his adversary, though the word was no more to him than "individual" was to Dr. Johnson's fish-woman of Billingsgate.

In this service, too, many of us saw for the first time instances of snuff-dipping. The practice seemed well-nigh general among the women, black and white. A line of femininity seated on a depot platform with a pine stick projecting at a common angle from each one's mouth was not calculated to inspire much admiration of the fair sex in a Northern man's mind.

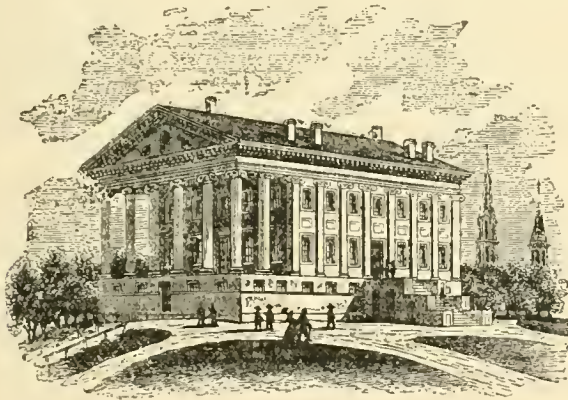
The time of our stay along this road was marked by the ripening of early fruit, and the presence of the first vegetables. Few men complained of our life along this line of railroad. The 22d brought our duties to an end, and taking cars we rode up through Burksville, etc., to Manchester, reaching the same on the 23d, being prevented from entering Richmond by the burning of the bridge on the rebel evacuation April 2d. Our halt was in Manchester, and here we remained till the 24th. The brief interval was improved in visiting the rebel Capital, and in looking up the places that had become famous in the preceding four years. Some of the companies had come up early enough to pretty thoroughly "do" the city; "I" for instance.

The trip was so slow that we had an excellent chance to study the land impoverishment wrought by tobacco-raising. We wondered that the country held out as long as it did.

CHAPTER XXIII.

RICHMOND, WASHINGTON, AND HOME.

We had an early start on the 24th, and marched down to a pontoon bridge spanning the James, near where, in the preceding February, some of us had taken the steamer down the stream, for Libby prison with all its horrid memories is at our left, and further up the river is Belle Isle, the most infamous



CAPITOL OF VIRGINIA.

bit of land in all the national geography. The rank and file had no premonition of the pageant in which we were to bear a part; but the day was to be a red-lettered one in our annals. We entered the rebel Capital by 17th street, thence filing into Broad, which we traveled in company front, and at shoulder-arms. There is a steep incline as the street nears the rear of the State House, which, by the way, has a "front-in-rear," and that soldier who, forgetting Lot's wife, looked backward, saw the sight of his life, for from curb to curb, the street had become a stream of burnished steel, glistening in the rays of the morning sun. Those weapons had belched fire and death from

Cold Harbor to Petersburg, through a hundred miles of the Shenandoah valley, back to Petersburg, and thence through Sailor's creek to Appomattox. The men who carried them had the proud consciousness that they had done their part in driving Davis and his government from this very city, and that the stately edifices which they were passing, for more than four years by Stars and Bars surmounted, were now crowned by the Stars and Stripes, long to float over a reunited people.

Some of us even fancied that we detected an approving smile upon the bronze features of Crawford's Washington,* which had darkened in the gloom of secession, and that the faces of his Virginia associates lightened at sight of national blue and of the Fathers' flag. Generals H. W. Halleck and E. O. C. Ord reviewed us in passing, but we had few eyes for shoulder-straps. Our thoughts rather were on the late Confederate Capital and the men who had led their fellows to ruin. We remarked the shut-up appearances of its houses, and we wondered whether the playing of our bands did not bring to their closed shutters many a fair face to take "just a sly glance at us," though the people may not have rejoiced that the

"Flag had come back to Tennessee."

The Ninth never marched better nor with firmer step than on that memorable review. From Broad street, we crossed by way of 9th into Clay, and finally emerged from the city by Brook avenue, and took up our usual form of marching through a section every foot of which had been exposed since 1861 to battle fire. Though we are under no stress, we have to step off with almost active hostility alacrity, and more than twenty miles are back of us when we go into camp near Hanover Court House, where we had our first shaking up, only a few days less than a year before.

The 25th is a trying day even for old soldiers, for the heat is intense, and the dust is everywhere. Prostrations are common, and in this year of grace 1899, the government is paying, in the way of pensions, for many cases of permanent disability this day

*Near the State House, itself a tribute to Jefferson, is an equestrian statue of Washington by Thomas Crawford erected in the early fifties, sometimes called his masterpiece. At the apices of a six-pointed star stand statues of Patrick Henry, John Marshall, Thomas Jefferson, George Mason, Thomas Nelson and Andrew Lewis.

incurred. The brief halts where "dust-brown ranks stood fast," or lounged by the roadside, were moments of restful bliss never equaled elsewhere in life. If he remembered the hymns of his boyhood, many a man thought:

"My willing soul would stay,
In such a frame as this,
And sit and sing herself away,
To everlasting bliss."

It was their very brevity that made them so enjoyable, and the bugler was far from popular when his marching call rang out, as it always did many minutes too soon, followed by the



From "Hardtack and Coffee," by permission.

A ROADSIDE HALT.

inevitable order of the officers, "Fall in, fall in, men!" Was there ever such a halt when some voice did not interpret the bugle-notes thus?

"I know you are tired, but yet you must go,
So pack up your knapsack and march along s-l-o-w."

When the day is done we camp at Chesterfield, another reminder of that southward march of May, 1864. We appear to be taking the route of that year in reverse. There are no suspicions of a storm when we pull our tents and ponchos over us for the rest to be found so sweetly in the pine spore-covered hollows of an ancient corn-field, now overgrown with vigorous trees, but before morn the active pattering of rain-drops and the slow but sure gathering of water in those same comfortable depressions warn us that a rainy day is before us.

"Rocked in the cradle of the deep," has its compensations, and in this case induced early rising and the preparation of breakfast over a sputtering fire. "Will we march to-day?" was on many a lip, and we had the answer when, at 8 A. M., we saw General Wright and staff, poncho-protected, and with the 6th Corps flag ride by. We also were soon paddling along in the mud, which by constant agitation became deeper and thicker, and nearly impassable to those who brought up the rear. Oh, how wet! We forded Polecat creek, the water of the same soaking the contents of our blouse breast-pockets, at any rate those of men of average stature. We are not getting over much ground, though we seemed to be going through a deal. For wagons and artillery the way finally became utterly blocked, and a camp was necessary. Says one youthful diary-keeper, "The worst day ever passed, anywhere, at home, or in the army," yet the writer received his military baptism at Cedar Creek. It is ever the latest evil that is the worst. It has no perspective. Such straggling! Is there a soldier living who can truthfully say, "I never fell out of line under any provocation"? It was much easier marching in the field than in the highway. Many took advantage of this fact, and for a time, keeping the column in sight, became voluntary flankers. Then came the temptation of a farm-house, negro quarters, barn or tobacco-shed, and ever since Eden man has been yielding.

It is late in the afternoon; the army thoroughly bedraggled is moving slowly, and much further progress is clearly impossible. A party of men has built fires along the back side of an old tumbled-down, log tobacco-shed. Only the gables and roof remain, but the latter is entire, and the Indian weed within has been drying since the war began. Coffee is drunken on the lee side of that structure, hardtack nibbled and the usual amount of profanity indulged in, but the rain does not abate. Our regiment is a long way ahead. Though they wear the Greek cross, the men passing now are personally strangers; why not crawl under that inviting roof and, getting dried out, sleep comfortably till morn! Perhaps the rain will have cleared by that time. It does not take long to decide, and several blue-clad forms disappear through the aperture made by pulling off several lower boards. "No smoking allowed," is the order for a variety of reasons, though material abounded: first, personal safety; second, the provost guard will soon be along, and

the odor would excite a search for the same; and third, and most important of all, there are no smokers in the party. However, they are all grateful that the Old Dominion, through raising tobacco, had afforded them such comfortable beds, for they speedily worked themselves down into the very heart of the husky mass, inviting dryness, comfort and sleep.

Never were mice more whist than were these boys when they heard the provost guard forcing along the stragglers who in turn had halted at the inviting fires for coffee and food. They hardly breathed when they heard the same guard making a cursory examination of the nearest end of the tobacco pile, but when the last footstep had splashingly disappeared in the army's rear, there was nothing left to hinder repose. The patter of the rain upon the roof, scarcely an arm's length away, reminded the soldiers of similar nights in far-away Northern homes in attic chambers, when

“Every tinkle on the shingles has an echo in the heart,
And a thousand dreamy fancies into busy being start;
And a thousand recollections weave their bright hues into woof,
As we listen to the patter of the soft rain on the roof.”

The rain is still falling, with no sign of cessation when with slowly recurring thoughts of the corps and a wonder as to how much further the boys had gone on, grateful sleep pins the eyelids down.

Morning reveals the rain active as ever, with not a sound of departed comrade. Being now thoroughly dried and unwilling to waste the desiccated results of the preceding night, the speedily convened council of war decides that punishment if inflicted at all would be no worse if the halt were prolonged till the storm were over, a hastily prepared breakfast is followed by a resumption of the tobacco siesta. Before noon the clouds broke away, the sun shone out, and, when the roads seemed passable, the 6th Corps was sought. Luckily the rain had prevented much further progress on the preceding day, and less than a two miles' walk revealed the flags and tents of an army in camp, and how wet the soldiers were; where possible they were taking sun-baths by way of compensation for the involuntary ducking of yesterday, while the dry and merry stragglers were the envy of those who had sozzled through the day and night, for the ground had been too wet to lie down upon.

The 27th and 28th are spent in camp, a necessary fact for securing dryness and preparation for the further march towards Washington. It was while anchored here that Loveless, our Mechenburg sable acquisition, had his confidence in his whilom protectors rudely shaken and at the same an introduction to some of the qualities of gunpowder. He and a diminutive Ethiopian who had fastened himself upon us as we passed through Richmond were taking a comfortable snooze, face downward, luxuriating in the sunlight. Removing the bullets from a number of cartridges the powder was distributed between the legs of the dusky sleepers. The results of applying a match to the same produced shouts of laughter from the mischievous boys, but the poor Africans fairly turned white with terror. Thereafter they had an eye out for possible fireworks.

The march of the 29th is another famous one with us, for we start away very early in the morning, and at 9 P. M. we are encamped near Marye's Heights of Fredericksburg, said to be upon the very ground over which charged Burnside's men in that fatal fray of December, 1862. On our way thither we had forded the Mat, Ta, Po and Ny creeks, which united made the Mattapony river, making in this little more than half a day a distance reckoned all the way from twenty-one to twenty-three miles. It was while taking this speedy march that General Seymour, always so insistent on order and military decorum, encountered a certain member of Company H. No one in the regiment had lost more weapons, nor was there any one who cared less for tradition. As he was taking his gunless, go-as-you-please gait, he fell under the general's eye. At once the latter exclaimed, "Who are you, my man, and where do you belong?" The immediate reply, "Private Harris, Company H, 6th Corps, by G—d." must have paralyzed the West Pointer, for he made no further effort to secure information. Few men in the 2d Brigade have forgotten the donkey which bore some part of the headquarters cooking outfit, nor his exceedingly musical voice, which was louder and stronger than a fog-horn. Have they forgotten how they used to locate the brigade when they straggled into camp at the close of a hot day? "Just wait till we hear General ——'s jackass, and that'll tell us right where the boys are."

It is sunrise of the 30th when we start away, passing through Fredericksburg, with its many traces of savage war. Surely

the ball and shot riddled houses are the best ventilated structures we have ever seen. We cross the Rappahannock on a pontoon bridge with far less anxiety than did our brothers in 1862. The entire way to Aquia creek is marked by the hand of devastation. Sentinel-like chimneys indicate where happy homes have been. There is very little indication of cultivation of the soil, and the section is rapidly lapsing into its primitive condition. The soldier, however, is not a reflecting being, particularly when on a rapid march, and we were already talking of reaching Washington, just then the 6th Corps' Mecca. The last day of May has a forenoon's march to the vicinity of Center-ville and an afternoon's rest, the heat being so intense that even our leaders advise a halt.

June 1st saw the Ninth at the right of the line and stepping off briskly, before the sun was up. Much of our distance was accomplished before the others had started. We went into camp near Fairfax Court House soon after noon, while the 2d Division, which held the left, did not arrive till nightfall. The last day's march, that of the 2d, carried us to the left, but our hearts were light, for our journey's end was almost in sight. There were tall men among us, and they were used to such queries as, "George, do you see any signs of rain up there?" or, "I say, Jim, hand me down a chaw of terbaccer." This day the popular bit of chaff was, "Oh, John, stretch up your neck, and tell me when you catch a glimpse of the Capitol." All this with the interlocutor's face looking skyward.

Civilization begins to appear again, for man recuperates rapidly, and war's worst phases were seen here in 1861. One small house completely covered with a climbing rosebush made a lasting picture in soldierly hearts as the route led quickly by. Such blossoms of red and white, and the beautiful flower generously bestowed by feminine hands, lightened many a weary step on that day's march. Camp is pitched between Bailey's cross-roads and Munson's hill, a location somewhat famous in the earlier days of the war (General Keifer says Ball's cross-roads).

Streets are laid out regularly and regular routine is followed; varied by the distribution of soft bread, of which we had seen very little since April 2d. Our rations, though ample, are smaller than when on the march, for we do not need our old supply. The 6th of June brings brigade dress-parade, the first

in more than two months, in which time there has been very little of the show nature. Another parade follows on the 7th with flag presentation to General Keifer. Evidently our head officers like it. The great review of the Union armies had taken place, May 22d and 23d, from which the 6th Corps was debarred on account of its presence in southern Virginia. Our gallant Sheridan had asked that he might remain to participate in this pageant, but Grant had sent him to the southward to look after Kirby Smith.

Now on June 8th, that all those who had fought to save the Capital might, in triumph, march through its streets, the 6th Corps and the Cavalry Division then in Washington had their day. We marched across the Long Bridge, and thence to the head of Pennsylvania avenue, and so through the city to Georgetown, where we crossed by the Aqueduct Bridge to the Virginia side, and so proceeded back to camp. The 3d Division was on the left and the 2d Brigade held the left of the division, column closed in mass, two paces between platoons. On Pennsylvania avenue we took wheeling distance; a little better. Six miles and no halt! The heat was severe, so much so that even horse-back riders were overcome, but we saw the president, and he saw us, though he was in the shade and we were not. General Grant also looked on. Be it remembered that thoughtful citizens along the way kindly gave us water and food of all kinds, else the suffering had been greater still. "A cattle-show of men," writes one participant. Added to our discomfort there arose a great thunder-storm, which deluged us with rain, driving in the dust of the march, and sending us to camp in anything but the proud array in which we had set forth in the morning. Reviewing and being reviewed are altogether different affairs.

Then followed a little more than a week of camp life, more or less monotonous. We visited old friends in neighboring camps and corps, read such papers and books as came into our hands, and ate our rations with measurable regularity. For fun we worked hard in blanket-tossing miscellaneous strollers of all colors who ventured into our midst, including the small African upon whom the gunpowder plot had been worked on our way up from Richmond. The youngster had developed amazingly, and his impudence had gotten far beyond his discretion, when one day he completely overstepped all bounds of decorum

by throwing a stone through a company street. This could not go unpunished, so the blanket was brought out and Sambo was hustled upon it. He had been there before, but this time he was elevated till the tossers themselves feared he would not come down, having thrown him seemingly out of the range of gravitation. When he was released he shook the dust of our camp from his feet saying, "You tossed me too high entirely."

Good singers helped the early night along with songs, whose refrain would be taken up from tent to tent. Very likely some may recall Ed. C., who had a penchant for Irish ditties, and how he generally led off with Finnegan's Wake, whose chorus once having sung no one could forget. It ran like this:

"Whack, hurrah, dance to your partner,
Walt the floor, your trotters shake,
Listen, 'tis the truth I tell ye,
Lots of fun at Finnegan's wake."

The last word, shouted from tent to tent, would be heard gradually diminishing in canopied distance, till it was lost in the strains of the following stanza. A careful inventory of all government property is made on the 9th.

Our connection with the 6th Corps is severed June 15th, and General Keifer issues the following order in commemoration of the breaking up of relations so long maintained:

FAREWELL ORDER.

Headquarters 2d Brigade, 3d Division, 6th Corps, Army of
Potomac,
Camp near Washington, D. C.
June 15th, A. D., 1865.

General Orders No. 28.

Officers and Soldiers: This command will soon be broken up in its organization. It is sincerely hoped that each man may soon be permitted to return to his home, family and friends, to enjoy their blessings and that of a peaceful, free and happy people.

The great length of time I have had the honor to command you has led to no ordinary attachment. The many hardships, trials and dangers we have shared together, and the distinguished services you have performed in camp, on the march, and upon the field of battle, have long since endeared you to me. I shall ever be proud to have been your commander, and will cherish a lasting recollection of both officers and men. Your efficient services and gallant conduct in behalf of *human rights* and *human freedom* will not be overlooked and forgotten by a grateful country.

I can not repress the deepest feelings of sadness upon parting with you.

I mourn with you, and share in your sorrow, for the many brave comrades who have fallen in battle and have been stricken down with disease. Let us revere their memories and emulate their noble character and goodness. A proud and great nation will not neglect their afflicted families. The many disabled officers and soldiers will also be cared for by grateful people and an affluent country.

You have a proud name as soldiers; and I trust that, at your homes, you will so conduct yourselves that you will be honored and respected as good citizens.

I shall part with you entertaining the sincerest feelings of affection and kindness for all, hoping that it may be my good fortune to meet and greet you in future as honored citizens and friends.

J. WARREN KEIFER.

Though couched in excellent language and a valuable tribute to our services, few thought as much of the separation then as they did later. Then home seemed nearing, and one boy wrote, "I can't state that I had many regrets at this separation. Didn't feel half so bad as I did when I left home."

The same day we break camp and march to the Long Bridge. Here we halted while Colonel Snyder wrote forward for orders. Later we cross the bridge, and reaching Pennsylvania avenue, follow that to 7th street, by which we leave the city and continue our dusty march almost to Fort Stevens, but some countermarching order is received and we deflect to the left, passing through Tennallytown, finally ending our march at Fort Sumner, and others near, having covered nearly or quite twenty miles to reach a point that we might have gained in half that number if we had gone north from Ball's cross-roads and so crossed Chain Bridge. The trouble was no one knew what we had started for when we set out.

The change from our former camp to the fort is a delight to every one, for it is elevated and spacious, the nearest fortifications to the Potomac, and the intervening Delaware and Chesapeake canal affords the best possible bathing facilities. Our first duty is to clean house, and this we do with a will. Then follows nominal drill, but more time is spent in going out and back, and in lying on grassy slopes, than in the school of the soldier, for which many think they have no further use. Gradually we get back to old mess-house days, and consequent less-

ening of personal work. There were pleasures in guard-duty done along the aqueduct. No one seemed to know what we were out there for, but we stacked arms, ate our rations, and enjoyed life. Some of us found the culverts away down under the road exceedingly cool, so laying saplings above the water and spreading boughs on them they spent the most of their time reading there, taking turns in watching the guns. 'Tis true that they caught the colds of their lifetime in this cooler, but it was fun. Then those swimming parties in the canal! There was no seaside formality in bathing costume, but hundreds of men and boys in *statu naturae* disported themselves as few have had a chance to do since.

During this wait in the forts, the order was promulgated permitting men to retain their guns for a nominal sum. Private Harris, Company H, the man who so readily answered General Seymour on our rapid march to Washington, had paid for many guns, costing him \$13 each time, but now he could get one for \$6, but he had plans of his own. When the business was all settled and he had a clear title to the article, he advertised a free show in front of his barracks. When the moment came, there was the private and his gun, and there, too, was a big rock which was to have a part in the play. When the throng had fully gathered, Harris looked the crowd over and then gave his shooting-iron a farewell inspection; saying, "It's mine, boys," he raised it aloft, held by the barrel, and brought the breech down upon the rock with a terrible whack, shouting, "Six dollars 's better 'n thirteen, by G—d." The first blow sent the wooden part spinning; the next drove off lock and hammer. He pounded away till he had made kindling wood of the breech and a hoop of the barrel, every time exclaiming, "Six dollars 's better 'n thirteen." Thus did Private Harris spite the War Department. His comrades applauded, he perspired, and the government went on just the same.

On the 17th the 1st Battalion is sent to Fort Gaines and other points: thus B remains in Gaines; I goes to Battery Vermont; D to Battery Cameron, and G to Batteries Parrott and Kemble. On the same day the dress-coats so long stored in Washington are received. June 23d one sergeant, two corporals and twelve men are sent from "I" to Reno as provost guard. Colonel Marshall of the 14th New York Heavy Artillery commanding brigade inspects and finds fault with police and discipline. The

24th General J. Warren Keifer visits the regiments in the several forts. There are trips to Washington and Georgetown, Cabin John Bridge and to Tennallytown. June 30th comes muster for pay, but the most interesting event of the tarry here is the march July 5th to Fort Totten, where the original members of the regiment with the one-year recruits of 1864 are mustered out and all others are consolidated and transferred to the 3d Battalion, Companies I, K, L and M of the 2d New York Heavy Artillery. Never was there a better illustration of the reverse of the famous adage of Mahomet and the mountain, for in this instance more than a thousand men, many of them just out of hospitals, marched twenty miles, because the officer designated to do the mustering-out duty was said to be ill and unable to make the trip to the river's side. There must have been other officers in Washington! Suppose this man had died, then where would we have had to march? 'Tis sad to contemplate. So the mountain went to Mahomet; men marched over in line; they came back as they pleased, and it was morning of the next day before all had returned to their camps.

The 8th of July witnessed the farewells to the forts, the march to Washington through Georgetown and the taking of the train for Baltimore, supper at Soldiers' Rest or on rations, and then the train for the North, not exactly palatial, for men slept on the floor or on the tops of the cars. Elmira is gained at 9 P. M. on the 9th. Rest for the night is sought in the barracks, on whose floor sleep is wooed till morn. Then the train, the 10th, to Watkins, and by boat to Geneva! Here citizens rally equal to the occasion, and prepare a dinner for us, to which we can not do justice because of being marched down to the train: but we dispose of a part of it, and then ride to Syracuse. Food is had at the hotels, and then we go a mile and a half to the camp. Many improve the opportunity to go home, but they are back to be paid off the 20th, and then come the final leave-taking and an effectual homeward face-turning that is to be affected by war no longer. Several boys in Company L, in token of their affection, present Captain S. A. Howe with a plain gold ring, to be held by him as long as he lives, a priceless souvenir of times when wearer and giver shared dangers together.

There was yet work for some one to do, and certain officers labor through the entire night to perfect the pay-rolls. They

must be prepared in the best of order, for they are to be turned over to the government of the United States for retention. They are now, at the end of the century, so carefully retained that no man who helped make the record, there given, can gain a sight of the same for love nor money. Such is red tape!

The 20th of July is the day which sees the last assembling and hears the final "Break ranks!" Only a few days less than three years from the time when many of these men enrolled themselves, they are clasping hands, and saying "Good-by," perhaps forever. They have drunken from the same canteen, slept beneath the same poncho, shared toil and danger till the ties that unite them are stronger than those of kindred. The words of their commander are particularly touching, and all love him the more for them:

COLONEL SNYDER'S FAREWELL ORDER.

To the Soldiers of the 9th New York Artillery:

The lieutenant colonel commanding desires to express his gratitude and thanks for your soldierly conduct, for your promptness in the discharge of arduous duties since he has had the honor to command you, in camp, on the march, and more especially on the battlefield, where you have won by your true courage the admiration of your superiors as well as the welcome plaudits of your fellow countrymen.

Well done, good and faithful servants. Enjoy the blessings of peace, the fruits of your labors. Your reward is written in the history of the nation. From the North Anna to Cold Harbor, and in the grand flank movement to Petersburg; thence to Maryland on the plains of Monocacy, down the length and breadth of the Shenandoah valley, at Opequon, Cedar Creek, and then again to Petersburg; and finally at the last great struggle of the expiring Rebellion at Sailor's Creek,—you have shown your untiring zeal, fortitude and bravery, and you enjoy to-day that peace which is only commensurate with the long, noble service and sacrifices you have made for your country. You have demonstrated that the citizen soldier is equal to the task, whether to cope with a foreign adversary or crush a civil rebellion. And now as you return to your homes to resume the different avocations you left, may heaven's blessings attend you.

Soldiers, farewell!

By order of

LIEUT. COL. SNYDER.

Vincent A. Kenyon, lieutenant and adjutant.

No history can accompany every man to his home and record the happy greetings there. Some hearths are shadowed, for

many a gallant son who went forth as bravely as those now returning has fallen in his country's defense, and there must ever be a vacant chair; but these men who doff their blue and assume once more the habiliments of peace are again absorbed into the great public, all the better for their trials and tests of strength and valor.

War for them is ended, but its lessons they will pass on to their children and their children's children as the grandest heritage it is theirs to give. When many years shall have rendered more remote the trying days of 1861-'65, descendants of these men, recalling ancestral courage, will fight over again their fathers' battles and, as the crowning praise of those departed, exclaim, "They did their duty!"

CHAPTER XXIV.

THOSE WHO WERE LEFT BEHIND.

All did not go home when the regiment set its face towards the Empire State. The dates of muster-in for Companies M and L were later than those of the other ten companies, and there were recruits who had joined all along during the more than two preceding years. As the war was over, many of these boys could never understand just why they were retained, but held they were till well into the next October, and in this time many of them put up as stiff a game of playing soldiering as any equal number of men ever did.

Those remaining were consolidated into a battalion of four companies, I, K, L and M, and all under the command of Major S. B. Lamoreaux, and as such became a part of the 2d New York Heavy Artillery. This was the decree of authority, and kicking did no good. It would have been some relief to the vexation of this retention if any one could ever find out the slightest use that they were to the country, but our opinions were not sought, and we had to just grin and bear it, though it might as well be said at once that a great many did not bear it. They took French leave, so many that the rolls are a disgrace to any government that made such a condition possible. Men who had carried guns from the first day at Cold Harbor till

that glorious hour at Appomattox, who had traveled across the state to Danville and had followed Truman Seymour on his steeple-chase to Washington, and all without any more than the regulation grumbling, said they'd be blowed, or something like that, if they would stay any longer, so they, in the language of the day, "lit out." Mentioning this fact to an officer who attained high rank during the war and whom every veteran in our regiment thoroughly respects, and asking him his advice as to the treatment of these cases, he said: "The history is that of the Ninth, not of the Second. The record of the men should close with the regiment in which they enlisted," and this course has been pursued. At Albany, where the rolls are so often consulted with reference to pensions, one is told that desertion after the close of the war, when men were thus retained, is not considered a heinous offense, and that the record is invariably reversed when the proper application is made. It was a very different matter from leaving when the fight was on and the nation was in need of every man who could be obtained. Many a veteran is now enjoying all that goes with a long and patriotic career, though the record on the last muster-out roll was "deserted." The wonder is that more men did not thus depart. One good member of the battalion that was held thus, says that he had been arrested for some trivial offense, and smarting under the disgrace, as he esteemed it, had made up his mind to take his departure with out leave or license, when he chanced to fall in with a man much older than himself who was knowing to the circumstances and, apparently, read the boy's thoughts. He said to the aggrieved lad, "I know how you feel, and I sympathize with you, but you must not do anything rash, anything that you will regret in coming years, or that will bring shame to those at home. Your record is a good one; don't let any shade fall upon it. All this trouble will be over ere many days, and I advise you to stick it out." Unfortunately all the discontented ones were not so well advised and went away almost in squads.

A little before our late comrades were getting their pay in Syracuse, their reliefs were ordered over to the Virginia side of the Potomac. Accordingly we proceeded to Georgetown, that same quaint old burg so often visited by us, and crossed by the Aqueduct Bridge, again treading the soil of "Ole Virginny." Thence we turned to our right and going northward, we became

the guardians of the precious earthworks in this part of the defenses. At least Forts Ethan Allen, C. F. Smith and Strong came under our care, perhaps others. Had it not been so vexatious to men who had plans in life, whom this holding seriously hindered, the soldiering that we did here would be simply ridiculous. Very few Americans can become soldiers by trade, *i. e.*, private soldiers, content with the dull routine of camp-duty. It may do for officers, but even they tire of it and often retire to civil life.

However, the privates couldn't retire; duties such as they were had to be done. Those who went to Fort Strong retain anything but pleasant memories of that first night in the barracks, which looked well enough on the outside, and within did not differ essentially from the many others which they had sampled in their experience. Confidently they spread their blankets in the bunks, and in due time put out their lights and undertook to sleep, but the slumber that we got that night was not worth mentioning. All the swearing of the campaigns of 1864 and '65 did not begin to equal that of this one interval. Oaths came singly and in volleys. There were oaths English and in all the dialects represented in the company. There were oaths imprecatory and oaths supplicatory. Every word that had ever been used "in vain," this night had a forcible reproduction. One listener who did not swear (he is uncertain whether he had any associates in that category) says that he was awakened by the chorus of loud talk and certain disagreeable sensations about his body, particularly his neck, which he constantly rubbed, owing to the irritation there, and each stroke of his hand brought the disagreeable odor of bedbugs. Evidently every man in the barracks was doing the same, and it was no figure of speech to say that bug-juice was in the air. Morning revealed strange sights. Each man in the company had a blood-red streak around his neck, and it was composed of his own blood, too. An inspection of our quarters was held at once, and though the slaughter of the night had been terrible, there were yet millions left. The rough ends of each bunk-board was red with bugs, and there was not a crack nor crevice of the old rookery that did not hold its thousands. We were men of blood, we had passed through bloody scenes, but we had never thought to shed our life current in any such vile manner as this.



DRUM CARRIED BY JOHN H. DEVOE, CO G, 1862-1865.



COMPANY M, CAPT. W. I. PARRISH, FORT ETHAN ALLEN.



Morning had scarcely more than dawned before we proceeded to give that long structure the cleaning of its existence, an experience one might think it had never had before. Everything inside and out was drenched in scalding water, and when the next taps came we were ready for sleep, and the edifice continued sweet and clean till the 29th of the month, when there came a storm of wind and rain that completely wiped out the barracks and rendered us shelterless. It was one of those sudden cyclones for which all warm sections and seasons are noted, only this was somewhat in excess of any one that we had ever encountered. Possibly it was about the middle of the afternoon. A storm of rain accompanied by some wind gradually increased in violence till the edifice began to creak, and nervous men made their exit in spite of the wet. Others, more confident, kept their places till the roof began to lift and the rain to beat through the rapidly enlarging cracks; then they made leaps for their lives, getting out none too soon, for the entire roof was lifted, carried some distance and thrown down turned almost completely around. We had taken no covering, in most cases, and as if cognizant of this the weather proceeded to develop the worst hail-storm that we had as yet beheld. The stones were as large as robin's eggs, and one had to hold his hands over his head for protection. An ice-cream wagon had come up from Washington, and was waiting at our east door when the storm came. In very short order it was so mixed up that it might be doubted if the proprietor knew which was driver and which was horse; at any rate, the on-lookers would not have risked a guess. The sight of men holding on to trees to keep themselves from being blown away, we had seen in books descriptive of West India hurricanes, but nothing of the sort had ever come under our observations before.

If the storm had only blown away some of the useless forts that we were supposed to be guarding instead of the shelters above our heads, we might have regarded the same as not an unmixed evil. As it was, while men were seriously injured in some of the forts, for ours was not the only line of barracks to suffer, we escape with only minor bruises. In the city many roofs were lifted, and the "oldest inhabitant" said he had never seen its equal. The immediate effect upon the dwellers in Fort Strong was a picking up of their wet effects and a departure to Fort C. S. Smith, where we put up our tents on the founda-

tions where had formerly stood barracks, since this place suffered just the same as we did.

If there had been a thousand years of life before us and we had no definite plans in living, the stay in these forts might have been enjoyed. As it was there was a dull succession of inspection, parades of all sorts and the make-believe guard-duty that was hardly creditable to any one concerned. The constant query with us was, "What are we here for?" "To eat hardtack," says one intelligent soldier. "Don't you see the government has so many boxes of hardbread, and if we don't stay to eat it, some of it will be thrown away." Those conversant with the subject assert that the worms found in the boxes this summer, were the largest and fattest they had ever seen. Many men assert that boxes of tack came to the forts in the summer of 1865 bearing the date of 1861. Someone of statistical tendencies once, before opening the box, took it in hand and gave it several severe thumps upon the ground, thus settling any easily moved contents to one corner. Then removing the cover he carefully measured the living, squirming mass so concentrated, and found a full pint and a half. This may have been above or below the average.

The mess-rooms had not suffered with the general destruction, and from that of Fort Smith the Capitol was plainly visible. Sitting there at dinner one day, a man remarks: "I can see the Goddess of Liberty." "Oh, bother," says an unsentimental comrade, "can you see any soft bread there?"

Here occurred a serious infraction of discipline that earlier in our service would have brought condign punishment upon us. At dinner a company took exceptions to the food, and swept everything from the tables to the floor. The whole company was at once placed under arrest, the next company being put over as guards. At supper, the third company, having a like grievance, just lifted the tables into the air, and turning them over deposited the whole outfit, bottom side up, on the floor. There was no other company to guard this one, so the officers declared "all bets off," and let us begin over again. 'Tis said that table service was thereafter improved.

Were there amusements? To tell the truth there wasn't much else. The facilities for bathing in the Potomac were excellent. Passes could be obtained easily for the exploration of the neighboring country, and trips to Arlington were common.

Did we tire of mess-house fare, there were numerous restaurants easily accessible where a small sum secured a good dinner, and when night came the cleared-away platforms of some of the destroyed barracks afforded fine opportunities for dancing. Such dancing! There was little of the polish of the schools in it, but it was vigorous. A handkerchief tied to an arm indicated a member of the fair sex, who was led out blushing to the floor in a Virginia reel, or to go through the figures in a plain quadrille. Home talent furnished music, which, if not exactly classical, was understood, and on pleasant evenings "lights out" always came too soon. It was a hilarious company that looked on and that participated, but what possible good were we doing for our country or for ourselves?

Some men wearying of the monotony secured details through General O. O. Howard in Washington and went into the employ of the Freedmen's Bureau, thereby getting an absolutely unique experience in finding out the ways of the former bondmen. They visited Vienna, Leesburg and other places in the discharge of their duties, but in the main were in Alexandria, at the headquarters there.

While the non-commissioned officers and privates were thus fretting over their detention, there were men high in rank in the regiment who were quite content. Of course the general sentiment of the men was well known, for no one made the least secret of his feelings. A Company M man who was doing hostler duties at regimental headquarters almost gave his fellows a convulsion on reciting to them the substance of a conversation indulged in by the wife of our Colonel Whistler while he was driving her and a friend to Washington. The good lady could not understand why the men were so anxious to go home, saying, "The canals will soon be closed, and there will be nothing for them to do. Besides, we are situated so nicely here. The children are in the city schools, and they are driven back and forth each day. I do hope the men will stop their complaining and let things go on as they are."

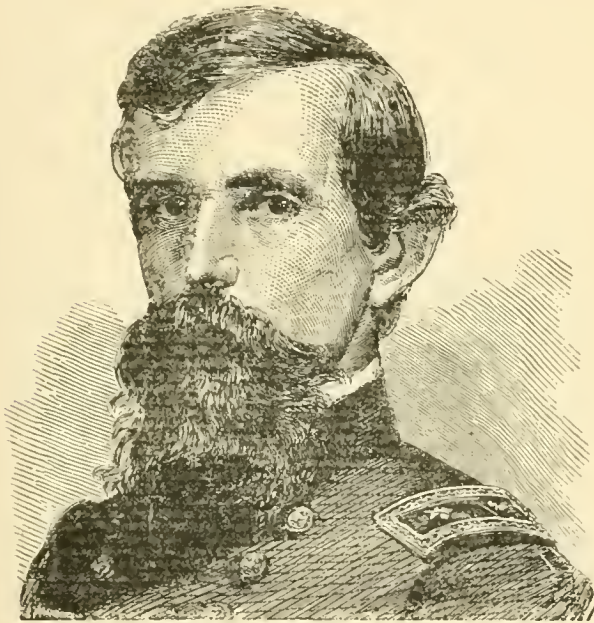
There were men in the ranks who had plans for the future quite as reasonable as those of the colonel's wife—plans, too, that they would have been quite content to carry out at their own expense and not at that of the government. There were future lawyers, doctors, clergymen and business men whom this nonsense was throwing out of a clear year of their respective lives.

It must be said that to the soldier who liked to draw his rations when and where he chose, the neighborhood of these forts furnished unrivaled facilities. Fruit was abundant, and vegetables were never better. If the private didn't have all that the glad earth produced, it was because he was too lazy to go and get it or too honest to steal it, though the latter objection was seldom evident at this stage of soldiering in these southern latitudes. What a relief the departure of the last regiment must have been to the farmers of this much ravaged locality! To be able to reap where they had sown and to gather their own fruit must have been a delight indescribable. Says one irate farmer in the presence of the very man who had helped himself to Agricola's potatoes the night before, "Them d—d niggers are stealing me poor." "Perhaps it's the soldiers," says a listener. "Soldiers—not much; no white man could take stuff that way. Why, they just dig the potatoes right out with their fingers. They left the print of them. No, sir, it's niggers every time." One of his most interested listeners was a man who had proved his devotion to the Southern cause by selling all his real estate and investing the proceeds in Confederate bonds. What a house of sand!

If we had been disposed to learn, we might have gained a deal in our instruction while here, for Colonel Whistler was a West Pointer, but what did we care for guns, swabs, caissons, calibre *et id omne genus*? The war was over. That was the cry forever in the air and on our lips, and we had no use for the knowledge, however prized it might have been had it come months before, when we were intent on making ourselves ready for the trials that might be ours.

During the last of August many of us, particularly those who had been in rebel prisons, were much interested in the trial of Captain Wirz for his cruel treatment of prisoners in Andersonville, and we made as many visits as possible to Washington while the case was in progress. We found presiding over the investigation our old commander at Monocacy, General Lew Wallace, and his judicial training had here a good opportunity for display. At the same time it appeared to be a chance to develop the inhumanity of Confederate treatment of Union prisoners, and only incidentally a trial of Wirz, who had simply carried out the orders of his superiors. His fate was sealed from the beginning, but even men who had suffered at his hands

could not help passing sentiments of pity when they beheld the culprit, so far gone with consumption that he had to repose upon a couch, being unable to sit during the sessions of the court. While his death by hanging the following November was fully merited, it has seemed somewhat strange, in the subsequent years, to see those who directed him restored to all their *ante-bellum* privileges. Again, some of us could never understand how a liberty-loving Swiss, for he was from Helve-



LEW WALLACE, IN WAR TIMES.

tia, could ever have been induced to do such dirty work. It must have been the result of bad company.

A word as to the regiment in which we found ourselves. The 2d Regiment of New York Heavy Artillery had been in service much longer than the Ninth, or better, the original organization was formed in 1861 as a regiment of light artillery. It passed through various changes and vicissitudes, and finally settled down in 1862, like our own regiment, to breastwork making in the defenses. Of course the two years' enlistment expired

in 1863, but new and re-enlistments had kept up the organization. Here it remained till, like ourselves, it was routed out by Grant and sent to the front, reaching that dangerous locality May 18th, about one week before our own advent. Good service was rendered thence onward as a part of the 2d Corps, and like the Ninth, it came back to the defenses in June, 1865. Colonel J. N. G. Whistler and Lieutenant Colonel George Hogg were entitled to our highest respect, and received the same, but we didn't like the order that united us. Those who were entitled to discharges had received them, and their residue had been formed into eight companies, thus making two battalions. The men were principally from Oneida, Herkimer and New York counties, and the record they made was an excellent one, but the first veteran of our regiment is yet to be found who ever announces himself as other than a member of the 9th New York Heavy. His discharge paper may read one way, but he always talks another.

The longest night has an end, and there came a day when the bonds inclosing us were loosed and we were directed homeward. It came about through Special Order No. 220, Department of Washington, dated September 8th, 1865. Our discharge papers bore date September 29th, but we did not leave Washington till after the 1st of October, going by way of Philadelphia, there enjoying Cooper Shop hospitality once more, and thence to New York city, where by boat we were transported to Hart's island in the upper part of East river, having the very quarters formerly occupied by rebel prisoners, thus giving some of us a chance to compare their accommodations with those we had not enjoyed, but endured when in Confederate keeping. The general verdict was that the rebs had fared well.

As soon as muster-out and pay-rolls could be prepared, the men were paid in full and allowed to depart. The record was completed, and October 10th those who had been left behind in that July separation were as free as their fellows who had been enjoying three full months of liberty. It did not take long for steam to transport the boys to western New York and to what all of them prized most highly—their homes.

CHAPTER XXV.

MISCELLANEOUS.

INCIDENTS.

First One Killed.—The first person in the regiment to be killed by gunshot was a woman, Mrs. Chauncey Hale. She came to the company during the winter of 1862 and 1863, and was detailed as laundress for the company. The captain of Company F built a house for the Hales at the foot of the company street, and here Hale, his wife and two children lived happily until the sad accident occurred which ended the life of his wife. One morning after Hale had been on guard-duty and had come to his quarters for his breakfast, and while he was yet at the table, the call for guard-mount was sounded; he hurriedly arose from the table and hastily putting on his equipments, his wife assisting him, and as she buckled his belt she gave him a push, saying playfully, "Hurry now, or you will get pricked and put on extra duty for being late." He held his gun in his hands, his thumb on the hammer, and in the same playful manner answered, "Take care or I will shoot you." The gun was a Belgian rifle and went off half cocked, his thumb slipped and the gun was discharged, the large bullet passing through her head, scattering her brains over her motherless children. Hale was nearly distracted with grief. The company had the remains embalmed and sent home. The children were placed in the Orphan Asylum at Auburn, N. Y. Hale was never himself after this sad occurrence, but seemed broken-hearted and despondent. He remained in the service, however, till the end of the war. *Vide* page 52.

The Shell Burst.—Soon after this sad affair, another accident, if it could be called an accident, happened in the same company. A man by the name of Moody found a 30-pound shell, and brought it into camp. This was just after the company had moved to Fort Bayard. He took out the fuse, and emptied part of the powder out and then went to Conrad Bostler, a little German that was detailed to assist the company cooks, and told him that if he would drop a coal of fire in the shell he would see some sport, as it would make a great squib. The shell was near the head of the company street and near the

captain's quarters. So Conney, as the little Dutchman was called, dropped the coal of fire in, and there was a great explosion. Two boys, Chauncey Runyan and Alpheus Long, were badly wounded, Runyan losing his foot; Long's limb was saved. Several more of the men narrowly escaped with their lives. Moody made his escape during the excitement of caring for the wounded, and was never captured. *Vide* page 53.

He Got Left.—The boys of the old 138th will remember that Company — had a fine-looking lieutenant; his mustache was coal black, and he took with the ladies, and although he was a married man, he delighted in a little flirtation with the girls when the opportunity presented itself. On the trip to New York after leaving Auburn on the way to Washington, the train stopped at Schenectady. The girls as usual flocked to the station to see the soldiers, and the dashing lieutenant lost no time in getting up a flirtation. So absorbed was he with the fair ones, he did not hear the warning whistle, or the "all aboard" of the conductor, and the consequence was the train pulled out without him, and he did not catch us till we got to New York city. The boys took in the situation, said nothing, but waited for the proper time to come. Now the lieutenant was an expert drill-master, one of the very best in the regiment, and he delighted in drilling; he was ambitious to put Company F at the head, as one of the best drilled companies. He would march backward before the company with the hilt of his sword in his right and the point in his left hand, and as his left foot would come to the ground he would call out "Left, left, left," when one of the mischievous boys who had become weary, answered back "At Schenectady." The drill for the time being was suspended, and never more did the lieutenant call out "Left, left," but after that day he was very careful to keep the cadence of the step by calling out "Hep, hep, hep."

How He Got Out.—When the regiment was in the old camp at Auburn, and was full, ready to march, the discipline was very strict; passes were granted only in exceptional cases; the guards were doubled to prevent any of the men from getting outside of the lines, but there was one man by the name of ———. He was called by the boys, even at that early day in the life of the regiment, "Whiskey Bill." This slippery fellow would elude the vigilance of the guard, and would go and come at his pleasure. But on the last days of the regiments remain-

ing in camp, a close watch was kept on Bill, but on the last afternoon of the last day, word came to the captain that Bill had gone. The police guard were hustled out at double-quick, Colonel Seward's private carriage had just come on the grounds, and the captain sprang into the carriage by the side of the lieutenant colonel. The driver put on the lash, and away they went towards the city, to intercept if possible the escaping soldier. The guards had got the start of the officers, and by the time they had arrived at the intersection of the river with the street the guards had captured their man, and were bringing him back to camp. Colonel Seward and the captain turned their carriage and drove alongside of the guard and their prisoner. Now the corporal in charge of the squad was unarmed, as arms were not over-plenty nor over-effective, and as the unarmed corporal walked by the side of his unarmed prisoner, some one in the great crowd of people that was thronging the street remarked, "Well, you have got a prisoner, sure; what did he do? what caused his arrest?" etc., and Bill, the prisoner, grasping the situation, quick as a flash, answered back, "Oh, the mean cuss was trying to desert, but I nabbed him," and the poor corporal hung his head; was so dumbfounded he could not make an explanation. Bill's head was up in the air and the poor corporal easily passed as the prisoner. The guard marched their prisoner to the guard-house, which stood on the side-hill, the front level with the ground, while the back was five or six feet above the ground, and for this reason no guard was stationed at the back where there was a window. Bill saw the open window, turned to the officer of the guard, made a low bow, saluted him in military style, ran to the back window, sprang through to the ground and was soon lost in the great crowd. The mystery of his getting through the guards was found out. He would go to the cook-house, which was situated on the bank of the river, inside the lines of course, and the water to supply the cook-house was all carried from the river by men especially detailed for this purpose. Bill saw his opportunity, and taking advantage of the same, he would go to the cook-house, take two of the pails and start for the river; the guards thinking he was one of the detail would let him pass without challenge, and when he got over the river bank, he would throw away his pails, go to the city, get drunk and have a general blow-out.

Poor Bill, though he was wild, never thought of deserting, but was one of the bravest of the brave, and on many a hard-fought field he would sing, "Rally round the flag," and other lively songs, to cheer on the boys. He served to the end of the war.

He Didn't Put It In.—Some of the men who enlisted to defend the flag in its hour of peril were not possessed of a college diploma, not even the educational ability to write a letter to the dear ones at home. This disability was hard to bear, especially when there was a young girl at home connected with the circumstances. What can not be cured must be endured, so they did the best they could under the circumstances. These young men would find some one who could spread ink well, and they would lay in with him to write letters to Mary Ann and Susan Jane at home.

Charles Greenfield was an experienced school teacher before enlistment, and he was selected to do much of this corresponding where so many tender lines were needed. Charley was conducting a love correspondence for an Auburn boy and was doing his level best for his patron. As he was gifted with the faculty of writing poetry as well as prose, he got this correspondence up on high G, and he put in so many high-sounding words, expressive of so much love, he was sorely puzzled how to get down to earth once more and properly end this red-hot love-letter. He has told me in confidence, since the war, that he could see no way to properly end that letter but to jop the question, fair and square. But for this he hardly dared to take the responsibility, so in his perplexity he called the man he was writing for, and privately asked what more the man wanted to be put in that particular letter, thinking that the man would suggest something that would help him out, or at least ease him down from the high and lofty perch on which he now was, for Charley had just filled that letter with high-sounding love words and phrases. The man says, "Read the letter and let me hear what you have wrote to her," so Charley read the letter, the big words nearly choking him, and the lines were so tender they would hardly hold together. The man listened with all earnestness, hearing every word and comprehending but a few of them perhaps, until the last one was read. "And now," said the writer, "what more shall I say to her?" The man turned his head on one side, scratched it for a moment, and

slapping Charley on the shoulder said, "You just put in agriculture, and let that letter go." Of course "agriculture" was Greek to him, but he thought it was a large word and was a fitting finale to his high-toned love-letter.

The Chaplain.—All of the old boys well remember Chaplain Mudge, and how well the good man loved to hunt quails. When the regiment was guarding Washington, building forts, making roads, etc., the staff officers had a picnic, but when we went to the front, the long marches came, sometimes lasting all night. It was after one of these long and dusty, weary night marches the regiment was filing into a field for breakfast. The colonel and his staff sat on their horses as the men filed in; the good chaplain was covered with dust, nearly dead for want of sleep, his eyes filled with sand, and as Company F passed in, one of the boys saw the forlorn condition of the preacher, and perhaps to encourage him, or to put him in remembrance of the happy days now past and gone, he called out, "Hello, chaplain! do you find any quails down here?" laying emphasis on "quails." The boys shouted with laughter, and for the time being forgot how tired they were; even the chaplain smiled.

"For Your Coffee."—In speaking of the boy who saluted the chaplain as narrated above, I am reminded of another instance, which furnished quite a lot of fun for the boys. It was at the Battle of Cedar Creek when Sheridan was twenty miles away, as the boys well remember the old Ninth and the 6th Maryland were thrown out as a forlorn hope to stay the awful tide of on-coming rebels. We lay on the ground waiting for the gray host, which was coming on double-quick. The order is, "Hold your fire, men, until you are ordered to fire." It was a trying time for the men—the stragglers from the two broken corps rushing over them, the heavy fire of the on-coming Johnnies; but not a gun was fired until the order came, "Attention, fire!" This boy, who was from Auburn, and had a habit of beginning every sentence with "And say," sprang to his feet, brought down his musket with a slam, and said, "And say" as he pulled the trigger, "put that in your coffee, and before that is cold I will give you another one."

The President's Quid.—While the regiment lay at Camp Morris, D. C., President Lincoln and Secretary W. H. Seward visited the regiment, and the officers were presented to the president and the secretary after the dress-parade. While the presiden-

tial party was looking on the parade, Mr. Lincoln threw out a chew of tobacco onto the parade-ground. One of the boys of — Company saw it, and when the parade was dismissed he went and picked up the old chew and, wrapping it carefully in a paper, prepared to save the same as a souvenir, but the boys teased him so unmercifully and put other old chews with the president's, that the poor man threw away the whole outfit. What a relief that would be to-day! Fit companion to Washington's false teeth.

No Rest Even in Death.—The body of Lieutenant Stoyell had not been beneath the sod of the cemetery of his own Moravia a month when the severest freshet in the history of the town swept through the village, not only destroying buildings, but actually wiping out parts of the cemetery through undermining it. We are told that about an acre of ground was thus washed away and the landmarks effectually destroyed. Among other bodies thus disturbed was that of Lieutenant Stoyell. As the coffin was swept down the stream, it was followed by a strong swimmer, who succeeded in grasping one of the handles and finally swam with it to a clump of willows, near which he secured it till the waters subsided and the casket could be again interred. The man who thus risked his own life for the body of a friend was Alonzo Arnold, a discharged soldier of the 111th New York.

Cold Harbor.—June 3d as the regiment was moving up to the charge, Sergeant Jefferson L. Martin said to his comrades, "I shall not come out of this alive." Of course he was rallied for his forebodings, but the company had not gone far in the woods, with the bullets flying like hail-stones, before Martin was shot through the body. There on bended knees he gave his watch, pocket-book and other keepsakes to John Hutchinson to be delivered to his mother and sister in Cayuga. Good-by was said, and the line moved on. The watch was loaned to Dr. Chamberlain, and when he was captured, was taken by the rebels. The other items with the dying message were taken to the loved ones as requested.

Monocacy.—"I left by the railroad-bridge, and I could feel my heart thump my vest every step at the sight of the poor boys in the river, some wading, others floating by, some wounded, slowly climbing the banks, and all the time the air was full of lead and iron. On getting across, I saw four men carrying an

officer on a stretcher. A shell burst very close, when one of the men said, 'That finishes him,' and they lay the body down. Four soldiers are carrying a wounded man in a piece of tent. One of them giving out, I took his place, trying to reach a covered wagon, but it hurries off when we are only twenty feet away. We lay the boy down and he does not complain, only says, 'Good-by.' A bursting shell kills one of those with me, hits me in the hand and goes through my haversack. Then a bullet grazes my thigh and I am in a bad way, when a cavalryman offers me a ride and we escape."

For a Chance to Pray.—One of the youngest boys in the regiment was A. B. of — Company, though these were not his initials. His Sunday school superintendent began raising a company, so the mother was willing that the lad should enlist. The religious meetings held in the regiment have been repeatedly mentioned. At one of them, while the regiment was making forts, the boy experienced religion, and being a lad of sterling parts, he intended to live up to his professions, but he found difficulty in attending to his duties as he thought he ought. When the company with others came back to the defenses, in the summer of 1864, he had more trouble than ever in finding a moment of quiet for the praying he wished to do.

He stood it as long as he could, but finally settled with his own conscience that it would not be wrong to "run the guard" in order to get a chance to pray. Of course it would be a violation of order, and if caught he would be placed under arrest; still, he determined to run the risk. Accordingly, one night after "taps," when the camp lights were all out, stealing quietly around the corner of the captain's tent, and waiting till the guard was up at the other end of his beat, A. B. ran quickly over the rifle-pit, and in a minute more was hidden in the shadow of a large oak-tree which stood a few rods away. Here he knelt by a large stone, and, in a low tone of voice which could not reach the guard, "prayed to his Father in secret." Refreshed in spirit, he returned as he came, successfully eluding the vigilance of the guard. Night after night was this repeated with like success, until Company — was ordered to rejoin the regiment and return to the front.

In the final breaking up before Petersburg, the boy was surprised at having his commanding officer say to him, "I am afraid I shall not come out of this fight alive, and I should like

to have you stay as near me as possible," but the officer came through all right while the lad was wounded. Before he got back to the regiment the war was over and the boys were discharged. In the following winter, at revival meetings in Auburn, A. B. was doing his part, though in a silent way, till one night he heard a negative given to the minister who asked a gentleman, sitting back of him, to go forward for prayers. Turning about A. B. saw his old commander, and he was moved to ask him to do what he had just declined doing. He yielded, and with his soldier-boy went down the aisle to the altar, where he was converted. When there came an opportunity, the ex-officer arose and spoke.

A man of ability and a good speaker, his words were received with intense interest by the large congregation. He began by describing the little fort north of Washington that had been garrisoned by Company — under his command nearly two years before.

Imagine our boy's surprise as he proceeded to tell of the mysterious manner in which a young soldier frequently ran the guard immediately opposite the commander's quarters after "taps" at night, returning each time after a few minutes' absence. Picture his further agitation when the captain related how curiosity, as well as regard for camp discipline, had impelled him to follow the offender one night, when, to his amazement, he discovered that the man had run the guard in order to get a chance to pray.

Then said the officer, "I went back to my quarters resolved that I would never arrest a man for running the guard to pray. It was on account of his way of living that I wanted him near me in the Petersburg fight when I expected to go under. To-night there was only one man in the world who could have induced me to take the step that I have taken, and that was this soldier-boy, and I thank God that he took me by the hand to do as I have done."

The officer, still a young man, became a preacher of the Gospel, and is now the pastor of a large Baptist Church in California. A. B. prepared for college, was graduated with honor from an eastern college, and for many years has been one of the most successful clergymen in the Methodist Church. This praying episode has somewhat the flavor of Washington and his prayers at Valley Forge.

A Wounded Dutchman.—At Opequon creek a member of our band was helping in the hospital, and had in hand a Dutchman whose side had been struck by a bullet. The missile had taken an upward turn on striking one of the lower ribs, but his clothing was stiff with blood and he was faint from hunger and loss of blood. He stood trembling and shaking like an aspen leaf, saying, "Dot bullet got into me somehow. I don't leeve any more. Oh, my poor leetle family!" He shook so badly that the attendant had difficulty in helping him, and finally said, "Keep still and stand up if you can." At this moment as the wounded man's garments were moved the bullet dropped into the helper's hand. "Oh, mein Gott," says Dutchy, "dot tam bullet got out from me somehow." and he was a live man from that moment. He ceased trembling, drank a cup of warm coffee, after having his side dressed, went to bed on some clean straw, and in less than ten minutes was fast asleep.

He Shot too Close.—There is not a man of Company F but remembers Lyman Coleman. Well, Lyman was with the company on that never-to-be-forgotten day, October 19th, 1864. Sheridan had come, and we were on the fierce charge that swept the rebels like chaff before us. The ranks had been filled by men from any and all companies; the orders were "fall in where you are." The result was that strangers were in the ranks. It so happened that a tall man from some other regiment fell in the front rank just before Coleman. All went well till we cleared the woods and came to the open field. Before us was a small ravine and, just over this swale or ravine, the rebels were posted in full force, and they met us as we came out of the woods with a deadly fire. Indeed, it seemed as if nothing could live under it. The line wavered for a moment, and then down the slope they started, the tall stranger just in front of Coleman. As the fire was hot and Lyman was anxious to put in his work, he brought up his musket and fired; he was not over-careful perhaps, and the consequence was, he fired so close to the head of the man in front that the latter's hair and ears were badly burned, and the man was as mad as a hornet. He turned about to poor Coleman and said in angry tones, "You old scoundrel, you shot so near my head you have nearly killed me," etc., "and I am going to whip you," and he held his gun in his hand while preparing to chastise poor Lyman. We took in the situation of things, and saw there was a chance for fun, so we

yelled out, "Stand up to him, Coleman; we'll stand by you." Lyman gathered courage and said to his antagonist in his squeaking voice, peculiar to him, "See here, you son of a gun, if you want to fight so bad, right down there is plenty of rebels to fight without licking me." Well, there is a serious question in my mind to this day whether General Sheridan or Lyman Coleman did the most at that particular time to steady us and cheer us on.

He Lived.—Soon after the 6th Corps returned from the Shenandoah, and had joined the Army of the Potomac, Company L of the 9th was put in charge of Battery Lee, located about a half mile to the left of the signal tower, and near the angle where the reverse rear line began its curve, this battery was composed of six thirty-pound Parrott guns, and a battery of six Cohorn mortars, mounted at reserve picket three-fourths of a mile in front of the battery. On the 25th of March, when the 2d Brigade charged and pressed back the enemy's pickets close under their main line, the writer was on detail with the mortar battery, and as General Keifer had ordered our officers not to use the mortars, since their distance from the enemy would not admit of effective service, we were at liberty to see the "show." A portion of the brigade had massed on both flanks, and a little to the rear of the picket-post; their movements could be easily seen by us. As the charge was progressing in fine style, we noticed the rifle-pits, scattered quite thickly over the field, held nearly all of them a soldier, no doubt as rear guard(?)—so convenient to fall into in passing, and so decidedly safe, but that horrible gang, the provost guard, soon disturbed their quiet with their "— — — get to the front, — — git!" I noticed one soldier start from a rifle-pit, with gun at a charge as though he proposed to take the Confederacy alone. He had gone about five rods when he fell as prone as if struck with a solid shot, his knapsack flying over his head and lying in front of him. We spoke together of that "poor fellow," that he had made his last charge, etc. The balls up to this time had been reminding one of a hail-storm, and no one wondered that he should fall. There was a certain fascination in looking at this "fallen hero." After fifteen minutes or so, I saw our prostrate friend slowly raise his head and take a look over the top of his knapsack. Some one said, "Guess that boy will live to fight another day." Sure enough, when the hail let up a

little, he got up very nimbly for a "dead man," and such a move for the rear, no man ever made before.

BETWEEN THE LINES.

Between the lines in the gloaming,
 When battle has sunk to rest,
 And the boom and shock of cannon
 Are hushed as a maiden's breast,
 The vidette, as he stands watching,
 Or marches his lonely beat,
 Is thinking of home and dear ones
 Gathered at their mother's feet.

Then it is the sounds of camp-life
 Come sweetly on evening air,
 The bugle and good-night drum-beat
 Sound "lights out," that banish care;
 Yet faintly and still more faintly,
 Their cadence will softly fall
 On our ears as we dreamily listen
 To the good-night bugle-call.

There come from a distant bastion,
 That floats high the "Stars and Bars,"
 Tones of a band sweetly playing
 The "Star Spangled Banner"—that's ours;
 Union men listening in quiet,
 Of our flag that leads the fight,
 Have kindlier feeling for "Johnnies,"
 And wish them kind good night.

Sweet music will bring men together,
 Of whatever name or tongue;
 The loved songs of home and country,
 A touchstone that rights the wrong.
 The Confederates listen to "Dixie"
 As played by a Union band,
 And answer "Marching through Georgia,"
 We with their "My Maryland."

Then when both are weary of playing,
 The hour to turn in has come,
 They join what is one the world over,
 Both playing dear "Home, Sweet Home."
 There's many a voice that's husky,
 And many an eye that's dim,
 As they close the evening's music
 With that tender, touching hymn.

CHARLES A. FORD,
 Company L.

NINE AND THE NINTH.

At one of the regimental gatherings, J. S. Roys of Company D called attention to the interesting manner in which the numeral 9 was woven into the history of our organization, calling attention to Cold Harbor, Winchester and Cedar Creek, which were fought on days including the number. This thought might be considerably extended, for as stated in the narrative the order converting the regiment from infantry to artillery was dated Dec. 9th. The designated numeral for the same came Dec. 19th. May 9, 1864, the 2d Battalion is preparing to leave Fort Foote. June 9th of the same year finds us in the midst of Cold Harbor's struggle. July 9th takes us to Monocacy and its direful story. September 19th and October 19th are matters of history with their tales of Winchester and Cedar Creek, while not only our own story, but that of the nation seems to culminate April 9th of 1865 at Appomattox.

Incidentally it might be said that the corps to which the regiment belonged was only a nine inverted.

G. A. R. POSTS.

The Grand Army of the Republic exists to keep alive the memories of the strife of 1861-'65 as well as to exemplify fraternity, charity and loyalty.

In looking over the names of nearly 700 posts of this organization in New York, it is pleasant to note the following named for men who served with us; there may be others, but we are sure of these:

Seward Post, No. 37, of Auburn may include the thought of the great secretary as well, but the Ninth certainly followed one of that name.

Keeslar Post, No. 55, of Wolcott recalls the two brothers, Daniel and Simeon of Company E, though both were Huron boys, and both shot to their deaths April 2, 1865, at Petersburg. How aptly Mrs. Browning wrote in her "Mother and Poet":

"Dead! one of them shot by the sea in the east,
And one of them shot in the west, by the sea.
Dead! both my boys!"

George C. Stoyell Post, No. 155, Moravia, calls up the fair face and trim form of the young lieutenant of Company E, whose body, bereft of life, was sent home to its burial long be-

fore his comrades had entered upon the Battle Summer. A victim of fever, he was none the less a sacrifice to country.

Myron M. Fish Post, No. 406, Ontario, reminds us of Winchester, that fairest stand-up fight of the war, when, though death-stricken, father and brother could not halt in duty's path longer than to print a kiss on his dying lips and then were swept on, they to glorious victory, he to immortality.

Selah Cornwell Post, No. 632, Merrifield, suggests the pleasant-faced gentleman who, fever-stricken, was the first officer to be mustered out by that remorseless agent, Death. There was mourning in Company E when their captain died.

Anthony Stacey Post, No. 647, Elbridge. At the word we see a face of firm yet gentle features, a form sturdy and strong, one of three brothers, serving at the same time in Company L. Surviving the war, he later passed over to the eternal camping-ground,

"beyond the silent sea,
Where those who marched with Sherman
Are camped with those of Lee."

REGIMENTAL POSTMASTER.

"*Mail-to-go-out!*"—If the oft-repeated expression sometimes deteriorated into "Mail-t'-gwont," the boys didn't care. They weren't particular about pronunciation; and they did feel very kindly towards the soldier postman when he brought them letters from home, but they couldn't help blaming him when, for any reason, he persisted in skipping their names. "Write me a letter, love, when you are away," needed just a little change in wording, but he was a queer mortal, in war-times, who did not have somebody, somewhere, from whom a missive might be expected. "Do they miss me at home? do they miss me?" was a refrain often on our lips, and the man who brought us news of "Home, Sweet Home," was our own detailed comrade, who gradually grew to be the best known man in the regiment.

John Tidd, Company E, performed this very pleasant duty while in the defenses, at least for some of the forts and camps, but probably the office was longest identified with Henry P. Howard of Company H, who knew his business from A to Z. His appointment dates from the following order:

Headquarters 9th New York Artillery,
Fort Simmons, D. C., Aug. 13, 1863.

Special Orders No. 166.

Sergeant Henry P. Howard, Company H, this regiment, at his own request is hereby reduced to the ranks, and appointed regimental postmaster of this regiment.

By order

J. WELLING,
Colonel commanding.

W. DeW. Pringle, adjutant.

With his postbag, Howard is well remembered by hundreds who received many a letter at his hands. So well did he perform his duties that he was promoted, as appears in the following:

Headquarters 2d Brigade, 3d Division, 6th Army Corps.
November 16th, 1864.

Special Order No. 51. Extract [11].

Private Henry P. Howard, 9th New York Heavy Artillery, is hereby detailed and announced as brigade postmaster of this brigade. He will report for duty without delay.

By command of

COLONEL J. WARREN KEIFER.

By J. T. Rorer, captain and A. A. A. G.

Official. William I. Parrish, lieutenant and acting adjutant.

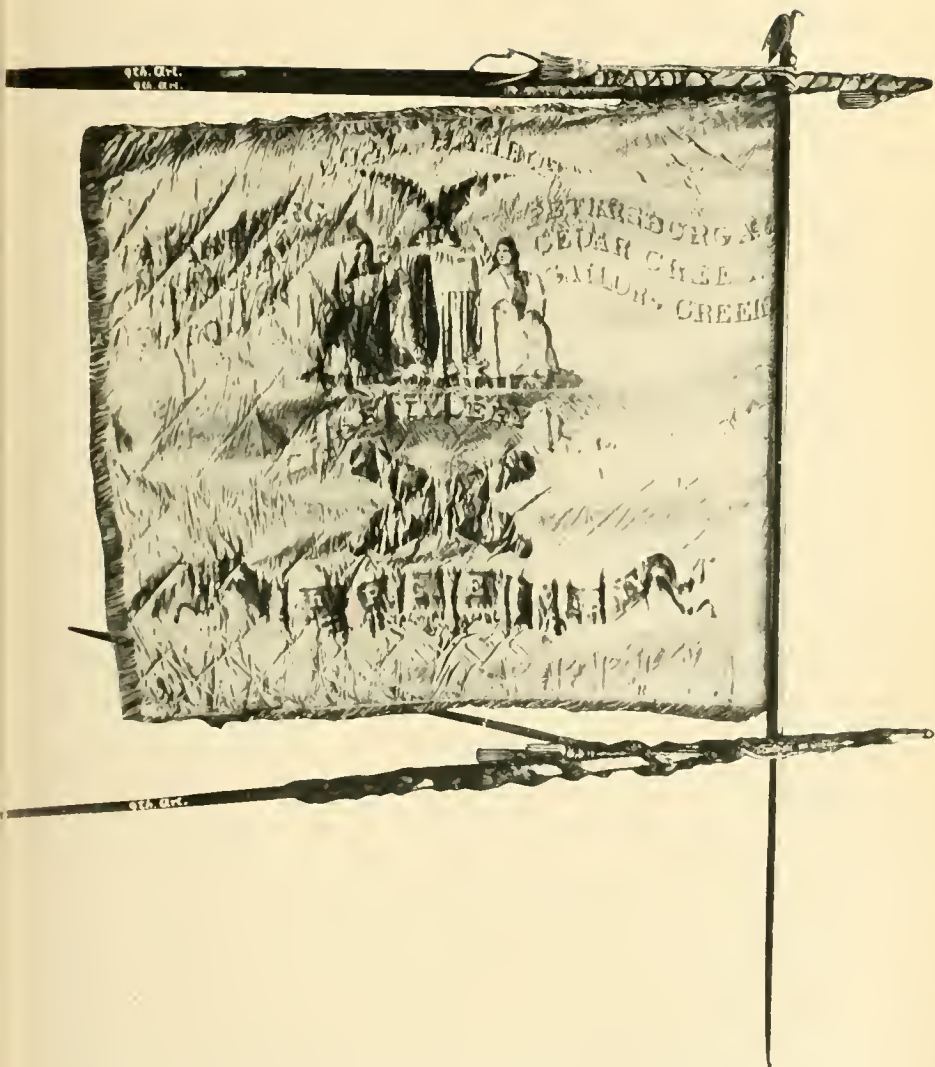
After the advancement of Comrade Howard, his place was taken in the regiment by H. H. Wheeler of Company A, later a lieutenant in Company E, who remained till promoted.

Whoever filled the place, he had duties to perform, sometimes exceedingly heavy, but pride in his work usually kept him up to the faithful discharge of his obligations.

FLAGS OF THE NINTH.

September 8th, three days before the departure of the 138th from Camp Halleck, the ladies of Auburn presented the regiment with a stand of colors. When the change in regimental hues came in 1862, the blue banner bearing the escutcheon of the state was given by the officers to General Seward, in whose library it is now suspended, while a red one was substituted for it.

These banners saw the campaigns of the Ninth, and, tattered and torn, came home with us, no enemy carrying off any en-



BATTLE-FLAG AND STANDARDS OF THE 9th NEW YORK HEAVY ARTILLERY.



sign of ours, but our return was not early enough to allow of our participation in the glorious exercises in Albany July 4, 1865, when in the presence of Grant, Wool, Wallace, Kilpatrick, Schofield, Butterfield, Sickles, Ricketts and a host of others, with addresses by Butterfield, Governor Fenton and the Rev. E. H. Chapin, the colors, then returned, were consigned to the perpetual keeping of the state.

We had not left Washington then, and not till the 20th were we paid off and our banners became seekers for custodians. Brave hands, many of them mouldering back to clay, had borne them, but now their journey over, they must rest with similar trophies beneath the roof of the Capitol. August 3, 1865, the flags, five in number, were carried to Albany and there deposited. In the catalogue of the Bureau of Military Record they are mentioned as one national, one regimental and three guidons.

Carefully kept within glass cases, they and those of other regiments merit and receive the admiring, almost reverential, gaze of the thousands who visit the magnificent Capitol of the Empire State. All are labeled and are inscribed with the names of the engagements in which their bearers participated. Upon our flag may be read, Cold Harbor, Petersburg, Monocacy, Opequon, Cedar Creek, Petersburg, April 2d, and Sailor's Creek.

The traveler in Britain finds in church and castle some reminder of the prowess of the fathers. In Canterbury Cathedral, for more than 600 years the coat of the Black Prince, worn by him at Poitiers, has inspired the hearts of Britons to be like him—brave, determined, true.

Battle-flags impress their lessons on the minds of youthful beholders, and serve to keep alive the spirit of national pride and love of country. It matters not who may be governor, nor what party controls the Legislature, these colors and their memories are far above and beyond politics; they represent not the passing phase of political life; they stand for country itself.

To-day with bated breath and with quickened heart-beats, the rambler beyond seas may see in Altorf, covered with glass, banners borne by liberty-loving Swiss, at Mortgarten before Columbus set forth on his westward journey. Let us hope that centuries hence, travelers from the East and from the West may stand beside these flags, still preserved, and hear some custodian say, "They were followed by men who forsook the path's

of peace and by the dread ordeal of battle drove slavery from the land and made America from ocean to ocean

‘The land of the free and the home of the brave.’”

MILES MARCHED BY THE NINTH.

One of the most difficult tasks essayed by any compiler is to ascertain just how many miles this or that body walked during its term of service. Had the men marched as the crow flies, with the scale range, the answer could be easily given, but armies did not move in that way. They usually took the longest way, if there was any difference. Again, if they had followed the railroad tracks, the answer could be more easily given, but if such a course were attempted it had to be very much modified, as in our march to Danville. Thousands of men could not keep along that single line, though it marked their direction.

The very best that any one can do is to study the roads and routes as carefully as possible, and then to make estimates, having the table of railroad distances with the map scale by him. It were a long list to follow each day's march from our departure from Belle Plain, during those days in May; so it will suffice if certain parts thereof are kept together; thus from Belle Plain we walked 62 miles to reach the North Anna. Very likely all these items are under rather than over the fact, owing to the routes we pursued. From the North Anna till we were placed before Petersburg, 126 miles; to Ream's Station and return with sundry other journeyings about Petersburg, 28 miles.

From Petersburg to City Point and from Frederick City to Monocacy Junction, 21 miles. From Monocacy to Ellicott City, 45 miles.

Washington to Snicker's gap and return, 125 miles; to Fort Richardson and return and to Harper's Ferry, thence to Frederick City, 110 miles.

In the valley, making no allowance for digressions, guarding wagon-train, foraging, etc., we marched from Harper's Ferry to Fisher's hill and back, 120 miles; then we walked up to Mount Crawford, and finally came back to Harper's Ferry, 216 miles.

In our final Petersburg rambles we marched and counter-marched fully 25 miles; then when we set out after Lee, we

rushed over 100 miles of distance before catching him; next we came back to Burksville, 50 miles; the raid to Danville followed, 125 miles, and finally we took foot and walker's line from Richmond to Washington, fully 85 miles as we walked.

In this compilation no estimate has been made of the long marches before leaving the defenses, nor of those that followed our return, nor again of the distances accomplished by boat or rail, but the figures already given make an aggregate of 1238 miles. Does not the regiment merit a place with Sheridan's "Foot Cavalry"?

OUR CORPS CONNECTIONS.

Without access to the regimental books, by the order of Daniel Lamont, Cleveland's secretary of war, effectually barred to all inspection, it is practically impossible to name the brigades and divisions with which the regiment was at first connected; but on the formation of the 22d Corps in February, 1863, the task became easier. The first commander was Major General S. P. Heintzelman, who was succeeded in October, 1863, by Major General C. C. Auger, who remained at the head of the defenses through the rest of the war.

In the newly formed 22d Corps, which included all the troops in the defenses of Washington, the Ninth was at first assigned to the 2d and later to the 3d Brigade, Haskin's division. Joseph A. Haskin was a grizzled veteran who had seen service in the Mexican War, losing an arm at Chapultepec. He is well remembered by the soldiers. He was New York born, of the class of 1839, West Point, and died in Oswego August 3d, 1874.

Our position as to Army Corps, on going to the front, has been already stated, but it is here repeated that when in the fighting ranks the 1st and 2d Battalions were in the 2d Brigade, 3d Division, 6th Corps, the 3d Battalion in the Artillery Brigade, but same division. This same battalion served in the 1st Brigade, Hardin's division, 22d Corps, from July 10th, 1864, into September, and from September 22d till it left the defenses in Colonel Keim's provisional brigade. Thence onward the regiment was together.

While in the Shenandoah valley we were of the Army of the Shenandoah, but on returning to Petersburg we were again in the Army of the Potomac. In this connection it should be stated that Brigadier General Martin D. Hardin was another

one-armed officer, having lost his left arm in a guerrilla skirmish near Catlett's Station in December, 1863. He also was a West Pointer, class of 1859.

THE REGIMENTAL BAND.

"Here we will sit and let the sounds of music
Creep in our ears."

The stay of the regiment in the defenses and its enlargement to the heavy artillery standard gave an opportunity for the making of a brass band, an adjunct which added much to the enjoyment of camp-life. While fife, drum and bugle are ever associated with the camp and march, there was a place for the broader and, possibly, more melodious brazen instruments. Of course the regiment was rich in material, and it is an interesting comment on the health-giving tendencies of lung exercise that so many of the members of our band are yet alive. Of course they were not enlisted as musicians, with the exception of possibly a drummer, but were detailed on the recommendation of those who were conversant with their musical capabilities.

Access to the order-book, so carefully kept in Washington, but which is sealed to the only persons whom it could in the least interest, would tell us just when the enterprise was started. It is probable that the period of incubation must have been at least a month, for it was April 6th, 1863, that the first public appearance was made, and then the chick may be said to have had its first peep. It was not fully fledged until it had received a deal of instruction and had filled the neighboring groves full of melody in practicing.

Though "Belle Brandon" was an early favorite, the repertoire of the band gradually grew to include all the popular music of the day. The story is told that one of the field-officers on dress-parade in the infantile period of the band's existence sent word wanting to know if they could not give him some other tune than "Belle Brandon," which, though beautiful, had grown a trifle stale. Some survivors never hear the tune to this day without recalling the incident.

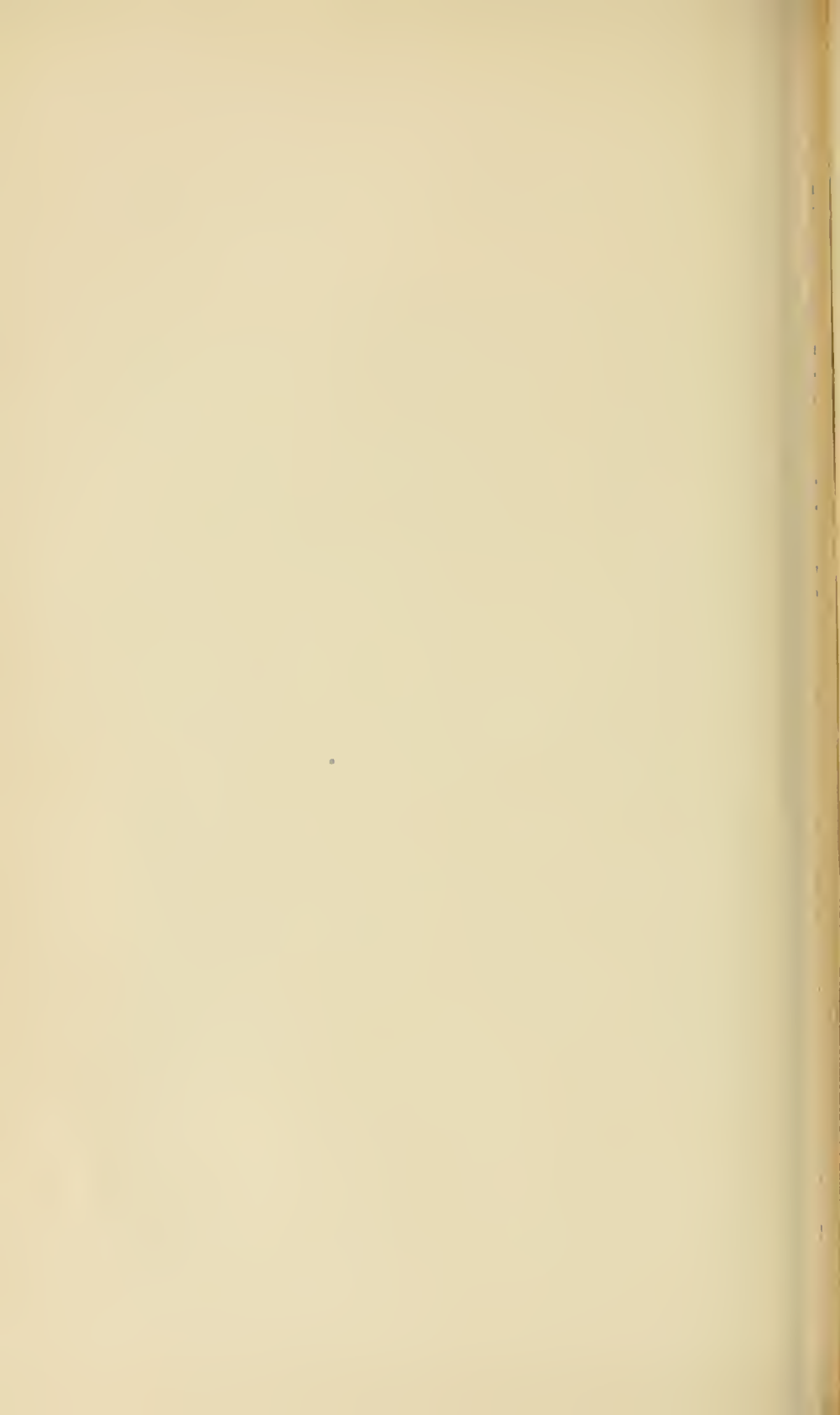
The nucleus of the organization was the old Rose Brass Band, seven members of which were in Company H. While Lieutenant Harmon may not have been an active wind-blower, he was



REGIMENTAL BAND.

- | | | |
|---------------|---------------|-----------------|
| W. F. Hickok. | A. B. Harmon. | E. H. Pond. |
| F. Smocker. | Jacob Sager. | Alvah Lowe. |
| D. Marshall. | E. B. Wing. | J. J. Seelye. |
| | | P. T. Shorkley. |

*E. B. Wing
 Alexander
 Comptroller
 1864*



of course friendly to the project, and his brothers were members. Jacob Sager of Clyde, the leader, had played with the Rose members if he had not belonged to their body.

As we remember them and their music, the impression remains that they could play as well as any similar organization in the defenses. They helped out all state occasions amazingly, and the power of music to charm, etc., was generally acknowledged. Shakespeare could have found in the ranks of the Ninth very few if any men with no music in their souls, hence none who were fit for treasons.

As a reward for the melody that they gave us, they were excused from carrying guns, but they were expected to assist in caring for the wounded and to help in all hospital duties. That they generally did their duty in this direction, no one questions. There were usually twenty-two men present for duty in the band. As there were changes from time to time, the total number belonging, in all, was considerably above those figures.

While the band was supposed to be at headquarters, there were never any doings of note at Fort Foote when the band was not invited down, and it always had a good time while it dispensed sweet music for the occasion. The boys could not, however, live on sweet sounds alone, hence the pleasures of the table that followed their public appearances are yet treasured with delight.

When the regiment was having one of its regular visits to Harper's Ferry or its immediate vicinity, a death occurred in the hospital of a member of the Ninth, and Surgeon Sabin determined to vary the monotony of camp-life by a military burial. All proceeded properly till the procession was ready for the march; then when he was expected to give the signal for a selection appropriate to the occasion, Leader Sager found his wits wandering, and he could not, for his life, think of a single marching piece that would be sufficiently sad. Nothing better than the long metre Doxology occurred to him, so he gave word, and his boys pumped away on the familiar notes. In vain did the surgeon essay to get his horse into step, but it would not work; then turning to the perspiring leader he said, "What kind of a tune do you call that? I thought I could march to almost anything, but I'll be blamed if I can get this horse into step with Old Hundred." Just then Jake's wits came back to

him, and with a premonitory wave he switched the boys off into the "Dead March in Saul," and to the strains of

"Unveil thy bosom, faithful tomb,"

the body was borne to its burial.

The collection of the pictures which make up the two groups is owing to the thoughtfulness and care of J. J. Seelye of Rose, a member of Company H. It required many letters to get these reminders together after so many days. As the men themselves so often marched before the regiment, their faces will in almost all cases be readily recognized. It is to be regretted that there are any vacancies in the list, but some veterans, though presumably living, have disappeared beyond the reach of ordinary means of discovery.

Mr. Seelye, in his communication, kindly named the instrument that each man played, but at this late day it will matter very little whether it was a flat or a sharp, whether he beat or blew. Through our memories, the past comes back in one harmonious whole, in which faces and sounds are blended beyond possibility of separation.

They by their music inspired those that followed, for Aesop tells us that the trumpeter was killed when made a prisoner, though he was unarmed, because he inspired others to fight, and they made many a day seem shorter when there was a disposition to homesickness. Their names are as follows:—

Benjamin L. Avery, Co. M, now of Genoa. N. Y., had a facile hand in wartimes, and at least one of our pictures is owing to his skill.

Romain C. Barless, Co. H. Rose, N. Y., was one of the "Band Boys" of ante-wartimes, and in those days was known as "Doc." Since the war he has been something of a lawyer, and at present is a justice of the peace, at the same time doing considerable as a pension agent. Perhaps no one in the county has been more successful than "Doc" in this respect.

George W. Bates, Co. M, resides now in Lodge Pole, Neb., one of New York's contributions to the West when the war was over.

Charles F. Crowfoot, Co. E, Venice Centre, N. Y.

Charles Foster.

Henry Foster.

William Foster.

Three brothers, Co. M. Their addresses not known.

Barton Gage, Co. A.

Alfred B. Harmon, Co. H, Palmyra, N. Y. Involuntarily the picture of Mrs. Harmon appears in our illustration, but to get the face of the player, that of Mrs. H. was taken also. Mr. Harmon was one of the original players of Rose, as was his brother, whose name follows.

William J. Harmon, Co. H, deceased. Was from Rose, but for several years before his death lived in Rochester.

William Felton Hickok, Co. H, Rose; another of the original players; everyone calls him "Felt"; since the war has followed the pursuit of farming and house carpentering.

Pitts, O. Hudson, Co. F, Bay City, Mich. Not only played in the band, but has been a musician ever since. He leads an orchestra, teaches violin music, writes poetry and music, gives concerts, living by as well as for music.

George Klumpp, Co. D, died in Weedsport Feb. 23, 1899.

Alvah Low was a Co. I man from Sennett and played the clarinet.

David Marshall, Co. A, enlisted from Genoa.

Edward F. Moulton, Co. M, Batavia, N. Y.

Edson H. Pond, Co. M, Greenville, Mich.

Jacob Sager, Co. H. No one can remember when he was not a player in a band; has been since the war a cabinet-maker in Clyde, N. Y.

J. Judson Seelye, Co. H, Rose, N. Y. His best friends know him as "Jud."; born and reared in Rose he was struck with a wild-western fever some years after the strife, and he spent several years trying to hold down a claim or two in South Dakota, but latterly he has concluded that New York is good enough for him.

Pardon T. Shorkley, Co. E, Merrifield, N. Y.

Mortimer Smith, Co. A, was discharged to take commissioun in a colored regiment. When he left, his comrades in the company gave him a sword.

Frederick Smocker, Co. A, enlisted from Wolcott.

Ira Soule, Co. H, Rose, N. Y. Another of the old band boys; descended from George Soule, one of the Mayflower passengers; he is one of the few survivors of the regiment who can say, "I had a son with me in the service." He has long followed the trade of a shoemaker.

Ira T. Soule, Co. H, Rose, N. Y. Ira is the son of the above, and he is a worthy one. His business is that of a house-painter. It should be said that he beat the snare drum in the ante-bellum days of the Rose band.

Fred A. Tallman, Co. E, Syracuse, N. Y., was a drummer in his company, and no one can give the drum a better beating than he when the old boys come together for a reunion.

John Van Liew, Co. E, Mapleton, N. Y.

Eugene B. Wing, Co. M, Attica, N. Y.

Stephen P. Wing, Co. M, Flint, Mich. Cousins.

TWO HARVESTS.

BY N. A. M. ROE.

In the early morning, at Monocacy, laborers worked rapidly to gather from the field, just to the west of the Washington pike, the crop of wheat, which in shock was ready for garnering. Late in the afternoon lifeless bodies plentifully bestrewed the same field; the later reaper was Death. (*Vide* page 126.)

The reapers are binding the yellow grain,
The mocking-bird drops with an eddying strain,
That pierces my heart with ecstatic pain,
While I watch for his jubilant rising again,
Over the hill.

The sunlight shakes on the ripling flow,
Of blue Monocacy gliding slow;
Its murmuring waters caressing low
The fleeting shadows that come and go,
At zephyrs will.

Such was the harvest the noontide brought,
Sunny the field where the reapers wrought,
Pleasant the sound that the west wind caught,
And the beautiful laughing day was fraught
With joyous thrill.

There's a line thin and blue,
There are hearts staunch and true,
There are shots quick and loud,
Then a pall of battle cloud.

Shot and shell
Make a seething hell
Of that field.

Do comrades lag?
That tattered flag
With Company A

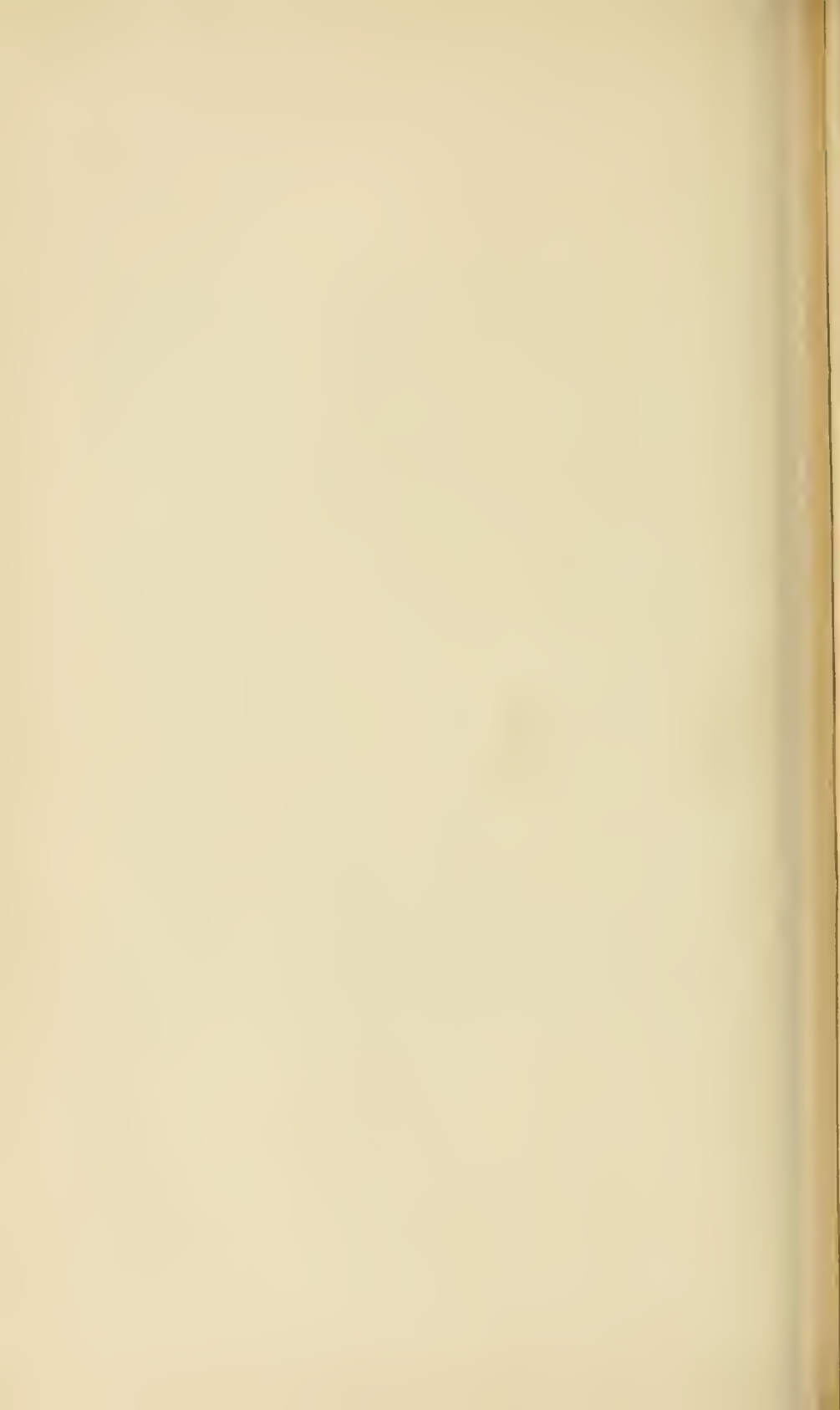
Goes proudly on,
While here and yon,
Fate has sealed

Some hearts so bold
In silence cold
Along the way.



REGIMENTAL BAND.

R. C. Barless.	P. O. Hudson.	John Van Liew.
B. L. Avery.	E. F. Moulton.	C. P. Crowfoot.
Geo. Klumpp.	Geo. W. Bates.	Ira Soule.
		Ira T. Soule.



There the blue and gray are meeting,
 God in Heaven! the blue retreating!
 Fighting, fleeing, never seeing
 Aught of sunny skies o'ermeeting.

Like a twisted, broken ribbon
 Was that brave and gallant line,
 While the frightened sobbing river's
 Tide is red like crimson wine.

Where the mockbird's joyous music,
 Now the wailing cry of pain,
 And the shocked and shivering ether—
 Will it ne'er be still again?

And what was the harvest the twilight gray
 In pitiful shadows at close of the day,
 Enfolded and covered in silence away?
 Oh, sun of the morrow, I pray thee delay
 Nor haste thee

To look on the harvest the angel of woe
 Hath reaped on this desolate field below,
 'Twas a harvest of heroes, true soldiers I trow,
 Who fell where the waves of Monocacy flow
 To the sea.

THE FORTS ABOUT WASHINGTON.

The consideration of the defenses of Washington demands a volume by itself, consequently any word here is entirely inadequate to the proper discussion of the subject. The best that can be done is to name some of the forts with which the regiment was specially connected, with the barest outline of the scheme of defending the city.

It was early recognized by the government that the capture of the Capital would be a serious blow to the Union cause, hence the extent of earthen walls that gradually grew around its borders. So near was it to the first scenes of hostility that the sound of conflict fell upon the ears of Washington dwellers, and the Stars and Bars were visible above the roof of the Marshall House in Alexandria.

The very first advance into Virginia in May, 1861, was accompanied by the making of fortifications. The end of the Long Bridge was made safe and the approaches to the Aqueduct Bridge were defended by Fort Corcoran, which was one of the first if not the very first to be completed. It was here that Henry Watterson of the *Louisville Journal* witnessed the raising of the flag, and of the event wrote a glowing description

My connection with the actual construction of the defenses of Washington was confined, mainly, to the laying out and building of Fort Ellsworth, in which I was assisted during a portion of the time by Lieutenant George W. Snyder, Corps of Engineers, a very bright and intelligent officer, who died in November, 1861, and had he lived I am sure he would have attained high rank in the Civil War. I also assisted Captain B. S. Alexander in the selection of the site and the laying out of Fort Runyan, but had no connection in the actual construction, which was carried out under Alexander's supervision. My next and last connection with the "defenses" was at Fort Stevens when the Capital was raided by Early, being in command of the forces engaged in the action in advance of that portion of the line on the 12th of August, 1864.

It is difficult to find many forts of which it can be said they were built by this or that regiment, for seemingly almost every organization that passed through the District lifted a shovel a longer or shorter period upon these works. Some officers decried the whole system, saying it would never be of the slightest use, but the work progressed till the Capital was surrounded by a series of forts and batteries, large and small, sixty-eight in number. They had an aggregate perimeter of thirteen miles; there were twenty miles of rifle-trenches and three block-houses; ninety-three unarmed batteries for field guns having 401 emplacements; the forts themselves had 1120 emplacements with 807 guns and 93 mortars actually in position. There were thirty-two miles of military road besides the existing roads and avenues of the District by which communication could be had from point to point; the entire circuit of the forts was thirty-seven miles.

The first works, those of 1861, were almost entirely rebuilt in a more substantial manner. They became a place of security to the demoralized Potomac Army in 1862, and their utility in 1864 has already been shown.

The work of the Ninth in building was entirely on the Maryland side of the river and, with the exception of Fort Foote, in a section to the northwest of the city, though at first and later some shoveling was done near the Bladensburg road. Some of the projected forts were already named before we began our labors, and some were changed ere we finished, if, indeed, we really got through before our muster-out, since some of the hold-overs in 1865 remember very warm days devoted to re-sodding and otherwise beautifying the earthworks.

As a general thing, the forts, early in the building days, took some appellation suggestive of the makers. Thus the Rhode Island boys who started the works, later called Fort Slocum, at first referred to them as Fort Rhode Island, but when Bull Run took from them their brave colonel, John S. Slocum of the 2d Rhode Island, the fort took his name. Thus Fort Massachusetts became Fort Stevens and Fort Pennsylvania was changed to Fort Reno. Thereafter forts received the names of distinguished Union officers who had lost their lives.

When the 138th sat down before Fort Kearney (see page 36) they found a fort begun and named. Of the utility of this fort, General Barnard says, "It is a connecting link between Forts Pennsylvania (Reno) and DeRussey. It sees well the upper valley of the Broad Branch and crosses its fires with those of the above-named forts and intermediate batteries upon the dangerous heights in front."

Fort Gaines was another work to whose existence the regiment contributed. It was in the second line, and Barnard says: "The enemy could not establish himself on the ridge occupied by Mansfield, since the rifled guns of Gaines could explode the magazines of Mansfield."

Fort Mansfield, named for the gallant general (see page 47) killed at Antietam, was almost exclusively the work of our hands. "The works are well located as connecting links between Forts Sumner and Reno; are well built and deemed adequate for their purposes."

Fort Simmons, very near Mansfield, was peculiarly a work of our making, and preserved in its appellation the memory of Colonel Seneca G. Simmons of the 34th Pennsylvania Infantry, killed at the Battle of Glendale June 30th, 1862. It was one of the later works, and with Mansfield constituted a part of the line connecting Sumner and Reno. Though above the valley, they were a hundred feet lower than Fort Gaines.

Fort Bayard came, also, within the claims of the Ninth, and was the outgrowth of an almost circular fortification, known for some time as Battery Ellipse, but eventually was honored with the name of Brigadier General George D. Bayard, a native of Seneca Falls, N. Y.; West Point, 1856; killed at Fredericksburg, December 13, 1862. This fort was rendered necessary by the northern location of Sumner and the need of connection with Reno.



FORT STEVENS IN 1899.

LOOKING NORTH, THROUGH EMBRASURE.
INTERIOR. LOOKING WEST.

LOOKING WEST. PARAPET AT RIGHT.
LOOKING NORTH, PARAPET AT RIGHT.

Our regiment was not ignorant of the making of Fort Reno, which at first was called Fort Pennsylvania, on account of the troops who early worked upon it. After the death of General Jesse L. Reno at South Mountain, his name was fittingly preserved here. Situated just north of Tennallytown, it occupied one of the most commanding sites about Washington, and its 100-pound Parrott ranged to hills beyond the scope of Sumner and DeRussey.

Fort Stevens grew from Fort Massachusetts, which was itself an outgrowth from the camps of the 10th and 7th Massachusetts, the 2d Rhode Island and the 36th New York, which were at Brightwood in 1861. These regiments labored diligently here, and the name of the Bay State was at first applied to the results of their work. After it had grown to be one of the most important of all the works about the Capital, it received the name of General Isaac I. Stevens, colonel of the 79th New York Highlanders, and afterwards major general of volunteers, who was killed at Chantilly September 1st, 1862, having in his hands the colors of his own Highlanders.

No fort in the entire range has so great a reputation as this, for in front of it the main part of the fighting was done, July 12, 1864, though firing extended from Slocum to Simmons. Upon its ramparts stood the president during a part of that eventful day, and for a while the city back of it held its breath, wondering what the outcome would be. Here was proven the utility of the miles of earthworks which enclosed the Capital.

Naturally, the question arises, "What is there left to show of the fort to-day?" Very little. The unknowing traveler might pass through the fort and think only that the surface was a trifle irregular, but should he seek closely he will find traces, as appears in the accompanying plate. Brightwood has become a suburb of Washington, and alleged improvements will eventually wipe out all traces, as they have already of a part of the eastern portion.

The fort of all others where there is no dispute as to what should be ascribed to our regiment is Fort Foote (see page 60). It is one of the few deemed worthy of preservation on account of its location. General Barnard says: "This fort was constructed for the purpose of defending, along with Battery Rodgers, the water-approach of the city. . . . It was designed as a water battery of eight 22-pound Parrott rifles and

two 15-inch guns. The river front was made 515½ feet in length, with a return (at an angle of 120 degrees) of 75 feet. . . . The rear of the fort, parallel to the long water-front, was bastioned and armed with field and siege guns for land defense. The parapets on those faces exposed to naval attack were made from twenty to twenty-five feet in thickness, and of a sufficient height to give a cover of at least eight feet. The crest level was from 103 to 106 feet above high water. . . . All the earth-work was sodded even to the scarps and counterscarps."

The fort was completed in the fall of 1863, and is yet maintained (1871) as an armed and garrisoned post. It is in excellent condition, and with proper care will remain so for years to come.

The general describes with some minuteness the slopes, bomb-proofs, wooden buildings and the entire make-up of the fort. The cedar and chestnut used in the works were at the time of his writing, 1871, in an excellent state of preservation.

Though not assisting in the building of all these forts, the order-books of the regiment would show that during our stay in the defenses, the 9th Regiment, or some part of it, did for a longer or shorter period occupy or assist in the construction of nearly every fort and battery in the entire cordon. Seemingly our experience in this direction exceeded that of the majority of our associate regiments.

A MONOCACY EPISODE.

On page 126 reference is made to the evident distress of two young women, the morning of the Battle of Monocacy. Before the troops had moved into position, they were seen repeatedly near the headquarters of General Wallace. Since the war, the cause of their anxiety has appeared, and the following letter from one of the parties interested, though not seen by us then, is given to the public for the first time. The writer, a son of Colonel C. K. Thomas, on whose farm the most of the fighting of the 9th was done, is now a resident of Berryville, Va., in the very section so familiar to the members of the Ninth, where he holds several hundred acres of that most fertile land, and for several years he has represented the counties of Clarke and Warren in the Virginia Legislature. At the same time he holds, from Governor J. Hoge Tyler, the position of colonel of cavalry on the latter's staff. Colonel S. S. Thomas tells his own story in the following interesting manner:



MONOCACY "HEROES."

J. H. ANDERSON, S. S. THOMAS, H. M. GATCHELL.



MONOCACY STONE BRIDGE, BALTIMORE PIKE

On the 4th day of July, 1864, Julius H. Anderson, Hugh M. Gatchell and myself left Baltimore city to make a visit to my father's home, "Araby"—the scene of the Battle of Monocacy. Anticipating a most gorgeous time for that day, which was virtually the day of this young nation's birth, we spent all the energies of our youthful natures in bringing about that result. Added to our own efforts, the stronger stimulus was the fact that two of the trio had sweethearts at "Araby" to assist them in their pleasures. My sister, Alice, was engaged and afterwards married Mr. Anderson, and Miss Mary A. Tyler (her guest) was engaged and afterwards married Mr. Gatchell. I took my pleasure amidst the home circle, except when these young couples were not engrossed with one another.

Thus this happy party continued to embrace and enjoy all the accompanying pleasures incident to youth, for the eldest of the party was only twenty years old. But presto! etc. Whilst sitting on the piazza at "Araby," on the morning of the 5th, behold, a squad of United States soldiers is seen marching up the lawn, and after halting in front of us, one of them stepped forward and announced the fact that he had an order for the arrest of three young men staying there, at the same time calling our names.

My father at once demanded to know at whose instance the arrest was made. "By the order of General Lew Wallace." "And what ground does General Wallace assign for this arrest?" continued my father. The reply came that General Wallace knew his own business. Which to my mind has proved a fallacy, as his subsequent military career showed.

Here follows the most remarkable and unprecedented step ever taken by any commander in civil warfare. We were marched under guard to the place of encampment of the 11th Maryland, 100 days' regiment, commanded by Colonel William T. Landstreet, given muskets, placed in the ranks, drilled with the regiment, and marched with it on the morning of the 8th (I think) to the west side of Frederick and drawn up in line of battle; but one officer in command, finding that we made a fine target for a Confederate battery to practice upon, at once ordered our retreat to the bridge spanning the Monocacy on the Baltimore pike, thence by daybreak, next morning back along the Monocacy to the old camping-ground at Frederick Junction. The next morning, the 9th, our muskets were taken from us (now think of this), and we were detained with the regiment and carried to an eminence adjacent to the railroad-bridge, and there ordered to remain, the firing having commenced, a Confederate battery on the other side of the river firing at us. Remember we were clad in civilian dress, and a kind, chivalrous and sympathetic officer, whose memory I shall always cherish, turned to us and remarked, "Young men, General Wallace is now yonder (pointing afar off) on the left flank. I appreciate

his unsoldierly conduct towards you, and if the rebels drive us from this position and you are caught fighting in citizen's dress, as they will have every right, I suppose they will kill you on sight. Now, take my advice and get away as fast as you can." This man was one of God's noblemen and seeing the injustice of the position in which we were placed, could not restrain the nobility of his character.

We at once acted on his suggestion and left without any molestation, and we came to the conclusion that the only mean fellow in that whole army was General Lew Wallace.

From there we went to the residence of Mr. J. H. Gambrill. After sitting there for some time, occupying seats on the east porch with General Ricketts, an officer, General Adam E. King, rode up to make a report to him (Ricketts). After delivering the same and receiving instructions, he started back, but in almost less time than it takes to relate it, I saw him brought back on a stretcher, supposed to be mortally wounded. (I believe he is now living in Baltimore.)

By that time the shells were flying rapidly, plowing up the earth all around us, so that we, including Mr. Gambrill, determined to take shelter in the mill, and there remained till the battle was over, which was about 4 o'clock in the afternoon.

For the above reasons, I claim that we were the only heroes of the Battle of Monocacy, having been exposed to the same dangers as soldiers against our own will, without having the protection given to a uniform. This was the last of it, General Wallace never attempting to assign any reason whatever for his unwarrantable course, and the above relation of facts does not appear, I know, in any history of the war.

The distress of the young women on the morning of the 9th is now perfectly clear,—they were trying to secure the release of the brother and lovers, but without avail. It is easy to imagine what must have been the feelings of the parents and those girls as they spent the long hours of this day in the cellar of the Thomas house. Several years later, Colonel C. K. Thomas told the writer that on their return to Baltimore the young men had their pictures taken in the dress worn on the day of the battle, and that one of the involuntary soldiers wrote beneath the figures these words, "The only soldiers at Monocacy who were not killed or captured or did not run away." It does seem as though the young man had some warrant for his inscription.

A few words here concerning the elder Thomas are in place. He was born in Frederick county, Md., in 1817, and died in June, 1899, at "Araby," his residence near the Monocacy river,

and is buried in Mt. Olivet cemetery. He was closely related to the first Governor Thomas, and was a distant relative of the second, and through his mother was descended from Thomas Notely, who was proprietary governor in 1678. Colonel Thomas was a man whom to meet was to inspire respect. Though his opinions might differ from some of yours, you could not help liking him. If any Union officers and men of the hundreds who met him during the troublous days of 1862 and '65 entertain any other than the kindest memories of him, they have not expressed them in the hearing of the writer. Were those to be named who endorse these sentiments, the list would be too long, but one warm friend was Major Vandenberg of the 14th New Jersey of our 1st Brigade, who died so bravely at Winchester.

THE SIXTH CORPS.

Colonel William F. Fox in his book of regimental losses says:

The history of the 6th Corps, more than any other, is replete with fascinating interest. Its record is invested with more of the romance and brilliancy of war. There was the successful assault of Marye's Heights; the brilliant dash into the rifle-pits at Rappahannock Station; the deadly hand-to-hand fighting in the gloomy thickets of Spottsylvania; the breathless interest which attaches to that lone fight at Fort Stevens, where, under the eye of the president, they saved the national Capital from the hands of the invader; the victories in the valley, with the dramatic incident at Cedar Creek; and the crowning success at the storming of Petersburg. Over all these scenes the Greek cross waved proudly on the banners of the corps, while its veteran legions wrought deeds which linked that badge with an unfading glory and renown.

The 6th Corps had its origin May 18, 1862, when Franklin's division was united with that of General W. F. Smith, General William B. Franklin becoming the first commander. It participated in all the strife in which the Army of the Potomac engaged from the Peninsular Campaign, through Gettysburg to the first assault on Petersburg. Its successive commanders were General W. F. Smith, John Sedgwick and H. G. Wright. Its course after our own regiment joined has been pretty well followed in this volume.

In laying stress upon the services of the 6th Corps, no attempt is made to disparage other and similar organizations. Every one must grant that all did their duty; to the 6th Corps came certain ordeals, and the corps acquitted itself magnificently. Very likely other bodies would have done the same.

but under Sedgwick and Wright there had grown up a confidence in itself that meant much to the cause for which it strove. Confidence beget confidence, and leaders and men respected each other, if, indeed, the word "respect" is strong enough. For many a day after the dread event of Spottsylvania, there were few boys of the 6th who did not refer to "Uncle John" with a quaver in their voices.

The following stanzas in *The Sixth Corps*, our Danville daily of April-May, 1865, are indicative of the feeling that every man had for his fallen hero. The lines were printed in the first number, that of April 27:

SEDGWICK.

We breathe his name—the cross gleams bright
 On every manly breast;
 He wore it, and it caught the light
 Of Heaven's own bequest.

Then, brothers, let us bow the head,
 And feel his presence near;
 The brave die not—he is not dead,
 No, Sedgwick's soul is here.

God bless him, when amidst the fray,
 We sweep the death-struck plain,
 We hear his voice—the foe give way,
 And Sedgwick leads again.

He left us when through Wilderness,
 War shed its lurid flame;
 When ranks were growing less and less,
 He left us but in name.

His sword was sheathed—but ever near,
 His dear old flag he moves;
 Beneath the cross he whispers cheer,
 The cross that Sedgwick loves.

Then breathe his name—the cross gleams bright
 On every manly breast;
 He wore it, and it caught the light
 Of Heaven's own pure bequest.

There had not been the hesitation of a moment in the accession of Wright, and though there was the taking on of a new love, there was no forgetting of the old. The new general was no novice in the art of war; like his predecessor, he was a native of the state of Connecticut; born in Clinton March 6th, 1820. He was graduated from West Point, No. 2 in the class of 1841,

and became a member of the Engineer Corps. He taught at the academy, and was a captain when the war broke out. He served in the Bull Run campaign; helped capture Hilton Head, S. C.; was in Florida in 1862; later was in Ohio and Kentucky, and having become a major general of volunteers, he commanded the 1st Division of the 6th Corps at the beginning of the Campaign of 1864. We need not follow him again through the struggle of the Battle Summer, but how his accession to the head of the corps was regarded, the following lines clearly indicate:

“Our truest, bravest heart is gone, and we remember well
The bitter anguish of the day when noble Sedgwick fell;
But there is still another left to lead us to the fight,
And with a hearty three times three we'll cheer our gallant Wright.”

It had been a cherished hope of the writer of this volume that he might present a copy to the man whom he and thousands of others had so confidently followed, but at the eleventh hour we know that he passed within the veil. Writing to him in 1896, the following words were received in reply:

I have no doubt you will prepare an interesting history of the 9th New York Heavy, as it passed most honorably through eventful times, and I should with pleasure aid you in your labors with matter therefor if I could. Unfortunately, however, I have nothing to which I can refer touching the service of any regiment, and I only remember that the 9th held high place in the estimation of the commanders under whom it served, including myself.

There are those who recall the enthusiastic reception accorded the veteran commander on that day in September, 1892, during the G. A. R. encampment in Washington. The scene is indelibly impressed upon many minds when the boys rose to greet the leader of former times. What a flood of years rolled away as they stood in his presence and in fancy saw him in his manly strength at the head of the corps, close to the Greek cross, with his followers, the first favorites of Sheridan.

After the war he lived a quiet life, for the most part in Washington, where he died July 2, 1899. His body was taken to Connecticut for burial. His full name was Horatio Gouverneur, not Horatio Gates, as has been so frequently yet incorrectly stated.

Our first division commander, General James B. Ricketts,

was a worthy associate of the gallant Wright, born in New York city June 21, 1817; West Point, 1839; saw service along the Canada border and through the Mexican War; helped overcome the Indians in Florida, and early gained repute in the War of the Rebellion, for Ricketts's Battery won renown at Bull Run, where he was wounded and captured. He was held a prisoner for some time, but was released in season for a part in the Shenandoah Campaign of 1862. His career, till he was wounded at Cedar Creek, we know. We also recall that his wife generously gave to every member of the corps a badge, which they proudly wore on their way back to Petersburg in December, 1864. He was retired from the army in 1867 on account of wounds received in his service. He died in Washington September 22, 1887.

Our brigade commander, General J. Warren Keifer, is still an active entity in the affairs of the people. He was born in Clark county, Ohio, January 30, 1836, and was educated at Antioch College, the particular glory of Horace Mann, the great educator. He went into service as major of the 3d Ohio at the very beginning, April 19th, and was commissioned April 27th. September 30th, 1862, he became colonel of the 110th Ohio, and we made his acquaintance later, after his return from his Wilderness wounds, for he was four times wounded during the war. Cedar Creek won for him a brevet brigadiership, and he was mustered out a brevet major general. A lawyer, he went into politics after the war and was sent to Congress, over the lower branch of which he presided as speaker during the 47th Congress. We well remember his power in speaking on occasion in wartimes, and it is not surprising that he should enjoy an enviable reputation in this respect. He was the orator on the unveiling of the Garfield monument in Washington. His home is in Springfield, and the general yields to no one in his devotion to the interests of the men whom he so bravely led in 1862-'65. He always has a good word to say for the Ninth.

How the corps was regarded by that peerless leader, Sheridan, everybody knows. The confidence, won by experience from Monocacy to Cedar Creek, was mutual, and no survivor of the 6th fails to dwell on the fact that in 1865 he refused Grant's proffer of the 5th Corps, still asking for the 6th. It was the reputation of the corps gained afoot that prompted the sending of the 6th on the swift trip to Danville in April, 1865.

General Meade, never particularly enthusiastic, says in his report of the Petersburg advance that the gallant assault of the 6th Corps on the 3d instant was the decisive movement of the campaign.

At the end of the century, the ranks are thin, and ere many years all those who so often threaded the roads of Virginia and Maryland, who explored the paths and fastnesses of the valley, will have joined their leaders in a land where no alarms of war are heard, but while they live they will not cease to chant:

“Then ere we part to-night, boys, we’ll sing our song the more,
With chorus swelling long and clear, God bless the Old 6th Corps.”

CHAPTER XXVI.

PRISONERS OF WAR.

MY CAPTURE AND ESCAPE.

BY W. G. DUCKETT.

Late Hospital Steward, 2d Battalion, 9th N. Y. Heavy Artillery, now of Washington, D. C.

I was surprised and taken prisoner by a reb in Uncle Sam’s uniform on July 9th, 1864, between 7 and 8 o’clock A. M., about half way between Monocacy Junction and Frederick City on the turnpike. I was taken back to General Echols. He asked me to what command I belonged. I told him to the 6th Corps. He said: “D—n that 6th Corps; we meet them wherever we go.” I told him he would find the whole corps there to welcome him “with bloody hands to hospitable graves.” I knew there were only a part of the 3d Division and two regiments of 100-day men there, but purposely deceived him, and I believe they were more cautious than they would have been had they known our real strength, and we were saved from greater disaster. I remained in Frederick City during the day. Quite a number of prisoners were brought in during the day, among them Mead of Company A. In the evening we were marched over to the stone mill near the battlefield, where we slept in a cow-pen. I there found Lieutenant Reuben Burton among the prisoners, and as I had lost my blanket and haversack, gladly

accepted his offer to share his. The next day the prisoners, numbering about 600, were started on their march for Washington. We crossed over a part of the battlefield and saw many of our dead on the field and generally stripped of their clothing. We arrived in front of Fort Stevens late in the afternoon of the 11th. In the evening after the fight there, the prisoners were started Dixie-ward, in advance of the retreating rebels. I am glad to recall one noble act of the rebels, who have so much cruelty charged to their account. My friend Burton had been very sick that day and was too weak to walk, and I obtained permission from a rebel surgeon to allow him to ride in an ambulance, while many of their men wounded and worn had to walk in that July heat and dust. We marched all night, and until, I think, about 2 o'clock P. M. next day, when we reached a little hamlet called Dawsonville. We were marched into a grove containing probably four or five acres, and bounded on two sides by the public roads, and on the other two by a large wheat-field. The rebel guards were stationed along the fence a few rods apart. We were very tired after our long, hot, dusty march, and Burton and I lost no time in spreading our blanket for a sound nap. We were awakened by the rebels calling us to come and get our rations, flour and fresh beef only. I took a saunter around the grove to awaken myself, when I discovered that at a point adjoining the wheat-field, the fence was down and the prisoners were allowed to pass through into the field. I observed that our guards were tired too, and not keeping a very strict watch, of which circumstance I decided to take immediate advantage. The wheat had been cut, bound in bundles and set up in shocks containing about fifteen bundles each. Watching my opportunity I stepped behind a shock, and dropping on my hands and knees forced my way into it. It seemed incredible that I had not been seen by one of the many rebels in sight of me, and I momentarily expected to be dragged out by the heels, but I soon found I was safe. The heat was almost suffocating and I suffered for water. The prisoners were soon commanded to fall in and they continued their march to prison, from which many never returned. I determined that as soon as it was dark I would put for the woods and hide until the enemy had gone, but as night approached the rebel army came marching by and kept up their tramp, tramp all night long. They passed within a few feet of me, some of them

brushing against my frail tenement, so I could not carry out my plans. The stolen horses and cattle, together with baggage wagons, artillery and cavalry, took the road, and the troops marched through the fields. When daylight came, I thought I was safe, for the army had passed, and only now and then a straggler or two came by.

About 7 o'clock A. M., however, a squad of cavalry came up, probably the rear guard picking up the stragglers. They halted in the grove to get their breakfasts. They unlimbered their forge and shod some horses, and I feared they would make a long halt. One of the horses came directly to my straw house and captured the "cap sheath," and proceeded to refresh his inner horse (not inner man, of course). A moment later a soldier took a bundle from behind me, probably to sit on. Then a soldier sat down against my domicile and rudely pressed against my knees. It was getting very hot then, my position was cramped, and while he sat there I could not move; my whole side became numb, and it seemed impossible to remain in that position until he had finished his breakfast. Another bundle was taken, letting broad daylight smack in my face; then it seemed as if they could all see me. Another bundle was taken, exposing my knees, and the man was still sitting there so that I could not move. Each time a bundle was taken I thought the next would certainly cause my discovery. Five bundles were taken from my den, and when I finally got out I noticed that shock was the only one that had been disturbed. I remained in my hiding-place until some of our cavalry came along in pursuit of the retreating foe. I mounted one of their lead horses, and went with them to Poolsville. Remaining there a day or two, I returned to Washington; assisted Surgeon Sabin in reorganizing the hospital at Fort Reno, Tennallytown. A few days later I received an appointment in the United States Army, where I remained until April, 1866, when I was discharged (because I was no longer wanted).

It was stated to me while a prisoner that the rebs had 30,000 men in the Monocacy fight and thirty to forty pieces of artillery. Undoubtedly the battle of Monocacy saved Washington. Well, comrades, I will close with three cheers for "the Heavy Ninth," and may the memory of our services and sufferings for the noble cause be cherished by our children and our children's children for generations to come.

NOTES FROM A DIARY KEPT IN DANVILLE PRISON.

BY E. P. DENNING OF COMPANY D.

July 11. Rebs use us well, but give us no rations. Kept moving till we reached the defenses, where the rebs are fighting our folks.

July 12. Some firing last night; we are on the pike from Rockville to Washington; it passes by Fort Stevens, Seventh street road, two miles from Fort S., and six from centre of city; about 40,000 rebels.

July 13. With the rebels fell back from Washington late last night; marched all night; camped at noon to-day.

July 14. Draw scant rations; started out at dark last night; reached the Potomac this morn and forded, waist deep.

July 15. Get some rest; cannonading in our rear; some hope of being recaptured.

July 16. Marched at 1 A. M. from two miles east of Leesburg to one mile west of Upperville.

July 17. Passed through Ashby's Gap, forded the Shenandoah, camped at Millwood.

July 18. Reached Winchester at noon. Stayed a little while; camped three miles south.

July 19. In camp; rations short, flour and beef.

July 20. Started at daylight, marched eighteen or twenty miles to the south of Strasburg; camped on western branch of the Shenandoah.

July 22. Scant half rations; from Strasburg to Mt. Jackson, about twenty-five miles, through Edenburg, Woodstock and other small places.

July 23. From Mt. Jackson to near Harrisonburg, twenty-two miles, through Newmarket; stopped two hours at a big spring near Sparta to cook rations.

July 24. From Harrisonburg to within a few miles of Staunton, through Sidney and Mt. Crawford; camped at Willow Spring; severe storm began at 10 P. M. and continued all night.

July 25. Left at daylight and reached Staunton at 9 A. M. Took cars at 10 and went through to Charlottesville under the Blue Ridge; camped at 6, before dark.

July 26. Took cars at daylight and rode to Lynchburg, getting there at about noon. All of us, 700, are in an old tobacco warehouse.

July 27. Closely confined. Our tents and blankets are taken away from us. Rations somewhat better.

July 28. Left Lynchburg for Danville, via Lynchburg and Petersburg railroad. From Burksville Junction went southward.

July 29. Reached Danville at daylight; sixty miles from L. to Junction.

July 30. Six hundred men in our squad; 250 on our floor. The most of our regiment on the third floor. The same number is on the second floor; sixty wounded men on the first floor; the rest are in the attic. Rations at 9, corn-bread and boiled cow-peas. One pint of soup in afternoon, 4 o'clock.

July 31. Rations better than expected.

August 1. I make it that we have walked 250 miles and have ridden 300 to reach this prison.

August 2. The prisoners from the Crater (July 30) came in to-day. Some sixty or more officers were put into our first floor, General Bartlett* from Massachusetts, having only one leg, is among them.

August 3. Nothing to do but read Bible and hunt lice.

August 4. Officers left, they say, for Georgia. Others came down from Lynchburg. No soup to-day.

August 5. Gave \$12 for three dozen onions. Sold some at fifty cents a piece; had ten left after giving three for a ration of bread. Got my money back.

*The famous mine explosion, July 30, '64, Petersburg. Gen'l Wm. F. Bartlett had lost a leg at Yorktown in 1862. Fortunately for him, it was his wooden leg which was shattered in the mine. The following is from his journal, printed in his life, p. 120:

Tuesday, August 2. Carried in a dirty wagon without any cover to the prison; a filthy place, an old warehouse and stores. We were in the first floor, about 300, as thick as we could lie. No ventilation. I saw the doctor in the morning; he said he would send me to the hospital. I could not eat anything; am feverish and so weak. No crutches. I have to be partly carried, partly hop along, when I move. Rations issued, corn-bread, thick loaf, and bacon. I can't touch either; still drink water. If I do not get away from here very soon, I never shall. Wagon came for me about six, an open wagon or cart, used to carry bacon in, all covered with dirt and grease; gravel spread on the bottom to cover the grease; ride over rough road to hospital; am in a tent, old and ragged, but airy; good breeze. (Small-pox.) (The general was retained in Danville till the 26th, when he was sent to Richmond, where he was held till Sept. 24. Evidently he did not like prison life any better than the rest of us.—A. S. R.)

August 6. Scrubbed the floor, making it smell better than it did before. Three of us are making a pair of pants out of a shelter-tent.

August 7. Some pork, sent down from the North; black bean soup for supper.

August 8. Soup gave me summer complaint; 9, nothing of note; 10, rations very poor, soup makes us sick; 11, still poor rations; 12, get *Richmond Enquirer*.

August 13. Five hundred prisoners came into the prison to-day, mostly from the valley.

August 14. Reading the Bible through; 15, weather very warm; Company K man, Wheater, died last night.

August 16. River water roilly; the best I ever drank of the kind.

August 17. With Dunbar brought water from the river. Got extra loaf of bread.

August 18. Rebs took from us to-day about all we had left, as haversacks, rubber blankets, etc.

August 19. Sick increasing; 25, got a cup of salt and some bread for bringing water.

August 26. A new bake-oven gives us better bread. Some pork instead of rusty bacon.

August 27. Guards bring in fruit, etc., to sell, but it comes high, thus: apples, \$2 to \$4 per dozen; peaches, \$2 to \$5 per dozen; onions, \$3 to \$6 per dozen.

August 29. Surgeon took names of sick and wounded, expecting to send to Richmond for exchange. Wagered an oyster soup with York that we would be out of here in six weeks.

August 30. We were searched again for valuables. About 300 sick and wounded left for Richmond this afternoon; 31, lonesome since others left.

September 6. News of the fall of Atlanta.

September 8. Bet an oyster dinner with Riggs that we should be within our lines six weeks from to-day.

September 9. Rations grow smaller.

September 12. Rebs throwing up rifle-pits across the river, near bridge.

September 13. So cold that many have to walk all night to keep warm.

September 14. Crave fat meat; cold corn-bread with cold water hardly enough; beans not fit to eat.

September 15. Fifteen men went out of No. 6 to work for the rebels.

September 16. Twenty men are working to-day.

September 19. Allowed to make chip fires, in the yard, for crust coffee and toasted corn-bread.

September 20. Inspected by rebel General Gardner. Squads of sick sent away for parole or exchange.

September 21. Men and negroes are working on fortifications.

September 22. Men are sought for to serve in getting out coal, parole of honor; also men are solicited to enlist in the rebel army.

September 24. One hundred and nineteen men come into No. 1 from No. 6.

September 25. Six hundred new prisoners come into No. 6; hardtack instead of corn-bread.

September 28. Six men detailed to serve as butchers for the prisoners. (We never saw much of their work.—A. S. R.)

September 29. Soup gave all those who ate it a terrible summer complaint. Sorry mess of it.

October 4. Hear it reported that thirty-five prisoners have been sworn into the rebel army.

October 7. Hear that Jeff. Davis was in Danville yesterday, and spoke at the railroad station. (This must have been on the return of Davis from a visit to Augusta to confer with Generals Hardee, Cobb, Beauregard and others.—A. S. R.)

October 10. Men at work on the fortifications make a break; seventy-five of them escape.*

*The leader of this break was Charles F. Porter of the 18th Connecticut, who for many years has been a fellow member with me in Post 10, G. A. R., in Worcester, Mass. With others he had accepted Major Morfit's invitation to work on the fortifications across the river, with the full purpose of using the opportunity to escape. These same works, Jefferson Davis, in April, 1865, declared to be faultily located and constructed. They began working on the 8th, and on their return to the prison, No. 6, were treated any way but pleasantly by their comrades. On Monday, the 10th, they overpowered the guard and left. Forty-five men made the start towards liberty. Sixteen succeeded in reaching the Union lines. Nine prisoners, including Porter, traveled westward, and, Nov. 30, gave themselves up to General Stoneman, near Knoxville, Tenn. On the 12th of Oct. Colonel Morfit, presumably on account of this outbreak, was relieved of his command in Danville.—A. S. R.

October 11. One hundred men sent as sick to Richmond.

October 14. With other sick, leave Danville for Richmond at dark; 15-16, Richmond is an improvement on Danville.

October 17. Went down the river on a flag-of-truce boat. Leave it at Aikin's landing; cross one and a half miles to Varina. Those who can't walk are carried.

October 18. On Union flag-of-truce boat New York. There are 400 of us; many are dying.

October 19. Start for Annapolis.

October 20. Reached Annapolis before daylight; sick go to St. John's Hospital, others to Camp Parole; 21-24. in hospital; November 3, furlough home. (He did not return to the regiment.—A. S. R.)

FROM MONOCACY TO DANVILLE.

The first of three papers, read by the writer of this volume, before the Rhode Island Soldiers and Sailors' Historical Society in Providence, 1889, 1890, 1891.

Captured in battle on Saturday, the ninth day of July, 1864, at Monocacy, or Frederick Junction, Md., the sun was well up his eastern way when we, under Confederate guard and guidance, turned our backs on the burning stubble of the battlefield—dotted here and there with the naked bodies of our comrades slain, and took a road of which we knew only that it led southward. I have since learned that it was called the Georgetown pike. It was crooked and dusty; but not so much so as those which we had found in Virginia. A request to go out of the line to satisfy myself as to the identity of a dead man, lying by the fence, is refused by the philosophical guard, who tells me that I am better off without knowing. "For if he is your friend you will have just so much more to trouble you, and so long as you don't know, why, you may think him living. If he is not the man you are thinking of, it isn't worth your time to investigate." Such cool reasoning as that I thought worthy of the Mussulmans who burned the Alexandrine Library. At any rate my curiosity and interest were not satisfied. The ascent from the valley is gradual, and as we wend our way, we repeatedly turn to look at the scene that is to be indelibly painted on memory's canvas. The river; the railroad, with its iron bridge; the turnpike bridge, now smoking in ruins; the big stone mill, near whose base I heard the last order, "Elevate

your pieces, men"; Colonel Thomas's house, around which the tide of battle had surged the day before, and lastly, the wheat-field, whence on that 9th of July, we had seen two harvests gathered: the one in the early morn of wheat, the staff of life, and the other at eve of men, and the reaper thereof was Death. Every feature of this scene prints itself on our memories, till finally the friendly hill shuts off the view and we can now give ourselves entirely to our immediate surroundings.

Marching in any way, under a July sun, in the Southern states, is not particularly pleasant. In our own lines, where one could to some extent pick his own way, provided he did not straggle too much, a man found walking wearisome; but under the direction of an enemy, whose march was largely a forced one, where we must keep in place and plod along, the course became especially tedious. It soon became obvious, however, that we had more friends among the people whom we met than our guards had. It was a very common thing to find tubs of newly drawn water placed by the roadside to satisfy the tormenting thirst engendered by the excessive heat. Of our approach, I suppose the people had been informed by the enemy, who had started very early in his attempt to surprise Washington. The kind and sympathetic looks of many dwellers along the road, to say nothing of some pleasant words now and then heard, went far to alleviate the pain of our condition.

There were between 600 and 700 of us, many from the 3d Division of the 6th Corps, and others from the one hundred days men whom Ohio had sent into the fray. It was their first and only experience, and many of them were in for a longer stay in rebel prisons than their whole term of enlistment called for. Speaking, once, of the little aid afforded by them at the Monocacy extremity, to a Vermont soldier who did valiant service on that day, he very graphically replied, "Hundred days men! Pshaw! They were only honey to draw the flies." I have many times since wondered whether I did just right in refusing a drink from my canteen to a tall, muscular Ohio man of the above category, who was marching unencumbered by anything save his uniform. "Where is your canteen?" said I. "I threw it away so that I could run," he very candidly answered. Moved by everything save admiration I assured him that he might run for his water. I know there was little of

the Sir Philip Sidney in this reply of mine; but unlike the case of the great Briton and the dying soldier, I did not think his need greater than mine. Our first halt was at a pleasant little village, called Urbana, where a kind citizen, perhaps Columbus Winsor by name, of strong Union sympathies, sets out several barrels of sweet crackers for our comfort, and bids us help ourselves. Many intervening years have not wholly effaced the regret that was mine over my inability to get what I deemed my share of those toothsome morsels, nor my admiration for the man who thus remembered those in bonds as bound with them.

It was while halting here that a rebel major, mounted upon a mule, propounded to me the question as to why the Yankees always called the Southern soldiers "Johnnies." I assured him of my inability to ascribe it to any other reason than the well-known fact that johnny-cake was supposed to be the great source of life in the South. This appeared to him a not unlikely cause, and thereupon entering into general conversation, I found him an exceedingly agreeable gentleman. I soon learned, moreover, that personally there could be very little animosity between the rebels and the men they guarded. The difference lay in the causes that they represented.

We had gone only about four miles from our starting-place, and the time must have been near noon, but the command "Forward" to a soldier, bond or free, is seldom more welcome than the parental summons to arise in the morning is to the farmer's tired and sleepy boy. The country through which we were marching seemed a veritable paradise. Soon after passing through Hyattstown, I picked up a letter, written from Georgia to a relative—I thought a brother—in the rebel army. In this missive the writer distinctly narrated the circumstances of several cases of bushwhacking. He set forth in the shooting of unsuspecting soldiers by concealed civilians, in one case an uncle, for which offense the latter was summarily hanged. He also told of situations where he could have polled one for the Confederacy, but fear of Yankee vengeance, he frankly confessed, prevented. This interesting and valuable letter I retained for several days, till, fearful lest finding it in my possession, my captors might think it grounds for ill-treating me, I threw it away, first, however, tearing it up. In these days of general denials of all rebel atrocities and of sympathy with the Rebellion, such written testimony as the above would have a particular value.

Our forward movement is unfraught with special interest until we pass through the hamlet of Clarksburg. Near the outskirts of the village an aged man is sitting at an open window, the house being very near the street. An elderly lady, apparently his wife, is leaning past him with hands extended upon the window-sill. So dust-begrimed are we that I do not wonder at her long mistaking us for a part of the rebel throng which all day long has been passing her door. Suddenly light dawns upon her, and raising her hands, with an astonished tone she exclaims: "Why, they are our men!" At once I eagerly ask, "Who are our men?" "Why, Union men, of course." Utterly heedless of the laws supposed to govern prisoners, we forgot our situation and laughed and cheered. But the nearest guard, not liking such demonstrations, thrust his bayonet through the window and thus drove from sight the good old dame, who seemed to us for the nonce another Barbara Frietchie.

Near here I picked up a copy of army tactics, prepared expressly for those desiring to be examined for commission in colored regiments. I remember well the thought that possibly, during the period of my retention, I might be able to stow away enough military knowledge to enable me to pass successfully the examinations on my release, but this, too, I dropped the first time we were drawn up to be searched for valuables, not knowing how my captors might look upon a would-be officer among colored men. For aught I knew, the first man to throw it away did so for reasons similar to mine. To tell the truth I had several spells of carrying books while in the army, spells, however, that became much less intense as the heat and length of marches increased. I found many boys of similar tastes and experiences.

Our first camp was south of Clarksburg, and as our haversacks, filled on the field of Monocacy, were yet distended, there was nothing unusual in our preparation of coffee and consumption of hard-tack, nor in the refreshing sleep that soon fell upon us.

All the way down our guards had jokingly told us of the gay time expected by them on their entering Washington, remarks that we took more in the spirit of banter than otherwise, hardly thinking it possible that Early would have the temerity to beard the lion in his den. When, however, on the next day, Monday, the 11th, we turned to the left on passing through

Rockville, we knew that at least a feint was to be made. This was a little before noon, about the time that the Confederates reached the head of Seventh street, and found that the delay at Monocacy had been fatal to success here, for old soldiers from the 6th Corps had reached the Capital in time to save it. He who saw and heard the strife from another standpoint may never know the relief afforded to the people of Washington when those veterans, bearing the Greek cross, marched through their midst. Never till then, I trow, had they appreciated the magic import of the figure seen by Constantine and which he followed to victory. *In hoc signo*, they felt that they were safe. What confidence the movement of well-tried regiments begets! Taking the place of the government clerks, the hospital convalescents and the veteran reserves, these old soldiers were ready to give to the Confederate commander an assurance that he was not Early enough for them. As one rebel told me, the Union men were placed so as to completely entrap the attacking force, and only luck prevented this consummation.

But to my personal observations. Between Rockville and Washington we were drawn up in line and thoroughly searched. Money was the chief object of rebel cupidity, and all that could be found was seized. In expectation of such an event, the men having money had carefully concealed it, so that the net results must have been exceedingly meagre. It was here, thus drawn up, that I first saw ex-Vice-President Breckinridge. I remember him as one of the finest looking men I ever saw. His face was so classically cut, and his eye so piercing, at any distance, that now with an interval of nearly twenty-four years, I can see him as he sat his horse and directed his men. I remember thinking, too, that an ex-vice-president might and ought to be in better business than seeking to destroy the place where, for four years, he had been the recipient of so many honors. In addition to seeing General Early often, we saw Rodes and McCausland, who were the most conspicuous leaders in this expedition.

The day itself was one of the hottest of a very hot summer, and many, both Federal and Confederate, were overcome by the heat. While traveling this road southeast from Rockville, we saw mortar shells sent up from the defenses, and the curves described by them were most beautiful. Exploding high in air, at times, they gave a superb display of pyrotechnics, though

I must confess that our admiration was somewhat tempered with apprehension lest "some droppings might fall on us." To be wounded or killed was not longed for at any time, but certainly we didn't fancy blows from the hands of our friends.

The afternoon was half spent when we filed to our left into an apple orchard and were ordered to camp. We had passed Silver Spring, the home of Montgomery Blair, and from the nearness of the firing I concluded that we were pretty close to the head of Seventh street. I recall very vividly that several times during that afternoon, the early evening and the day following, shells from our own batteries went shrieking through the tops of the trees under which we were lying. It required, however, no great acumen to understand that the Confederates were not finding matters to their satisfaction. The noise of the encounter on the 12th was great, and the rebel yell, varied by Union shouts, seemed as vivid as ever. Our Confederate foes must have thought the 6th Corps well-nigh ubiquitous, for they had left behind them the blue cross at Monocacy, and here they were confronted by the same emblem, though the color was white. The red was there, too, ready for the fight, if necessary. Little did we think then that President Lincoln was himself witnessing the discomfiture of the enemy and the victory of our friends and comrades.

The night of the 12th had shut down upon us and was well advanced when we were ordered out, and this time our faces were set away from the Capital. By the light of Montgomery Blair's burning mansion, we marched away for the Confederacy. We then said that the house was destroyed in retaliation for the destruction of Governor Letcher's home in Lexington, burned by Hunter; but General Early has since disclaimed any complicity in the matter. He has personally told me that he found, on facing Fort Stevens, that the purpose for which he was sent by Lee had been subserved, *i. e.*, some troops, he knew not how many, had been drawn from Petersburg, and this very arrival, while it blocked his entrance, lessened Lee's danger. He had not, from the moment of finding 6th Army Corps men there, entertained the possibility of getting into Washington. Opposed as we were to the cause of the Rebellion, yet I think we can afford a little praise for this affair, though an unrelenting foe, in his leading his men by forced marches over many hundreds of miles, through a not over friendly

country in some cases, down to the very Capital of the nation. Nothing but final success was wanting to make him the Alaric of the century.

The morning light was breaking when on the 13th we passed, for the second time, through Rockville. It may have been five o'clock, for I know the citizens were beginning to make their appearance, and one good old lady quite touched my heart when, through her glasses, she beamed kindly on me and in the sweetest of voices said, "Good morning." How those two trite, commonplace words, so often misapplied, lightened the burdens of that long, toilsome day! It was a good morning to me only in the thought that I had seen one kind, sympathetic woman who, as she spoke to me, may have been thinking of a boy of her own, possibly at that moment in distress somewhere in this troubled land. All through the hours of that weary day, at high noon and at sultry eve, still rang in my ears those pleasant tones, so that even when our march was prolonged all through the night, it was still to me, "Good morning."

We halted occasionally for rest and food, but nearly all the time we were in motion. The feet of some of the prisoners became terribly sore. Those of Charley R——, of my company, seemed like two big blisters, *i. e.*, as though the sole had quite separated from the foot. Great tears would roll down his face. He couldn't keep them back, but not a whimper did any one ever hear from his lips. At one of our halting-places two of our party, being Lieutenant Burton, of Company B, and W. E. Duckett, of K, succeeded in hiding in some shocks of wheat and made good their escape. Others tried it, but were caught. During the 13th we found our guards not quite so disposed to discuss the capture of Washington as they had been on Sunday and Monday. In fact, they were exceedingly waspish, and on very slight provocation shouted, "Dry up, Yank!"

Passing through Poolesville, in the gray of dawn, we came to White's Ford, on the Potomac, only a short distance above the scene of the terrible disaster of Ball's Bluff. The river here is wide and shallow, affording an easy passage so far as the depth of water is concerned. But appearances are often deceptive, for the bottom of the stream is exceedingly slippery. I profited by the misfortunes of those in front of me. Many, trusting to themselves alone, would undertake the passage.

but slipping upon a smooth stone covered with weeds, down would go their heads and up would turn their heels, thus giving the soldiers involuntary baptisms. Seeing many instances of this, I joined arms with a like-minded friend and thus bracing each other we made the transit, dry as to the upper portion of our bodies. This was on the morn of the 14th, and soon after we went into bivouac at a point called Big Spring, so named from the immense pool of water, the first of the large number of ever-flowing springs that we were to encounter on our march. It was nicely walled about and large enough for a hundred cattle to drink from it at the same time. Here we rested, and for the first time essayed to cook our own food, as our escort had been obliged to do all along. When I contrast the living facilities of the Union and Confederate armies, I am amazed that the latter held out as long as they did. The Northern soldier, when he went into camp, tired from his day's march, made his coffee, ate his hard-tack, perhaps gave it a little relish from the piece of salt pork that he had in his haversack, and in twenty minutes was getting welcome rest from "tired nature's sweet restorer."

But not so his Southern foe. When his bivouac came he had no coffee to boil, unless there had recently been a flag of truce, and there was no bread, hard or soft, for him. In the wagons were numerous long-handled, three-legged skillets, having heavy iron tops. These must be obtained, and the flour dealt out to them had to be cooked, each mess by itself. As there were not dishes enough for all to cook at once, some had to wait their turn. In fact I learned that during a halt some one was cooking constantly. As they did not carry yeast nor anything like it, and as they had but little salt, it must be seen that their bread would not have offended the most advanced hydropath, nor have troubled a Jew, even during the Feast of the Passover. Our Monocacy rations had given out and we were supplied with raw flour, the result, I suppose, of some part of the Maryland foray. Bread-making, thus, was a new experience to us, and we didn't like it. As for myself I must state that I gave up the skillet entirely, and mixing the flour with as little water as possible, adding what salt I could spare, I strung the dough out something like maccaroni, and having wound this around a stick proceeded to warm it through, holding it over the fire, rather a hot task on a July

day. I may say that I seldom burned my food thus. I couldn't wait long enough. In summing up the advantages held by our side, let us not forget to lay great stress on the superiority of our commissariat, and among the items there found put among the very first, coffee, an article more worthy the praises of Burns than the barleycorn that he has immortalized.

We rest, with no incident worthy of note save the artillery firing by Union forces on the other side of the river at the retiring rebel cavalry, till about midnight. We are then aroused, and again go plodding along, kept well in line by our flanking guards. It is barely dawn as we pass through Leesburg, but we are too sleepy and careless to note what is really a most lovely village. It is apparent that our captors have no time to spare, for they hasten along throughout the entire day, making no more halts than seem absolutely necessary. We bear a little to the southward, and finally enter Ashby's Gap of the Blue Ridge. The region is mountainous and wild, showing very little for the many years that man has occupied it. The outlook to the eye is grand, and repeatedly the observation is heard, "What a glorious sight this would be were I not a prisoner." As a soldier, it did not take me long to learn that he marches easiest who is nearest the head of the column. Accordingly, as the days returned, Charley R—— and I were found in place with only a file of Pennsylvanian lieutenants ahead of us, we yielding the place out of courtesy, for we were early enough for the first, but the easiest place, to our blistered feet, was hard. Again our march was protracted long into the night. So sleepy were we that we could sleep even when walking, and many a hapless wight in a walking dream and thus, perhaps, falling out of line, was by the guard speedily "hurried back to despair" and wakefulness. It was for the guards themselves a trying time, but their sleepiness never reached the point of allowing us to escape. Early and his forces had gone through the mountains at Snicker's Gap, thus keeping themselves between us and our army.

The hours of our night march wore on till about 3 A. M., when we stood on the banks of the Shenandoah, a name familiar to me from my earliest boyhood, when I had learned the speech of the Indian chief bearing this name, but I had never dreamed of such an introduction as I was about to have. There was neither bridge nor ferry, and to our tired bodies the water

had an almost winter chilliness as we waded in. It was deep, too, we having to hold our hands well up to keep them out of the water. Drenched and dripping, we trudged along into the small village of Millwood. Some of us were allowed to lie down by the side of a church, on whose corner I read in the semi-darkness, "Methodist Episcopal Church South." I may, I hope, be pardoned for having even then a feeling of pride that the division in 1844 of this great church, in which I had been reared, was one of the prime causes in awakening people to the enormity of slavery. However, though the church was hot enough on this mooted subject, I found the north side of the edifice extremely cool on that morning, and I was in no ways loth to move when at sunrise we "fell in" and marched over to a grove a few rods away. I was too tired and sleepy to eat, and all I wanted was a chance to lie down. I remember well putting my head in the shade and stretching my body out so that the friendly rays of the sun might dry my soaked garments. How long I slept I don't know; but when I awoke, the sun, in his climbing the sky, had not only dried my clothes, but he had well-nigh baked my face, upon which he was shining with nothing to intervene. We spent Sunday, the 17th, here, and went through the usual routine of drying dough. Here I traded with a rebel lieutenant for food a pair of heavy woolen gloves taken by me from a vagrant knapsack on the 9th. I had kept them for just such a purpose; but I had no idea he would use them in torrid July weather. Imagine my astonishment at seeing him wearing them in the hottest part of the next day as we were going through Winchester, and actually putting on airs on account of his gloved hands.

Monday we were off again, and I have since learned really going out of our way several miles to pass through the city of Winchester, thus contributing, I suppose, one to the eighty-seven occupations which that devoted city had during the years of the war. It was ten miles away, and we were marched this distance that we might assist our guards in exciting admiration among the denizens of the town. It was simply an illustration of a characteristic as old as man himself.

What Roman triumph was complete without its crowd of captives? The savage Indian led his prisoners home that he might see the exultations of the squaws and thereby increase the story of his prowess; and we, too, had to grace, not a

Roman, but a Winchester holiday. For the first time in my life I heard insulting expressions hurled at us from female lips. Revolting to me, to the scions of chivalry escorting us the words seemed sweet indeed. It was here that my rebel Adonis sported his woolen gloves. Passing through the city to the west side, we went into camp, and soon had a little compensation for the rude terms launched at us during the afternoon. The officers of our guard undertook to billet themselves on a family living near, at any rate within hearing. They were warmly received. In fact, nothing but hot water was lacking to make the reception scalding. The women, we learned, were Unionists, and they didn't propose to wait on rebels, and they didn't. The interview was music to us.

The next morning we left this city of many tribulations, and going out on Braddock street, took the famous turnpike southward. It is the same road that subsequent events were to elevate into enduring fame, as—

“A good, broad highway leading down.”

To us it seemed the perfection of road-making, so level and straight that we were prone to say that we could see in the morning where we were to camp at night. Under other circumstances a prospect of a trip up the ninety-two miles leading to Staunton would have been delightful. The valley of Virginia was famous the world over for beauty of scenery and fertility of soil. On every hand were indications of thrift. Large and expensive buildings and well-tilled fields afforded pleasing contrasts to the slatternly state of affairs in the eastern part of the state. Immense stacks of wheat attested the significance of the often-heard expression, “the granary of Virginia.” As rapidly as possible the farmers were threshing the grain, farmers we were told now, but soldiers when the work was done. This was the section over which Sheridan was to sweep and to leave it so desolate that were a crow to fly over it, “he would have to carry his rations with him.” For four years the enemy had swept in and out, at such opportune moments as would permit him to put in his crops, and later to harvest them. The ways of the rough-riding “Little Phil” were not to the liking of the people, and to this day they have no good word for him. In spite, however, of the brightness of the scene, the cloud of slavery hung over it, and

men who claimed to be fighting for liberty were still oppressing the bondsmen. I shall never forget my astonishment at seeing at one of our bivouacs a fine-looking old gentleman, without a suspicion of the black race in his appearance, hesitate at coming into our camp. He appeared to be very much afraid of the guards. I accosted him in some way, implying my thought that he was one of the old planters living near. "No," said he, "I am a slave." If never before, I then was more than glad that I was one of many thousands whose mission it was to make him and others like him free.

Of the many natural wonders and beauties of the valley we had little time or disposition to comment, though we could not help noticing the excellent springs that this mountainous and limestone region afforded. One in particular I recall, perhaps near Mount Jackson, that poured from the side of a hill with volume sufficient to turn the overshot wheel of a grist-mill located hard by. Doubtless it was simply the reappearance of a lost river, a phenomenon not uncommon in such sections. Our usual camping-place was near one of these ever-flowing springs, so that one essential to health, viz., good water, was not lacking. The villages, of which there were many, I remember thinking no addition to the beauties of the country. Watts' hymn seemed applicable here, for while every prospect pleased, man and his village works alone were vile. They were composed of tumble-down houses, not made so by the vicissitudes of war, but wearing a down-at-the-heel look which seemed natural, another of the legitimate results of slavery's curse. At Strasburg we bade good-by to the railroad grading, whose railless and bridgeless track had constantly reminded us of the devastations of war. One village, however, held a bright place in our memories, for in passing through Woodstock, we saw two girls, apparently in their teens, sitting on the steps in front of the house, and actually having small Union flags pinned upon their breasts. We were not slow in discovering this patriotic display nor in making our appreciation known. To the credit of the guards be it said that, though seemingly much chagrined at this proceeding, they did not disturb the girls in their sympathy, nor us in our sentiments. This place must have a sort of political contrariness, for it is now the home of a Virginian Republican senator, viz., H. H. Riddleberger. Nearly twenty-four years afterward, passing through the same re-

gion, I found that peace has won for the valley great victories. Those who saw these villages then would not recognize them now. Progress has taken them in hand and thrift is evident everywhere.

Our guards I have thought a little above the average Confederate soldier, and in our bivouacs it was no uncommon thing for us to hold with them very animated discussions, always amicable, except when the negro was debated. On one occasion, words had run pretty high, when the gray-jacket thought to clinch an argument by the threadbare question: "How would you like to have your sister or mother marry a nigger?" There was no delay in bluecoat's rejoinder, "Well enough, if they wanted to, and how can I tell but what your mother did." There were a bayonet thrust, a sudden retreat, and no more argument that day. One youngish guard quite made me homesick by saying in my hearing one Sunday, "Oh, dear! If I was only at home down in Alabama; wouldn't I take a ride to-day!" This and other remarks showed me how similar in tastes we were and how absurd a war between brothers was. Personally I had very little to complain of. Once, however, as we filed into a field where we were to camp I laid hold of a piece of rail to burn in subsequent cooking operations. "Drop that rail!" shouted a guard. I affected not to hear, or to think that I was not the "Yank" referred to, and so clung to the coveted bit of timber. When, however, the second command came, coupled with a threat to shoot and the clicking of a cocking hammer, I dropped the stick. Just why he was so very particular at that time I don't know, for there was little hesitation on the part of friend or foe to burn the farmers' fences. In fact, the rage of one Virginian planter on this expedition is vividly recalled. He came upon us and soundly berated the rebels for burning his rails, which he had only just put in place after a previous destruction by Union forces. Thus it was, as a Confederate sympathizer has since told me, "The Confederates robbed us because they thought we ought to be willing to part with everything for the good of the cause, while the Union forces took all they could get as spoils of war."

There could not be 600 and more men thus gathered together and no peculiar characters appear among them. Of our party perhaps the most conspicuous were two men of the "Ninth,"

known as "Old G. and T." Both must have lied roundly as to their ages when they were enlisted, for they certainly looked to be nearly sixty years old. They stuck by each other, making common cause against us younger men, but frequently quarreling with each other. On one occasion our purveyor had dealt out to us a quantity of beef's lights or lungs for food. Now be it known that however hungry I may have been, I never liked that kind of meat, but these two old soldiers would eat all they could get, and would even fight over the division of the share that fell to them. So loud ran the discussion that we gradually fell to listening, and were not a little pleased at hearing G. say, "T., you old d—l, you! if it wasn't for exposing you, I'd tell this whole camp how you used to steal turkeys;" and this shouted at the top of his voice. They never heard the last of it till prison rigors closed the ears of both in silent death.

Eight miles north of Staunton we made our first camp at what was called the Willow Spout, a beautiful spring gushing out constantly from the side of a hill, and I have recently learned that it is flowing now as then, and still bearing the same name. Here a starlit night shut down upon us, cold as Virginian nights always were. M. J. and I made our beds as usual, with one rubber blanket under and another over us. The sleep that tired youth secures so easily, speedily came and sealed our eyelids. How late it was that I awoke and found the rain falling pitilessly I have no means of knowing, but the whole camp seemed aroused, and dripping men were walking about in all sorts of disconsolate moods. Some had secured a quantity of wood and had started a great fire, giving comfort to one part of their bodies at a time. Save my face I was as dry as ever. Drawing my head in like a turtle I flattered myself that I should sleep till morning and be not a whit worse for the rain. Alas! About this time my companion began to nestle about and thereby to derange the covering. I besought him to keep still, but he exclaimed, "I am in a hollow, and a stream of water is running under me. Can't you move along?" To do this would simply put me in a similar predicament, and so I declined. Misery loves company; keep still he wouldn't, and he continued to pull and haul till in sheer desperation I sprang up, taking the covers with me, and in a very short time was as wet as the rest, which means that I was

as wet as I could be. I then crowded with others about the fire, imagining that in our discomfort we were not unlike the pictures that I had seen of Napoleon at the burning of Moscow, our unhappy groups about the fire suggesting that cheerless scene. Why, some of our men slopped around that night till they passed the weary and saturated guard and so escaped, while one or two fellows became the butt of ridicule among their associates, for, wandering outside, they tried to come into camp again, but were hailed by the vigilant guard, who let them in only after hearing their piteous plea, "We're prisoners." Was there ever before such honesty?

The morning brought sunshine and in its drying rays we forgot the misery of the night. It was here that I found the first Confederate who did not use tobacco. Just outside the line he stood and proffered the weed for whatever the prisoners had to barter, and however poor we were it seemed as though there never was a time when somebody could not find something to trade off for this narcotic consolation. I expressed my astonishment at his not using tobacco, and he admitted that there was reason for my wonder. He said he always drew his rations of the article and then made the most possible from them by trading and selling. I didn't particularly care to flatter him, but I remember thinking him the best-looking "Confed." whom I had seen.

After a while we march out and are off for our last tramp before going aboard the cars. Of Staunton we get very little notion save the name. The train, such as it is, is soon in readiness for us and we are loaded into stock cars. So, in spite of ourselves, in one respect, at least, we go counter to Longfellow's advice, for we are—

"Like dumb, driven cattle."

However, after our 200 miles' walk, we were not fastidious as to modes of conveyance, and the most of us gave ourselves to sleep at once. During the trip we pass under the Blue Ridge by means of a tunnel nearly a mile in length. Just as our car emerges an axle breaks, and a long delay follows, improved by many in picking blackberries, whose vines, of the running variety, cover the ground about the track. Cups, and pails even, are brought into use, and our last dish of fruit for the season is had. Of course we have only a general notion of our direction, knowing that our trend is southward.

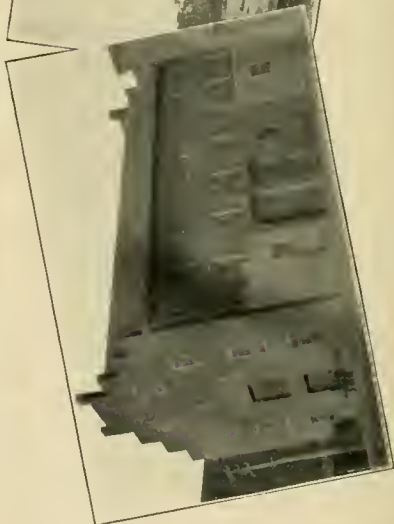
Late in the afternoon we pass a peculiar, wide-reaching building, which from its pictures I recognize as the University of Virginia, and I know that we must be in Charlottesville. Afar on a hill-top we can make out the home of Thomas Jefferson, known in history as Monticello. I think how little the great Virginian recked of the turmoils into which his country has fallen. Within sight of Jefferson's "Pet," the university, and almost under the shadow of his home, I sleep the sleep of the just, lying upon a chip-pile hard by the railroad track. In the morning we resume our journey again by rail, and soon are going towards the south. This day's ride ends with our arrival at Lynchburg. The James river, wide and shallow, goes tumbling along over its rocky bottom, quite different from the deep and muddy stream with whose lower waters we are familiar. We debark and march up seemingly endless hills. We go a long way to the outskirts of the city, and finally find rest in a large tobacco warehouse, owned then, I have learned, by Mr. Charles Massie, a man who lost everything in the war. It was and is on the corner of Twelfth and Polk streets. Along the way I note the omnipresence of the tobacco trade. In some places it seems to be the chief industry, while man and boy apparently are doing their best to make way with as much as possible of the weed. For the first time in my life I see small boys, scarcely out of pinafores, smoking with all the composure of old stagers.

In this building we remain two nights and one day. Here I received the only blow ever given me by a foe, and in this way: In the night I arose and started for the door. "Go back," says the guard, and he follows the command by a smart rap over my head with his bayonet. I had not noticed a line of men in waiting, behind which I should have placed myself, only a small number being allowed out at a time. Hastily retreating, I muttered imprecations that were not at all pleasing to his rebel highness, and he suggested shooting unless I subsided. I think my remarks were in some way to the effect that nothing would give me greater pleasure than to encounter him in some retired spot where the chances were more nearly equal. However, my feelings, more than my head, were injured, and they eventually recovered their accustomed serenity.

On the second morning we were again loaded upon the cars, and are once more nearing our final destination. Now a road

reaches down directly south from Lynchburg, but then we had to take an almost easterly course, going through a country which in less than a year was to be in everybody's mouth as the scene of the collapse of the Rebellion, Lee's surrender and the climax of Grant's career. We may have stopped at Appomattox, but I do not remember it. We certainly halted at Farmville, but so slow is our course in our rattle-box cars, and over a road that has long been a stranger to repairs, that it is fully night before we reach Burksville. Whether our destination was Richmond or the extreme South, we had no means of knowing, but when the train, after much switching, changes its direction, we know that we are to be strangers to Belle Isle and Libby, and so resign ourselves to prospects of Salisbury and Andersonville.

But we are to be happily disappointed. With the first streakings of day, on July 29th, '64, we stop at a village which we are told is Danville, and we learn that it is the largest place in Pittsylvania county, Virginia. Later we are marched through the streets of what might be even to us, were we not prisoners, a beautiful place. The flowers looked fresh and blooming as we filed along. They were the last that I was to see that season, the very last that many of my friends ever saw. Feeling much as I have thought the caged animals in a caravan procession feel as they return the curious glances of idling throngs, we wended our way through the town, objects of much interest to the natives, who rushed from breakfast-getting or eating to look at the first arrival of the live "Yanks" who had come so many hundred strong to make Danville their involuntary home. Along the principal streets we go, till we file to the right and come upon an open square or plaza having large brick warehouses on three sides. Into the first of these, called No. 1, lying between the square and the Dan river, we are led or driven. As I await my turn to enter I have time to note the river, the cook-house near, and the building itself, three stories high with an attic, into which as many men are crowded as it can possibly hold. We realize that we have escaped something in not going to the stockades, but what misery might be yet within those walls, the future had not revealed. In single file we pass in, carefully numbered, and are forced along, filling the upper places first, till the old warehouse seems crowded to suffocation. Only the enlisted men enter here. The officers



DANVILLE, VA.
PRISON No. 6.
ACROSS THE RIVER.

NATIONAL CEMETERY.
PRISON No. 3.

are consigned to another building. The last man passes in. The door is shut, locked and barred. Men with guns guard the places of egress even then, and, as never before, we realize that we are in *Prison*.

IN A REBEL PRISON; OR, EXPERIENCES IN DANVILLE, VA.

"When I was in prison!" How many people I have seen shrink away from me on my uttering this expression; but the appendix "rebel prison" invariably draws from them the words, "What! were you in a rebel prison? In what prison, and how long? How did they use you?"

From intense aversion, the expression has changed to one of the utmost interest, and there are indications of awakening sympathy when I reply, "Yes, in Danville, Va. Between seven and eight months, and as well as they could; but their best was bad enough." The men, captured at Monocacy, Md., by foot and rail, have finally reached the most considerable place in southern Virginia, and on the morn of July 29th, 1864, the heavy prison door opens and shuts upon our party. I have always rated the total number entering the building at about 600. Of these prisoners, 106 were members of my regiment.

On the 19th of the following February, when we parted from our prison house, I was one of forty-five "Ninth" men who joyfully set their faces northward. It does not follow that the difference in numbers represented deaths in Danville, for there had been two exchanges of sick; but more than one-quarter of our "boys" were left in Virginian graves. Just twenty-seven out of our 106 succumbed to prison hardships, and in dying found their release. Of those sent northward in August and October, many were stopped at Richmond, and in "Libby," or on Belle Isle, found the fate escaped in Danville. Others, reaching the Federal lines, barely had strength to greet their friends, and then they, too, ceased from earth. It is a very moderate estimate to claim that fully one-half our number fell victims, in less than a year, to the results of our imprisonment. Then, too, any prisoner who had passed beyond the period of boyhood never fully recovered from his months of hunger, cold and anxiety. When, at the end of the following April, I rejoined my regiment and a comrade undertook to tell me how much I had escaped through my capture, I quite silenced

him by asking if any company had lost more than half its men during my absence; if the Valley campaign, hard though it was, had resulted in the death of one-quarter of the members of the regiment. In the National cemetery at Winchester, thirty-eight comrades from the Ninth are sleeping; but they are the dead from Opequon and Cedar Creek, with those who died from disease during the fall. I make this comparison solely to show the extreme mortality among men in a condition of unnatural confinement with scant sustenance.

As to our location, we were in a brick building, erected some years before for tobacco manufacturing purposes, but which had been pressed into the service of the Confederate government for prison use; and I have since been informed by the owner he never got a cent for it. In the list of prison-houses in Danville, it is No. 1. Just back of us, on the bank of a mill-race, is the cook-house, where Yankee workmen mix up and bake strange combinations, called corn-bread. My mother still preserves some of this bread as a Rebellion relic after more than a quarter of a century. I think it is as good now as it ever was. A small piece, shown by me on the Northern Central Railroad of Pennsylvania, on my way home, having a furlough, was provocative of great profanity; one man in particular wondering if any blanked blanked government expected God to help it when it gave such blanked stuff as that to white men. I think my returning the obnoxious article to my haversack and thereby ridding him of the sight, alone saved him from an apoplectic fit. Across the mill-race and between that and the river Dan was the foundry of Mr. Holland, where many weak-kneed and empty-stomached prisoners worked for a trifle more than what they could get to eat. Further along rolled the river itself, a stream notable in history as that whose upper waters had stayed the course of Cornwallis when pursuing Greene, and which, before it reached the sea, was broadened into the Roanoke. Here it is wide but shallow, and its waters, clear or muddy, according to the season, are to furnish us liquid for drinking. Beyond it, the land rises into a high hill, topped towards the west with trees, but immediately opposite, open, and betraying, wherever the surface is broken, the peculiar red earth characteristic of Virginia and North Carolina, for fully 200 miles from north to south. It is surmounted by a substantial brick mansion, that of the famous Claiborne fam

ily, and the view rests the eye that looks out from a room crowded with woe and wretchedness. Save this building and a few structures along the river's edge, there is nothing to note towards the north.

When we can get a squint from the west windows without the sight of the vigilant guard, we may see a large wooden edifice known by us as No. 2. Here are the Confederate prison headquarters, and here, too, are the few men detailed from the prisoners to do various things for us. For instance, Negus, of Company B, makes splint brooms to be used in sweeping the prison floors, and Andrew Hall, of Company A, finds plenty to do in painting the names of the dead upon the head-boards provided by the rebels. These men convey to their friends many articles of food that serve to mitigate the horrors of the place. A passage-way separates Nos. 1 and 2. Going along to the south, on the corner of Main street, is No. 3. This is the place where the officers are quartered, save upon the upper floor, where are the colored prisoners taken at the mine explosion. It was said that these negroes were placed here as an especial affront to the officers, the Confederates thinking to thus heap indignity upon the Federals on account of our employment of black soldiers. However, I never heard that any one felt particularly troubled over their presence.

Turning to the east we encounter No. 4, just facing our No. 1. So here we have these four buildings on the three sides of a square, making a convenient place for the guards to parade and occasionally to drill a little. Here, too, they sometimes punished those of their soldiers who had tarried too long with the seductive apple-jack, and a "Johnny" on a barrel, or in it, was not an uncommon sight. In other portions of the city were prisons Nos. 5 and 6, and also the hospital.

No. 1 is three stories high with an attic. Our entrance is made into an entry which runs the width of the building on the west end. It may be eight feet wide. Opposite the outside door is a flight of stairs leading upward. In this entry, a guard with a gun keeps constant watch. Midway its length is a doorway leading into the first floor. Here are placed the wounded men who have been brought with us, and those who soon may have to go to the hospital. Here, too, the prisoners lay their dead, who die before they can be taken to the latter place, and we learn to hasten down in the morn to see if any of

the newly placed dead are friends of ours. In this room, also, a guard is stationed. At the east end of the building a door opens into the yard, an enclosure having a length of possibly 100 feet, and a width of twenty. At any rate, its length is the combined width of the prison and the cook-house, with the narrow passage between. In the northeast corner is a sink, and about this yard another guard constantly walks. In it only a small number of men are allowed at night, and in the daytime any disposition to unduly crowd it is resented by the guard, and "you Yanks" have to make tracks for the interior. On one side is a large trough, said to have been filled with clean water once; but this must have been before our day. I early convinced myself that I was cleaner by keeping my hands out of its contents than I was by using them. Yet I remember one man, a foreigner, who had the hydropathic craze, at least I thought he had, who, every morning, immersed himself therein, having, in December, frequently to break the ice to get at the mud. I don't know that it was bathing that killed him, but I do know that he died. Over against the building we are permitted to make small fires of little sticks of kindling, bought from the guards, and by this means we sometimes make crust coffee and cook such delicacies as beef's eyes and lights. Sometimes a rat is caught, and those initiated claim that he made excellent soup. I don't know. Through the cracks in the fence, looking out into the passage between the prison and cook-house, such converse as we have with friends outside may be had. Perhaps our friend has made us a cake of sifted meal, with a fair amount of salt in it, with just the least suspicion of grease added. If so, he will watch his chance and toss it over the ten-foot fence, or, perchance, he may secure the privilege of entering the building on some pretext, when his quondam tent-mate and comrade will not be exactly a bloated bondholder, but for a brief time he will make his stomach the holder of a wonderfully satisfying morsel. In the heated days of summer and early fall this yard is much sought by the men, and, walking, talking, or seated upon the ground, its area is pretty well occupied. Here it is that one day I find Alonzo F——, of Company H, lying with closed eyes, his face and hands covered with flies. "Why don't you brush off the flies?" I say to him, fairly quivering myself over the sight. "Oh! what's the use! They'll come again," is the drawled

out response. Such a want of ambition could not long survive, and very soon the sod closing over him shut out his tormentors.

Let us now go up-stairs. It is possible that under them we may find a pious Catholic telling his beads and zealously saying his prayers, continuing his devotions in the face of constant chaffing, for the prisoners are not over-religious. Poor fellow! His prayers did not avail so far as release from thralldom was concerned. His oratory was, ere long, vacant, and its occupant went before Him to whom his orisons had so long ascended. Up the dark stairway we climb and come upon the second floor. It covers the entire space, with no break save sustaining posts. Here, with others, the fifty-three members of the 106th New York stay, and one of their men, Sergeant Pritchard, is a sort of director for the whole building. He is a good, fair man, and every prisoner recalls him with pleasure. About 200 men are quartered in this story. Another flight of stairs takes us to the third floor, where the most of the men of the "Ninth" lie. Again there is an unbroken view of the entire room, and under the second window from the west on the south side I throw down my baggage and with my comrades rest. Between me and the stairs leading to the attic are half a dozen men, mostly from the Ninth, though my immediate neighbor is George Turner, from a New York cavalry regiment. Should we care to climb the remaining flight, we shall find, just under the roof, a poorly lighted and exceedingly warm place, crowded with humanity. In winter it is correspondingly cold.

It does not take us a great while to recover from the fatigue incident to our long journey. Then begins a protracted hunger, to last till we see our own lines again. During the months of August and September we are given corn-bread and occasionally a soup made of refuse bits of bacon, sometimes of fresh meat—including lights or lungs. The bacon is rancid, and the vegetables in it are not very inviting, consisting of stray cabbage leaves and a leguminous article known by us as "cow-pea." The well-worn statement that every pea has a worm in it had no exception here. In fact we thought it had a double verification, but poor as this soup was there came a time when we would have joyously hailed its advent. The bread, mentioned before, was composed of corn and cob ground together, and was baked in large tins—the whole upper surface being marked off into rectangles, so that when carried to the floor for dis-

tribution, by a knife in the hands of the designated party, it is cut into parallelopipeds of about two-thirds the size of an ordinary brick. To each man one of these is given, and on it he may sustain nature till the next morning. If he tries to save any of it for a meal, later in the day, unless he puts it into his pocket, the chances are that it will be stolen, so really the safest plan for him is to eat it at once and then solace himself on recollection and expectation till the next meal.

From one day let us learn all. It is, we will surmise, the middle of September. Morning comes early to those who have no evenings, and the first streakings of dawn have brought us from our recumbent positions. Conversation begins. We go over the old story of possible exchange, and perhaps wonder what the folks at home are doing. At the worse we know that we are twenty-four hours nearer release than we were the day before. The day advances; but eating is yet a long way off. Anon, men begin to take off garment after garment and submit it to very close scrutiny. What are they after? Why is it that nearly all, as they talk, keep up a constant motion, slapping now one part of the person and now another? Now a hand is thrust up a sleeve and something is found that affords the finder a deal of satisfaction. Then a quick grab is made for something upon the neck and more satisfaction. Never letting the talk halt for a moment, one may turn down his stocking or turn up his trousers leg, and grim determination marks his movements as he applies his two thumb-nails and by a sort of quartz-crushing motion produces an easily recognized crackling sound. The individual who is going through his garment regularly and carefully, in army parlance, is "skirmishing." It is the *Pediculus (humanus) corporis* that is occasioning all this activity. This parasite is an invariable accompaniment in army life; but in prison he reaches his highest pinnacle of importance. The carelessness of some makes the careful suffer, and to be entirely free from him is impossible. Occasionally, indignation causes the men to take extreme measures with the offender, and I remember that C—d's blouse was taken from him and thrown into the sink. A finger could not be laid on it and not touch some living, moving object. The owner did not long survive the loss of his garment. The man who did not care for himself was doomed. The fecundity of the insect was marvelous, and, if later in the season, the cold prevented

a search for two or three days, one's condition became nearly unendurable. Certain boys anxious to know the time necessary for incubation experimented and ascertained; but unfortunately for the interests of science I was too hungry to make notes and the results have escaped me.

The first duty of the morning is roll-call—not that any one cares for our names, or ever calls them, but we give this appellation to the act of falling into line and being counted by a rebel functionary, who comes in every morning. We are ordered into place by one of our own number that we may be ready for the officer, who simply counts our squad, that he may account for all. It is easy to deceive him, and in the only instance of escape from our prison, men were lifted up through the floor at the east end to make good the places of those who had taken French leave. They had already been counted below, and, though the squads were numbered rapidly, they had time to get up, and to fall in, thus covering the departure of the escaped. It took a long time and much searching before the deceit was discovered. Several times when thus drawn up, we were searched for valuables, the rebels, somehow or other, thinking that the Yanks had many greenbacks about them. Strange places of concealment were had. One man put his money well down in his bushy head of hair. Another had sewed his into the binding of his pantaloons, and “Old P——s” (any man above forty was “old” to his fellows) kept his in his mouth. Knowing this, I said to him: “Where did you put your money when the rebs searched us?” In a tone several degrees softer than butter, the old fellow replied: “Money, money—I have no money.” “Why, yes you have, too! What's the use of lying about it? You know you had it back in that mouth of yours!” Now he lays his hand upon my arm and gently beseeches me to talk a little lower, lest the guard might hear me!

Roll-call over, we may hug ourselves till meal-time, trying thus to pinch our stomachs into a cessation from craving. It is, however, always in vain—and when at 9.30 or 10 o'clock A. M. we hear the entrance of the bread bringers we are in a condition seemingly bordering on starvation. The slab belonging to our squad is slammed down upon the floor. The table has no cloth, there are no knives and forks, no napkins and no grace. Very speedily the dinner is made, and with

wolfish eagerness we devour the portion allotted to us. The crumbs resulting from the cutting are scraped up with the utmost care, and I have seen men fight for them till they were too weak to continue the contest longer. Two men who thus fought, one from the 151st New York, the other a Jerseyman, and who in their snarling fierceness reminded me of starving dogs, were in a few brief weeks sleeping quietly enough side by side in the burial-ground. With us it was not *auri sacra flammæ*: but rather food, food, food. Hunger being the best of sauces, the bread, coarse though it was, was very sweet to our palates, and unless the system rebelled, as it did in some cases, life could be maintained upon it, at least for a time. Occasionally our hosts' supply of salt seemed to be very short, whereupon the bread was quite tasteless, and then one of the chief objects of traffic among us was the same saline matter.

Breakfast, dinner, or whatever the meal may be called, being over, we have absolutely nothing to do. We may, if we like, study our fellow captives, and what a set they are. Here are men who first saw the light in almost every state of Europe. Wandering westward, they have been tumbled into the seething cauldron, called America, and, presto, they are transformed into Yankees. The day is very hot, and clothing is voted a nuisance. Item after item is cast aside, till nothing is retained save what decency requires, and decency, it will be remembered, is a relative term. Here comes a stalwart Yankee who first saw the light in Green Erin. His brogue is delightful, and he can tell you of many adventures when, a sailor bold, he ploughed the seas beneath the English flag. Upon his breast is the indelible figure of a vessel under full sail. In red and blue the picture is a tribute to the fortitude that enabled him to withstand the torture from the many thousand needle stings that worked those colors in. His brawny arms bear figures of dancing girls, and he is to us almost as good as a panorama. Here is a tall, finely-formed Yankee, whose voice betrays his English birth. What is the history of the letter D, so deeply stamped into his left breast? Many times my tongue was on the point of asking, but I forbore, fearing I might learn that it stood for "deserter," and I didn't want to think of him in that light. But Hawthorne's "Scarlet Letter" was not more conspicuous than this terrible blue D, which could be readily seen across the room. The anatomist and physiologist may

here study the human form once divine, but under the pinching prison regimen fast becoming anything but beautiful.

From this cursory glance let us walk about our prison, being careful not to go too near the windows lest some vigilant guard, anxious to show his zeal, shoot at us. I say "shoot at," for the failure to hit many of us was apparently through no lack of intention on their part, but was the direct result of poor marksmanship. On the west side we may stop at the workshop of a Teutonic Yankee named Clippard, and him we shall find diligently engaged in making chess-men, orders for which he has from the guards far beyond his ability to fill, let him labor never so faithfully. He works these exquisite figures out of bone by means of simple tools in the main provided by himself. I wonder if he be not allied to those Swiss who for so many generations have excelled in toy making? His pay is in Confederate money; but by it he is enabled to supply many a luxury for himself and for his associates.

As we reach the north side and glance at the beautiful river, and the waving trees beyond, our attention is drawn to a sad sight at our feet. Here bucked and gagged is a prisoner—and what is his offense? None that he is conscious of. His reason has fled, and, alternately praying and imprecating, he is fast wearing away. I shudder now as I recall the fervor of that prayer calling on God for help, and anon, with fierce curses, damning every object that recurred to his "heat oppressed brain." Just a few days more and he, from earthly sorrows free, will be lying beneath the soil. He is a Company C man of my regiment, and was too old for military service when he enlisted. Here lies a cavalryman from Oswego, N. Y., who avers that he would give a month's wages for a pint of gin and an equal amount for a pouch full of tobacco. But he gets neither, for he hasn't his wages by him. Just beyond, at that northeast window, sits an industrious man. His name is Reed, and he comes from that grand Green Mountain State, a member of the 10th Regiment. He was never a large man, and prison life surely is not conducive to growth. Day after day he has toiled by that window. Bone ornaments of remarkable beauty come from his deft touch, and Confederate money in abundance comes into his possession. He, too, is far behind his orders. The young rebel guards have commissioned him to make sleeve-buttons and collar-pins for their lady loves, while charms and

pendants innumerable are fashioned by him. But with the advance of time, his cheeks pale, and his step grows unsteady. Finally, weak and poor, he is taken to the hospital, where I lose track of him.

Ah! what have we here! A party of men are hilarious about something. In the centre of the group are four men playing poker. They have the only pack of cards in the prison. Soiled hands have used them till they are in truth of mother earth, and from the usual rectangular form they have been worn to a uniform oval. The pack belongs to boys on the lower floor, and these men are using them through having given to the possessors some part of their rations of bread. Every looker-on is getting enjoyment from the game, watching most intently its progress. It is safe to say that the jack-pot is not very full.

A man reading! Surely, there are no books here! Yes, just three—one volume of the Life of Charlotte Bronte, the Life of Edward Payson and certain lectures of Lola Montez. These may be hired of the owner for a small morsel of bread. I am afraid the dancer found more readers than the Portland divine.

As we turn the southwest corner of the floor, we may find a Yankee soldier, born in France, who is turning many an honest penny in the shape of extra bread, through his power to tattoo the prisoners with India ink. He has inflicted no little torture on many a boy who will carry the marks to his grave. But our Frenchy has a peculiar habit—one that I would not credit, till I watched him, and actually saw him eat the vermin caught upon his blanket.

Leaning against the wall, as we advance, is a party of men, the most prominent of whom is First Sergeant Andrew Bixby, of Company H. An animated discussion is in progress, and we are greeted with, "Well, I'm blanked glad you are here. We have been trying to decide how to make a mince-pie. Can you tell us?" Sundry watchings of mother, years before, now stand me in hand, and I am able to satisfy inquiring minds if not hungry stomachs. This is a queer party before me. The sergeant is one of the best men in the world, but he will swear. There is nothing north or south that is not an object of his maledictions, yet he means nothing by it. It is a silly habit he has, but one, alas, that sticks to him, and weeks afterward, like Robert Buchanan's starling, he dies swearing. Here is Jimmy

Smith, one of the best-natured Irishmen living. With what a rich brogue would he roll out the dulcet strains of "A frog, he would a-wooing go." His "Kamer-Kimer Keemer-ko," for delicious trilling of the r, was never surpassed. If there was ever a moment in his life when he wasn't ready to laugh and sing, it must have been when I didn't see him. By his side is another Smith, an Englishman, "'Arry," he called himself. He openly proclaims that he doesn't care a d—n which side whips. He was a soldier in the Crimean War, and is a soldier of fortune. He has cast in his lot with the North; but he says when his term is out—he is bound to serve that faithfully—he will, if possible, go into the Southern army, for he wants to see both sides. He is a good soldier, but repeated references to a favorite potation of his has secured from us the name of "Old 'Aff and 'Aff." He hasn't the slightest appreciation of humor, and my statement that an irate parent would name two cities of France to a rejected suitor for his daughter's hand, saying "U-shant Havre," is greeted by him with supreme disdain, he shouting that the word is pronounced "Us-hant."

We have been around the room, and be the time long or short, we have nothing to do but wait for night. As the darkness steals over us we seek our places, and on the bare floors stretch ourselves. In the warm weather, with open windows and the air gently blowing through, the temptation to amusement is strong, and I have heard every creature on the earth imitated with more or less success. Before the animation of our former liberty had quite left us there was often singing; but as the days grew shorter, the nights longer and colder, there was very little of sportive nature in the hours. Night meant an absence of sunlight, and consequently more misery. We lay as close to each other as possible, those within, of course, warmer than those on the outside. The end places we took in turns. When one turned over, all must do so. George Turner's body was more sensitive to the touch of vermin than any I ever saw. I have known him to leap up from his place and dance around as some men would if stung by a bee, and this he would continue till the cause of his affliction was found and destroyed. Of snoring we have all sorts and sizes, and it is no uncommon thing to have the aggressor jerked out of his place and his slumbers by those whom he has disturbed.

Sometimes on the still air are borne sounds that leave a fad-

less impression. From the first floor came, once, strains of harmony, so sweet that I thought myself in heaven, and that angel voices were making true the fancies of my childhood. Only the wounded men, sweet singers they were, beguiling the long tedium of night with song, and it was that delightful ditty, "Kitty Wells," that for the first time in my life fell on my ears. For several days delirium had possessed the brain of a young boy from Ohio, who was just beneath us. During the day, the hum of conversation drowned his voice; but when sleep had pressed down nearly all the eyelids, then it was that his plaintive tones came to us, and how he pleaded for mother! Ineffectual tears filled our eyes at the sound of his cries; but with him we wandered amid the scenes of his earlier years, and we saw that mother leading him by the hand, and we saw her bidding her darling "Good-bye" as he became a soldier, and we reflected how little that Ohio mother knew of the sufferings of her dying boy. His spirit, ere long, forsook the frail tenement and was at rest.

So then, day and night, and night and day, we stayed on. Hope which springs eternal in the heart of youth buoyed us up. Scarcely a day passed but there came a rumor of an immediate exchange. There was little variety save as we watched the diminution in our numbers. Occasionally, in the dead of the night, there would arise a terrible commotion and cries of "Stop thief!" and "Raiders!" would be heard. Some predatory scamps, knowing that certain ones had some sort of valuable, would steal upon the victim, and, by a concerted movement, would seize upon and carry off the article. Before any search could be instituted the robbers would have fallen into their places among their friends, and no loss was ever made good. The bag or receptacle would generally be found in the yard in the morning. At intervals, as the hours advanced, the guards would cry the time thus: "Ten o'clock, Post No. 8, and all's w-e-l-l," drawling this out in a thinness of tone possible only to those whose speech generations of tobacco salivation has diluted. One night we heard the guard in the square shout, "Take your hand in, Yank, or I shoot." I must do the rebel credit for repeating his warning, and then came the shot, followed by most derisive laughter from the prison. Some one, to try the fellow, had hung a cloth from the upper sash, and,

to the guard's eye, it looked like a man swinging his arm, and his orders were to keep the men away from the window.

The only escapes from our prison were effected by two men, one a member of the 2d Massachusetts Cavalry, though he was a Californian, who let themselves down into the sink, wrenched off the grate leading into the narrow sewer, and, at the imminent peril of suffocation, through indescribable filth, made their way out to the river and eventual liberty. [One of these men, Patrick Mahan, now of Natick, Mass., was a member of the Legislature with the writer in 1894. During Cleveland's second term, he was postmaster of Natick.]

In the month of December, one bright morning, the 16th, those of us who were looking from the window saw the guards thrown into a state of great excitement. Their guns had been stacked in the plaza before us; but now, seizing them, they rushed with speed to the officers' prison, and, thrusting their weapons through the windows, fired. All this was an enigma to us, and it was not till sometime afterward that we learned that a plan had been formed to seize the guards in the prison, rush to the square, appropriate the guns, free the prisoners, arm them from the neighboring arsenal, and march away to freedom.

"But the best laid plans of mice and men,
Gang aft aglae."

Some of the officers had voted the scheme hair-brained, though they went into it rather than have the name of standing out. Your Rhode Island Frenchman, General Duffie,* was the chief promoter of the affair, and it is possible that they might have gotten out of the building had not the very anxiety of the prisoners to get down the stairs occasioned so much noise that the outside door, opened to their call, was speedily closed and the death-dealing volley followed. Colonel Raulston, of the 24th New York Cavalry, who had deemed the plan suicidal, was killed, and several were wounded. Of those men who thus, twenty-five years ago, made a break for liberty, probably not a third are living to-day.

Men who had gone out to work on the rebel fortifications from No. 6 made good their escape, at least for a few days. Some succeeded in getting to our lines, more were recaptured.

*Vide note on page 198.

Let it be said to the credit of No. 1 that, to my knowledge, only one man was found who was willing to sell his services to his enemies. He took the oath of allegiance and remained there when we came away. It was a daily sight to see the colored prisoners driven to and from No. 3, there to dig upon the fortifications. Neighboring farmers could secure any one of these men by simply claiming them. They were beaten and starved till scarcely any were left. One man was sent to Richmond as a cook and he came away from that place with us. He told me that, so far as he knew, he was the only survivor of the Mine captives to be sent North.

December 20th, in spite of a drizzling rain, I remained in the yard till I was quite wet. This was at nightfall. By 8 o'clock I was down with an attack of diphtheria. All through the night I had great difficulty in breathing. The next day I grew worse, but there was nothing to be done for me. The 22d, in the morning with several others, I was trundled off to the hospital in a condition which, I have always thought, arising at home, would have finished me. There was no debilitating sympathy around me, and I had no relish for a grave in Virginia, sacred though its soil be. I was in no condition to appreciate the view of the streets, though I remember passing No. 6, and we are finally landed at the hospital. Here I am assigned to a cot, and the German steward proudly refers to me as the first case of diphtheria, and so far as I know I am the only case during our imprisonment. In a few days my disease yields to lunar caustic and flax-seed poultices, and I then have a chance to look about me. The doctor makes his rounds and asks me, "Well, how ye comin' on to-day?" He is a kind man and I respect him. Dr. Dame, the Episcopal rector, New Hampshire born, and a second cousin of Caleb Cushing, calls almost daily on us, and, on his asking me what he can do for me, I suggest a book. The next coming brings "Paradise Lost"—there being a degree of fitness in his selection that I don't believe occurred to him. In December last (1888, the 24th) I called on the aged clergyman and said to him, grasping his hand, "You don't know me; but I was sick and in prison and ye visited me." With what cordiality came the response, "Is that so? I am glad to see you. Come, let us sit and talk." For nearly an hour we discourse of these remote times, and he tells that wherever it was possible he sent a





DANVILLE PICTURES.

CONFEDERATE MONUMENT.
HOSPITAL SPRING.

PRISON HEADQUARTERS.
REV. GEO. W. DAME, D. D.

letter to the friends of the dead prisoners. Whatever of improvement there was in our treatment above that given to men further South, I think was largely owing to him. To my mind he filled, in the broadest sense, the definition of the Christian. Though Northern born, his early going to the South, his education at Hampden-Sidney, his marriage and long residence in Virginia, all combined to make his prejudices in favor of secession; but he was more than rebel or Federal, he was a Christian man. Going into one of the prisons one Sunday to preach he found a second cousin, by the name of Cushing, from the old Bay State, and he led the singing. So thoroughly did the war mix up families. His talks to the men were always most respectfully received, and when in the following April, the 6th Corps entered Danville, no one received more considerate attention than the Rev. George W. Dame.*

*George Washington Dame, son of Jabez and Elizabeth Hansen Cushing Dame, was born in Rochester, N. H., July 27, 1812. As a child he was taken to Virginia by his maternal uncle, Jonathan P. Cushing, president of Hampden-Sidney College, Prince Edward county (whose chief town is Farmville), where the subsequent divine was graduated in 1829. He lived to be the oldest surviving graduate of his alma mater. For several years an instructor in his college, he studied medicine, both in Prince Edward Medical School located in Richmond, and in the University of Pennsylvania. He severed his connection with the college in 1836. As an M. D. in Lynchburg he prepared a biographical sketch of his distinguished uncle's life. Later, from Hampden-Sidney, he received the degree of D. D. After all, his trend was towards theology, and in 1840 he became the organizer and first rector of the Episcopal Church in Danville. At that time there were only eight communicants in Camden Parish, including Pittsylvania, Franklin, Henry and Patrick counties. He had only four resident members at the beginning, and he continued the sole incumbent till 1895, when he became *emeritus*. He died suddenly Christmas eve, 1895. He was married, July 22, 1835, to Miss Lucy Maria, daughter of Major Carter Page, a soldier of the Revolution, and through her mother, Lucy, a grand-daughter of General Thomas Nelson, a signer of the Declaration from Virginia. She died September 11, 1895. Three of their sons, the Rev. Wm. M. of Baltimore, the Rev. Geo. W., Jr., also of Baltimore, and the Rev. Nelson P. of Winchester, are Episcopal rectors. Dr. Dame was conspicuous in Masonry, having been, from 1864 to his death, grand chaplain of the Grand Lodge of Virginia. For the majority of the preceding facts I am indebted to the Rev. J. Cleveland Hall, Dr. Dame's successor. The accompanying picture, representing the venerable clergyman standing under the porch of his residence, was made, with his consent, just as I was leaving him after our very happy interview.—A. S. R.

As I convalesced I explored. I found that our hospital was built for Confederate occupancy; but necessity had filled it with Yankees. So far as I could observe, we received as good as our captors had to give. A good lady* living near, whose name I have never learned, daily sent to us some sort of delicacy, and that was honestly given to us. The two Confederate officers who were about our ward held converse as to the approaching Christmas, and great expectations were had over a visit to the home of one of them. The principal present to be taken was a pair of shoes, made by one of our men, to be given to a sister. The poverty of the country was apparent in the most commonplace conversation. On their return from their festival they dilated on the pleasure afforded by that one pair of Yankee-made shoes. The next May I met one of these lieutenants at Boston Station, on the Richmond and Danville railroad, the same being near his home, and I recall his wonder at my rehearsal of his pre and post Christmas talks.

When, one morning, one of the men said, "That fellow out at the dead-house had scales like an alligator," I was moved with a desire to see that place. At the earliest possible moment I made my way there, and daily thereafter I made morning visits to see who had been brought out during the night or in the early morn. I frequently helped the negro driver to lift the dead into the boxes, there being for me a morbid attraction for the place wholly unaccountable. As a rule the bodies were not molested, though on one occasion wandering swine sadly disfigured several. Once, at least, a seeming corpse was carried out before it was really thus, and, revived by the clear air, Jimmy O——ds arose and, naked, marched into the ward proclaiming himself "not dead yet by a d—d sight." Weeks afterward I saw the same Jimmy peacefully smoking his du-deen in Annapolis. My rambles are, of course, confined to the bounds of the hospital inclosure; but with returning strength came a revived appetite, one that my rations by no means satisfied. I refrain from telling the straits to which I was forced in my researches about the cook-house, and the quantity and quality of alleged food that I secured. My mine was the foundation of a little plan to run away with a western soldier,

*I was told that her husband was a surgeon in the Confederate service.

though he came from Ireland before he went west, but before we could get our stock in provisions we were sent back to the prison.

In my liberty or freedom of the wards, I went through them all, in search of certain trinkets or keepsakes left by friends of mine, and to see some of the living who were unable to leave their cots. The little reticule containing peach-pit dishes made by David Wilson for his sisters, I found and later sent to his family. I stood by the side of Corporal Mead, of my company, and as I saw his giant form dwindled to nothing but bones, barely covered with skin, I forgave him his crowding me out of the place I had made for myself one night down on the Weldon railroad, and I devoutly wished him a safe passage on the journey he must make so soon.

"Kitty Baker! Why don't you come, Kitty Baker?" is the sad monologue that all one night may be heard throughout the ward. I did not know the dying man; but imagination pictured scenes in a far-away land, where, perhaps, some one anxiously awaited a coming that could never be.

Frank Gustin had lived in the same town as myself, and I promised him, if I survived, to carry a lock of his hair to his aunt. During that last night of his life, his labored breathing proclaimed the approaching end. The lock that I cut from his brow was carried to the relative who had not known his whereabouts, he having run away to enlist.

I would omit the following scene did I not wish to reveal as fully as possible the secrets of my prison-house. Says Steward Small one day, "If you men want to see a sight you never saw equaled, just come out here to the corner." We went; seated in a chair was a man whom I had often noted as wearing a close-fitting skull-cap, which I had never seen removed. It was now off and vermin covered his head in a way I had never dreamed of. The steward, with a pair of scissors, clipped off the locks, of a warm red hue, and as they touched the ground they seemed to have a jelly-like consistency. The hair off, a comb was drawn down his cranium, each draught rolling up a wad of squirming life as large as one's finger. The back of the head was like a mass of raw beef. We were close to the path along which all those must go who went for water, for just below us was a fine spring. These men were no novices in prison sights; but here was something that aston-

ished them. Stopping, they, in turn, called on all the names of the deity, and also those of the denizens of Inferno. The poor victim seemed absolutely without feeling. The sequel is sad; for, bereft of his hair, like Samson, his strength failed and death soon followed. What was strangest in the whole affair was the fact that no one remembered seeing him scratch his head, and it was only Steward Small's discovery of the vermin crawling from beneath his cap that led to the investigation. I reasoned that his whole scalp was paralyzed or benumbed.

My stay at the hospital is one month long, and then I am marched, with others, back to my old quarters, or as near them as I can get. Rumors of exchange grow more common. It begins to look as though the Confederates would relent and allow that a black man may be a soldier. After the coldest weather is over, clothing that had been sent into the Confederacy early in the season is passed down to us. It is distributed, but so hungry are we that we very readily trade it with the rebels for something to eat, and in a few brief hours we are as ragged as ever. Every movement on the part of our guards seems to indicate that a change is near. By and by comes the statement that to-morrow we go. To be sure, the morrow is again and again removed, but that we shall get out is evident. In our joy over prospective release we do not forget the poor boys who sorrowed with us, but whom we must leave behind us. Sergeant York of Company D,—how he walked the floor, day after day, exclaiming that he must live to get home to see his wife and baby. But even his will can not keep him up.* Lee Marcellus, with his good-

*Prison notes from the diary of Norman G. York.

July 9. On skirmish line. Retreated till next morning. Got over ten miles on the 10th. Captured on the 11th.

July 13. I am sick, but the guards use me very well.

July 14. Cross the Potomac.

July 16. Long march, 25 miles; camp at 4 P. M.; then 12 miles further in the night.

July 18. March 14 miles to Winchester.

July 20. Through Newtown to Strasburg, and through that also.

July 22. To Mt. Jackson; 23d, through Newmarket; 24th, marched 18 miles.

July 25. To Staunton, 10 A. M., cars to Charlottesville. Stay all night.

July 26. Reach Lynchburg at 1 P. M.

natured face, comes to mind, but he must stay. Tom Roe, of Company C, as clean an Irish boy as ever crossed the ocean, can not go home with us.

We all remember Sterne's "Sentimental Journey," and that at the hotel in Paris he encountered the starling in his cage, whose sole refrain was, "I can't get out." Here is the secret

July 28. Leave Lynchburg at sunrise and reach Danville the next morning.

July 31. Rations at 10 A. M., very short; rebels look half starved.

Aug. 2. A new batch of prisoners came in. Bread and bacon at 9 A. M.; soup at 3 P. M.

Aug. 4. Some sick men sent North. No soup.

Aug. 13. Anniversary of enlistment; 17th, John Perkins (Co. C) went to the hospital, quick consumption.

Aug. 18. John Perkins died to-day.

Aug. 29. I bet E. P. Dunning the oysters that we would not be out of here in six weeks.

Aug. 30. More sick and wounded men sent North. Sept. 3d, fresh beef served.

Sept. 15. With Fred. Stell swept the prison floor. Sold my boots for \$25 (Confederate) and 14 onions, worth six dollars more. Bought a pair of shoes for \$8.

Sept. 24. Relay of prisoners comes in from No. 6; 28th, bought 24 onions for \$6.

Oct. 3. Finished reading the New Testament since I have been in prison.

Oct. 14. Again the sick are sent North. Levi Riggs went out to barber.

Oct. 24. Gave \$6 for peck of sweet potatoes; 26th, Dewitt Havens died at the hospital.

Oct. 29. Bought some more potatoes. More prisoners came in from Lynchburg.

Nov. 1. Passed a bad night; 2-4, feeling badly. Riggs sends in extra food.

Nov. 14. Got letter from Wm. York dated Aug. 29, and one from father of same date.

Nov. 16. Hiram Peck went to the hospital; 17th, came to the hospital; 25th, suffering from diarrhea.

Nov. 27. My illness is worse this morning; had a very poor night, last night.

This was his last entry, though he survived till Christmas day, when he passed over to the majority. Years afterwards, it was my privilege to call on Mrs. Charles H. Covell of Rose, N. Y., who was the baby, Lillian, never seen with mortal eyes by her father, and to tell her of the absorbing love that imprisoned parent had for his child. Herself a mother, she was able to appreciate, in part, how his heart was filled with regard for his little one.—A. S. R.

of the horror of prison life. Over and above the privations of hunger and thirst, more biting than cold or heat, is the ever-present thought, "I can't get out." When, finally, on the 19th of February, we were actually marched out of our prison, there was no prisoner-of-Chillon sigh upon my lips nor in my heart. It was not yet the air of liberty that we were breathing; but the prison was behind and we were out. Down to the station which we first saw six months before, we march, and here are freight cars in waiting. Sixty-five of us are crowded into one car and we proclaim it full; but fifteen more men are jammed in. So, then, here we are—eighty men, or boys—too crowded for lying or even sitting. Must we stand all the way to Richmond? It looks like it; but we are willing to endure that and more even if by so doing we may put distance between ourselves and Danville.

HOME FROM PRISON.

The horrors of that night, from Danville to Richmond, can never be effaced from memory's tablet. Eighty well men in one ordinary box-car would certainly be uncomfortable, but when we remember that these prisoners had suffered much from long imprisonment, that there were men in the car who could not stand alone, that the scurvy, dysentery, and many other ailments had their representatives, some notion of the night that was before us may be had. We were disposed to endure a great deal, for we knew that our way was homeward, but the condition at times seemed absolutely unendurable. The air was very keen and frosty, as cold as it often gets in the latitude of southern Virginia, so in our poorly clad state, it seemed necessary to have the car-door shut. The interior, in some respects, soon resembled that of the famous Black Hole of Calcutta. The guard who stood at the door suffered with the rest of us. The moment the door was shoved open for a breath of air, some freezing wretch would clamor for its immediate closing. Finally, I asked and obtained the privilege of going to the top of the car to ride there. Since there was no danger of any one's trying to escape, my proposition found favor at once, both from the guard and from my fellow prisoners who wanted my room. It will be readily surmised that my move was not a jump from the frying-pan into the *fire*. On the con-

trary, quite the reverse. My new Hades was like that described by Dante, where the lost are infernally and eternally preserved in vast masses of never-melting ice. I lay down at full length upon the car, with my head towards Richmond and my face next to the car. I didn't freeze, that is evident, but I was just about as cold as I could be and still be able to move. Frequent stops were the order in the South during the war. Accordingly when the train drew up at a station, it was possible for me to climb down and in for a change. Sleep was the last thing thought of during these hours, the obstacles within and without being quite too numerous to be overcome. As for myself, I alternated nearly the whole night long between the interior and exterior of the car. I have very little recollection of the places or stations past which we went, save one, pronounced Powatan, destined, in a few months, to have a world-wide fame through the closing scenes in the great strife to be enacted near; but I was not a prophet and so knew nothing of the glories of the future. To me it was simply a place named after an Indian chief whose name I had all my life mispronounced as Powhatan, and whose more famous daughter, Pocahontas, had rendered a distressed Englishman most excellent service, once on a time. I wondered whether the scene of the saving were not near, hence accounting for the name. Our guard, however, had not received much culture from the schools, and so was quite unable to shed any light upon the subject. He simply knew that we were Yanks, proverbial for curiosity, whose zeal for knowledge not even months of imprisonment could extinguish.

Morning brought the sun and Richmond. I was taking one of my reliefs on the car top when the famous city came in sight. Had I then known all the bearings of the Capital of the Confederacy, my exalted outlook might have given me a view of the prison of Belle Isle, for it was plainly visible at my left. This I did not know. Then I was more intent on the sight of the James, which the events of more than 200 years had rendered historical. The bridge itself was the one soon to be burned on the flight of the Confederate president. We halt just over the stream, and are marched, as we suppose, to Libby. From the names on the street corners I soon learned that we were on Carey street. From my outside perch it had been easy for me to get pretty near the head of the line. Our

march, however, was destined to be a short one, for in a few minutes we discovered ahead of us the celebrated sign, "Libby & Sons, Ship Chandlers and Grocers." I well remember saying to my nearest comrade, "Wouldn't that sign be a drawing-card at a sanitary fair up North?" Some weeks afterwards, I was not a little pleased at seeing the same sign advertised as the most interesting object at a fair in, I think, Philadelphia.

Our march and observations were temporarily halted in front of a very large building, which, from its numerous disconsolate occupants, we concluded to be a prison of some sort. Naturally we thought the prisoners unfortunates similar to ourselves, but on our making sundry remarks, we were informed in tones unmistakably secesh, "We ain't Yanks, we're rebs." There could be no doubt about that. No man, born north of Mason and Dixon's Line, could articulate in such a thin-speeched manner as that. We were in front of Castle Thunder, long the prison-house of Confederate deserters and political prisoners generally. Here we are made to march out in single file, that we might be the better numbered. Of course we thought our destination to be the notorious Libby, but we were pushed right along and into a building opposite, which we soon learned was called Pemberton, and a sorry old rookery it was, too. It was three stories high, an old tobacco warehouse, deserving a history of its own, but almost entirely lost sight of in the greater reputation of its neighbor, Libby. We were under precisely the same rule as the other edifice, but we were under a different name. As we were sure that our stay was to be very short in Richmond, we were disposed to endure all our ills with a deal of complacency, thinking them to be of brief duration. Our food was of the regulation pattern, corn-dodger, compact and almost saltless, with as much water as we could coax out of the dribbling faucets. We were as hungry as famine could make us, but of this kind of ration our stomachs were thoroughly cloyed. We ate but little of it and threw the remainder on the floor, much to the disgust of our rebel guards, who assured us that we might have to go hungry for our wastefulness; but we ran the risk and awaited the issue. The debris was gathered up and thrown into the street, where it afforded causes for unlimited quarrelings among the colored people as long as there was anything left. The officer who came in each morning to count us was either a good actor or a perfect devil,

for each time that he made his appearance, he came cursing and swearing up the stairs with a revolver in one hand and his note-book in the other. He had an escort of two or three soldiers to see that the terrible Yankees did not eat him, I suppose. He may have been Dick Turner himself, but I can not say. At any rate, he filled the Turner descriptive list pretty well. His morning salutation was something like this: "Fall into line, you G— d—d Yankee sons of b—s." It was new usage to us, but he had the advantage of us in that he had the energy of position. We might inwardly resent, but we thought the best thing for us to do was to get into place just as quickly as possible. There was no back talk, not a word, but if looks could have killed, he had been a dead man a dozen times. His conduct was of a piece with that generally had in Richmond, I am told. Our views of the city, as in Danville, had to be taken at a proper distance from the windows. One day we heard a tremendous hurrahing and soon saw a large number of men filing by our building. They seemed to be in excellent condition and spirits. We subsequently learned that they were paroled prisoners from the north who had just come up the river. They were very enthusiastically greeted by the citizens, and they acted as though they had had enough to eat in their northern residence. The contrast with the weakened condition about us was painfully apparent. They marched off as we did when we were well fed at home. The appointments of Pemberton were not so convenient as those of Danville, bad as we thought the latter. The sinks were at the end of the room, and the occupants of the upper floors were at the mercy of those below, for if the water were set running there, then those above could wait till it suited the convenience of their compatriots for them to be served. Of course we could go below ourselves if we liked, but we were not very well received when we went traveling. The inevitable result of our want of sufficient water was a very sad condition of sanitation.

I am able to record that I was in Libby prison, in war-times, if only for a moment. Men were called for to go over to Libby for the purpose of getting some wood. Thinking it an opportunity that I could not afford to lose, I at once volunteered, and with several others went across the street to the edifice and down behind it, where on the canal or river side, we found an entrance to the lower regions. This basement seemed to

be a sort of wood-house. Of course my eyes were open for what might fill them, and I remember asking the guard if he could show me the place through which Colonel Straight and his comrades escaped. He pointed out a large opening in the wall as the excavation made by the redoubtable Indiana officer, but in the light of subsequent knowledge, I am convinced that he was imposing upon me. However, I was just as happy then over my information as I would have been had it been *bona fide* truth. I didn't know the difference. How frequently is ignorance bliss!

The morning of the memorable 22d of February, 1865, was destined to bring to us more than usual significance. It was to be to us the day of liberation. I can not recall the hour, but on this day we were ordered into line and again we bade adieu to a prison-house and filed out into Carey street. Now we turn towards the east and it looks as though home were in prospect. Our progress, though, is slow and there are many waitings, which we try to fill in with observations on our surroundings. The "Johnny" dialect comes in for a deal of criticism. The average Southron will beat any other mortal living in dividing monosyllables. To him "guard" is always "gyard." "You" and "we" become "You-uns" and "We-uns." He likes authority, too, and the devoted guard was kept in a constant panic lest he was not in the right place.

It was during our march to the landing that I was guilty of my only offense in passing bad money. A year or more before, a cousin had visited my father's home, and coming directly from a commercial college, he had some of the so-called currency used in the make-believe banking of the college. Naturally he gave me a specimen of the bills, and as naturally I laid my acquisition away in my pocket. There it had remained during all my campaigning and imprisonment till this day. As before stated, we did not eat much of the food given us by the rebels, but we were very hungry all the same. So when on our way down, the people came about us with food for sale, anxious to get some of the Northern money, there arose in me a disposition to work off that spurious bill so long in my possession. To cut a long story short, it bought for me a loaf of bread, which was speedily put where it would do the most good. Was I justifiable? Let some one as hungry as myself answer. Any criticism from well-fed stay-at-homes will not be accepted. When

John Brown was asked if he could find any Bible justification in his destruction of property and life in his Harper's Ferry raid, he is said to have replied, "Shall we not spoil the Egyptians?" After all we were not particularly concerned about great moral questions in those days.

In the days before my enlistment, I had been an eager reader and an ardent admirer of Edgar Allan Poe. Just before me was the very stream in whose waters he is said to have swum seven miles, and I wondered whether his course was over the route about to be traveled by us.

I have stopped in Richmond twice since that day in February. The first time was in the following May, when the 6th Corps marched down from its camp in Manchester, opposite, and crossed the James on a pontoon bridge placed very near the point where we took the boat on our departure from the city. My original visit was confined to the vicinity of Carey street. Then I was under rebel guidance, now I was carrying a gun, and we marched by the flank with fixed bayonets, making, as we ascended State street, a glittering sea of burnished steel. From walk to walk there was just one mass of glistening points. The blinds of the houses were nearly all closed, for the occupants had no eyes for such a sight as this. That one view of the array of arms behind me was something of a compensation for the rigors of my introduction to the Capital of the Confederacy.

My second revisiting was in February, 1888. Then I went purposely to see what I could of the places so prominent twenty-five years before. The Pemberton of the Rebellion had disappeared by fire, and in its place was an honest blacksmith shop where diligent toilers were earning a livelihood. Only a tradition places the old building on the site. Libby is yet standing, soon, however, to be transported to Chicago. "Another reason," I heard a man remark, "why that city should suffer from another conflagration." Despite the overpowering odor of phosphate fertilizers, I have little trouble in doing the edifice and in tracing out the spots where misery was once so rife. I seek out the home of Jefferson Davis during the war, now the peaceful abode of a girls' school. The Capitol is entered and all its resources explored. I go into the library and note the prominence of Confederate faces and flags, and I wonder if Virginia had any history before the war. Perhaps the fact that

it was a lost cause has given to the strife a peculiar tenderness, for certain it is that we of the North know nothing of the intensity of the fervor with which the average Southron regards all memories of the Rebellion. Climbing to the cupola of the structure I can see the whole city spread out before me. Just at my feet is the famous equestrian statue of Washington, surrounded by other notable sons of Virginia, fortunately erected before the war, or it would not have been constructed at all, for now the Mother of Presidents is devoting all her resources to commemorating the memories of her Lees and Jacksons, men who did their best to destroy that which her Washington, Jefferson, and others labored and fought to build. On the other side of the street is the church in which Davis was—shall I say “worshiping”?—when the news of the breaking of the lines was brought to him and whence he made his hurried flight. And then to Hollywood, where repose so many whom the nation knows. The guide will tell you that three presidents are buried here, but naturally he can only name two, for the very good reason that Monroe and Tyler are the only ones. From their graves we pass to that portion of the cemetery devoted to the Confederate dead. As we wander among the graves or stand beside the pyramidal structure that feminine devotion has reared to Confederate valor, we will doff our hats, for we know that those who met us in open fight were brave, and that they deserve of us what is a tribute to bravery everywhere, respect. There is one more place to visit, and we cross the James and stand on the accursed soil of Belle Isle. We can find not the slightest trace of the horrors that made this name a hiss and a by-word among all Christian people. The river, however, flows by just as muddy and just as forbidding as when it formed an effectual barrier to the famishing prisoner held upon the island. Noisy and busy iron-works occupy the eastern end of the isle, and only a barren waste is found where once was suffered unutterable agony. I wonder why Chicago doesn't buy Belle Isle!

We were told that we were the first detachment to go down the river under the resumption of the general cartel of exchange; but of this I am not prepared to affirm or deny. I do know that we were a very happy lot of men and boys on our way to what we called God's country, happy though we knew that we had left behind us upon the prison floor the dead

bodies of two of our comrades. They had died on the very threshold of freedom. In fancy I often see those lonely bodies stretched in death, bodies whose souls had only a day or two before rejoiced with us on the advent of certain liberty; but they were not strong enough for the journey, and the cup fell from them even when at their very lips. Another who was supported by tender hands as we went down to the boat, had not the strength to leave it, and was carried back to Richmond for rebel burial.

The boat itself is only a dim image through the intervening years. I remember that in front of the pilot-house were seated General Robert Oulds, well known in the annals of prisoner exchanges as the Confederate commissioner, and by his side were Brigadier Generals John Hays, of New York, and A. N. Duffie, of Rhode Island, the unsuccessful garroter in the attempted escape from Danville. They had not the least trace of any differences of opinions, and for aught we could see they were friends of long standing. I envied the Union officers the information that I was certain the commissioner was giving them. I knew that we were passing historic scenes, but my comrades were as ignorant as myself, and the rebel guards were as stupid as usual, and that means that their education did not begin very early. The boat picked its way very gingerly all the distance down, for the river was well planted with torpedoes, and the rebs knew how thoroughly loaded they were. Some points we recognized without any informants, as a frowning fortification on our right we readily named Fort Darling, long a source of Federal anxiety. The Dutch Gap canal, the scene of General Butler's efforts, is also found; but in the main the descent of the stream is rather tame. At Richmond some of the men had received long-delayed boxes, and now on their way down the river they regaled themselves with the contents. They were objects of almost wolfish regard to their fellow prisoners, in whose stomachs there were vacua of long existence. How quickly we forgot our ills. An officer, whose stomach had become pretty well filled by the contents of his box, was about to throw overboard a cheese-rind. I had been watching the man for some time, wondering where my share was to come in. Disgusted at such wicked wastefulness I eagerly sought the morsel for myself. It was given to me, but with much the same expression that a rebel officer's face wore

when he saw a half-famished prisoner in Danville gnawing ravenously at an old bone that he had picked up somewhere. I believe the rebel called upon the Saviour of mankind in no reverent manner to witness that he had never seen anything so disgusting before. My donor had forgotten his own feelings a few hours previously, when he, too, would have eaten anything that he could find, clean or filthy.

Just a little ways below Butler's canal, in fact scarcely more than around the bend, we are delighted at the sight of a man standing on the shore holding a white flag. It is Colonel Mulford, the Federal commissioner of exchange, and he is awaiting us. We are all excitement, and naturally so. A few paces back of him are a few soldiers, a sort of escort. Our boat rounds up to the landing, which we learn is Aiken's, very appropriately named, we thought, for it was just the place we had been aching to reach for many a long and weary day. The guards have difficulty in keeping us away from the side of the vessel, so anxious are we to be the first off the boat and so the first out of the Confederacy. Force only prevented many jumping from the boat in our insane eagerness to touch the shore. Colonel Mulford is hailed with as loud a cheer as we are capable of giving, and soon the plank is run out for us to debark. The survival of the fittest is in order, and those who are the best preserved come to the front. Instead, however, of our getting off in the hit-or-miss order characteristic of a Sunday-school picnic, we are obliged to get in line, that we may be counted for the last time in the Confederacy. For months I had been only a numeral. Every day somebody had counted me, and I would have been missed as one less if I had disappeared, but in no other way. No enemy had taken my name nor apparently cared for it. Now I was about to recover my identity, to be something more than a mathematical fact. I leave the vessel the eighteenth man, and Brutus-like I could have embraced the earth upon which I trod. With one accord we tried to do justice to our liberation by vociferous shouting, but here, too, we fail. Though we had used our voices during our imprisonment, it was in no boisterous manner, and we were quite unequal to the occasion. Instead of the bold, manly tones of old, we found our voices dwindled to childish trebles and our utterances scarcely more than chicken peeps.

Near by are ambulances for the conveyance of those who

can not walk, and they are many. Can I walk? Yes, to Washington, if necessary, if it only be northward, but I have over-rated my strength. The sight of friendly faces and the breath of freedom have intoxicated me, and I am not conscious of my own weakness. Three miles intervene between us and the vessel that is to take us homeward. We set our faces with much determination towards Varina, where we are to be received. Weariness is an absurdity. But Dame Nature tolerates no nonsense. She is not enthusiastic. Legs that have had no other sustenance than that afforded by scanty rations of corn-dodger for long months soon weaken. We effervesce quickly, and the distance at first so insignificant grows to a long and tedious march. Many could not make it and had to be picked up by the ambulances. However, the end comes at last, and as we rise a little hillock and see the reception provided for us, tears start from many an eye. It is the 22d of February, Washington's birthday, and all the bunting that the military and shipping possessed was flung to the breezes. What a sight for flag-hungry eyes! To my mind there is nothing lacking in the way of beauty in the American flag. Poets and orators have descanted upon its glories, but they have never done it justice, simply because it is impossible. There are thoughts in the soul too sublime for utterance, and such I think must be those of a man whom necessity has separated from his country for a time, and to whose view comes suddenly the emblem of all that the patriot holds dear, that for which he would offer up his life if necessary. To add to the pleasures of the hour a mounted band, said to be from Massachusetts, was playing national airs. It was a greeting long to be remembered. Red, white and blue in color harmonized perfectly with the same in sound. "The Star Spangled Banner" from brazen throats was wafted back by gaudy pennons, whose brilliant hues flashed from every mast, and rainbow-like encircled ship and cordage.

"Man shall not live by bread alone" was uttered long ago, and its truth is not disputed. Equally true is its converse that man can not live on sentiment. For us, those vessels contained good honest food and we knew it, and we stood not on the order of our going as we approached them. We were a hard looking lot. Ragged beyond description, and as filthy as ragged. Long contact with the floors of our prison-houses had not kept our garments over nice. Hunger was evident in every

look and movement. It was no trifling task to feed such a herd. Now that we were so near something to eat, it seemed as if we must famish before food could be furnished to us. A waiter at the tables of the officers goes through our midst with a pail of refuse, intending to throw it overboard. He is at once set upon by hungry men who would rob the pail of its contents, to such an insane pitch has their hunger risen. It is only by main force that he breaks through the crowd and throws away the filth, saluted, however, by a perfect howl of rage from the disappointed prisoners, who manifest a disposition to throw him over along with the garbage.

"Fall in for rations," is the most welcome remark that we have heard in many a day, and it needs no repetition, for we are there immediately. Four hardtack each, a small piece of boiled salt pork and a quart of coffee were the items given us, it being presumed that in our enfeebled condition a greater quantity would be harmful; but I had gauged my stomach differently, and I was certain that small amount would not do for me. It was an easy matter to receive my portion and then slipping around to another point get a second share. I doubled the rations of hard bread and pork, and after stowing all this away where it was safe, I wrapped an old bed cover that I had found about me and sought my couch for the night, said couch being the deck of the vessel. Were my dreams pleasant? No follower of the advice in *Thanatopsis* ever laid himself down to happier sleep.

Our ship was the "George Leary," and when I went to sleep she was quietly flying her colors at her doek called *Varina*. When I awoke she was well on her way to Annapolis. There was little to vary the monotony of eating and sleeping till we reached Annapolis, which was on the morning of February 24th.

We leave our floating quarters and file through the grounds of the United States Naval School, and are soon drawn up before the headquarters in College Green Barracks. This depot was thus named from its occupying the back premises of St. John's College, an Episcopal institution, whose most famous graduate, I was repeatedly told while in Annapolis, was Reverdy Johnson, for many years a distinguished member of the United States Senate from Maryland. There was a curious company of paroled men standing by to greet us. Much to my surprise some one from the throng called out, "Is that you,

Roe?" I had to confess that it was Roe, or what was left of him. My saluter was one Schiffer, a member of the 5th New York Cavalry, and a fellow worker of mine in the disbursing office at Auburn, N. Y. After handshakes and mutual inquiries as to how we got there, he asks me if I am hungry. To this I have only to tell him to look at me. It is enough. He disappears only to reappear with a whole loaf of bread, a huge piece of boiled beef, and two big cucumber pickles. To divide my prizes with my nearest neighbor, Charlie Cater, is the work of a moment. Another moment suffices to get rid of the food, at any rate of all external indications. Schiffer continues his kind offices by asking me if I wouldn't like some money. To this proposition I am nothing loth, and a couple of dollars are speedily transferred from him to me. Before breaking ranks we are furnished with certain necessary utensils and told when and where to get our rations; but I was too hungry to wait for any cook-house signal, so as quickly as possible I made my way to the sutler's and invested in about a foot of Bologna sausage and a dozen ginger cookies. With these I proceeded to the quarters assigned me and there endeavored again to satisfy my hunger. I had not more than eaten this last supply when the bugle summoned us to the cook-house for food. I took my quart cup for coffee and another for bean soup. My cups were filled, whatever my own condition was. It was not till I had done justice to this last installment that I began to be at all satisfied. I may as well state right here that hunger to the recently paroled prisoner was like the thirst ascribed to the drunkard, absolutely insatiable. To paraphrase the words of the hymn, we ate, but ever more were hungry. Many a man lost his life through indiscretion in eating. I must think that I owed my own life to the fact that my stomach was tolerably new, and so far as I was concerned, had been pretty well used, *i. e.*, I had never abused it by excesses of any sort. The middle-aged men and those who had been hard drinkers found the new ordeal a very severe one. As I regard the matter now, I wonder what I did with so much food, but it was no wonder to me then. The fifty-seven dollars of half ration money paid to me at the barracks was nearly all expended in what I called getting even with time. If this was money for food that I had not eaten, then I clearly owed it to myself to eat its value as soon as possible. It was not till months afterward that the un-

natural craving for food wore away. To anticipate a little, when I reached home my appetite was at high-water mark, and I became the great wonder of the neighborhood. I could not wait for breakfast before beginning to eat; a luncheon in the forenoon was always necessary; my dinner was a hearty one, and there had to be a filling in time long before supper, and after that usually final meal, I found it desirable to take a parting mouthful before retiring. Chinking, so to speak, was had constantly in the way of pop-corn and apples. I lived through it; many didn't.

After we had time to attend to the demands of hunger, our very careful supervisors ordered us to the bath-house, where we were stripped of every rag of apparel and subjected to a most thorough scrubbing with hot water and soap. The cast-off clothing was piled up like a small hill outside of the building. In my haste and happiness to get rid of my old prison reminders, I failed to take from my pocket the remainder of the money that my comrade, Schiffer, had loaned me. When my loss occurred to me it was too late to remedy it, for a long and diligent search among the filthy cast-off rags availed me nothing. In a pile of several thousand United States garments he would be a wise man who could recognize his own breeches.

At the instigation of Schiffer, I remained a few days at the college barracks to assist, but I found that my long lack of familiarity with the pen had served to make me almost a child again, so I was of little use in the office. I was too weak for the room where clothing was dealt out. Besides, I knew that away up north a family was wondering where the oldest boy was, and the tugs at my heart-strings were stronger than I could resist. I might linger here to tell of the fun that those who were regularly detached had at their quarters; of the quaint and queer tricks they played; of the surroundings of the barracks; but these items would not have sufficient bearing on my story. I managed to see something of the city, famous in our national annals. I sat in the very room where Washington stood when he resigned his commission as commander of the Revolutionary armies, and I crawled to the very top of the State House. I actually went up on hands and knees, because my legs failed me in the stair-climbing business.

Concluding that my duty called me home at the earliest moment possible, I asked for a transferral to parole camp. This

was located some three or four miles west of the city and had accommodations for several thousand men. Eating and talking over late hardships, along with the comparing of notes with men from other prisons, formed our chief occupation here. My furlough and my departure come speedily, and happily I make my way to Baltimore, and thence by the Northern Central railroad I journey homeward. The only incident of this trip worthy of mention, is the stopping for dinner in Williamsport, Penn. There was a great throng at the restaurant, and before I could get to the table the bell rang for us to go aboard the cars. What was I to do? I had paid my dollar and a half—dinners cost something in those days—and had not had a mouthful. My old haversack was at my side. It would hold everything but coffee. I resolved to put it to the test. Accordingly I made my way to the table regardless of ceremony, and procured a cup of coffee, which I drank at once. Then, opening the wide mouth of my haversack, I tumbled in everything that I could reach. Bread, meat of all descriptions, vegetables as I could find them, till the well-filled interior of the bag reminded me that I must have my money's worth. This was not done on the sly, I'll assure you, for I was the observed of all observers, receiving from them hearty cheers while I was filling up. The supply was ample for me even, clear up to my reaching home. It was on this trip that a fellow passenger indulged in the profanity alluded to in a former paper, over a piece of my ration preserved from Danville.

Reaching Elmira late at night, and having to leave early in the morning, I enter a saloon and solicit the privilege of spreading my blanket on the floor for a few hours, a favor readily granted. This is no hardship for me, since I am used to a bed on the floor. The unceasing din of noisy drinkers does not disturb me in the least. At the proper hour I took the train for Watkins, and went by boat to Geneva on the old New York Central railroad. As I wandered over the boat I was not a little pleased to find it the very one in which I had journeyed southward a year before. I knew it, for written on the smoke-stack was my own name, placed there, boy-like, by myself. I felt as if I had found an old friend.

The great throbbing engine can not bear me swiftly enough, now that I am on my homeward way. Eastward we fly, through Syracuse, Rome, Utica, till finally I am deposited in

Herkimer, whence I am to make my trip by foot to Middleville, six miles further north. My entire way is along the bank of the West Canada creek, whose waters some miles above form the famous Trenton Falls, but I am not just now aesthetically inclined. I am going home as fast as my strength will admit. Of course I should have gone to a stable and hired a conveyance, but again I overrated my powers of endurance. I had walked this same road repeatedly before, and why not now! I had progressed only a little way when it became painfully apparent that I could not hold out. Accordingly I called at the next house and asked the farmer if I could hire him to carry me to Middleville. This he consented to do for a dollar and a half. Snugly ensconced in a sleigh with plenty of buffalo robes about me, I made the remainder of the journey comfortably.

Reaching the village, I dismiss my driver as soon as I arrive in sight of the lighted windows in the parsonage. It is more than a year since I saw the interior of that house, and eight months since I have heard from any of its occupants. What changes may not have taken place in that interval! Is it any wonder that I do not wish any outsider to witness the meeting? The curtains are down, so I get no revelation as I approach. Drawing the cape of my overcoat above my head I advance to the door and knock. Soon a step approaches. I think it that of my father. The door opens and father stands before me. The soldier coat for a moment confuses him, but it is for a moment only, for he speedily exclaims, "Why, my son," and grasps me warmly by the hand. By this time I have entered the room, where mother takes me to her heart as only a mother can. My sister disputes with her the possession of my head and shoulders, a seven-year-old brother is hugging for dear life the lower part of my body; but through all this I am sensible there is something lacking. My anxious look is detected. My eyes have indicated what my tongue dare not utter. My brother, just in his teens, is missing. Mother, whose hair has silvered rapidly during my absence, says, "You are looking for Mort." This was and is the home name of Mortimer, the playmate of my boyhood. "He is not at home now. He has secured a place to work in Auburn." What a sigh of relief I drew, for I feared that the vacancy indicated that the boy at home had succumbed to that which his soldier brother had escaped. A telegram speedily summons him, and ere many

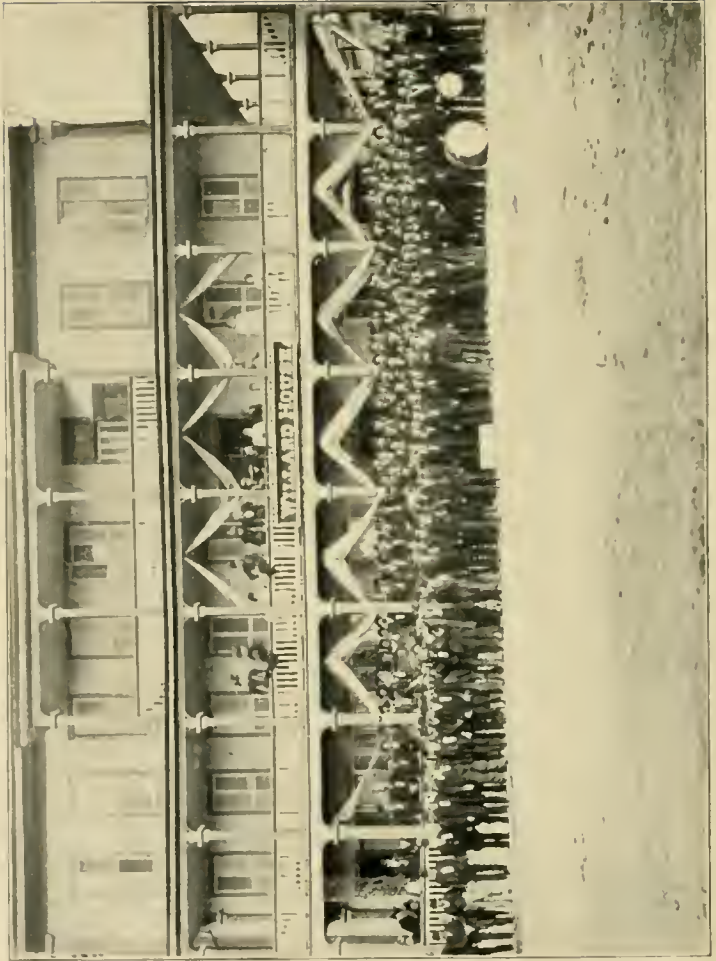
hours the family is reunited. Of the comparing of notes, of the battles fought over, of the rejoicings that home was found, why take your time to tell? They are in the lives and experiences of every listener who went to the war and then came back to his home again.

Perhaps, however, I shall never have a better opportunity to say a word about those who saw the home side of the war. We who went down to the strife, carried the guns, and as we thought then endured all the hardships, knew nothing of the terrible anxiety of those whom we left behind us. The great majority of the rank and file were irresponsible boys who were fairly happy when their stomachs were full and the marches were not too long. Of what a father's sensations might be I had not the slightest notion till long after the din was over. The older men of our comrades did not receive from us the consideration that I now think was their due. They were frequently laughed at as blue and gloomy, when all of us would have been just the same had we had equal responsibilities. But young and old we had the consolation of action. The march, the bivouac, the fight, all these served to distract the mind and prevent its dwelling on thoughts which brought heaviness. Not so in the home. There a never wanting sense of loneliness abode. The one absent in body was ever present in mind. The danger to which he was exposed was, if possible, magnified till the anxious soul fairly consumed itself in its ceaseless vigils. Every report of new movements at the seat of war brought with it the wonder whether the dear one would be endangered, and of these contemplated movements those at home knew vastly more than did we ourselves, who were actors in the drama. How the papers were read! The popular newspaper era in this country may be said to date from the days of the war, when the correspondent learned what the people wanted for news. Was there a battle! With what feverish haste the paper was devoured, dreading, fearing, lest the name dearest of all may appear among the fatalities.

A father enters the home with a copy of the *New York Herald* in his trembling hand. The wife and mother who had watched for his return knows that he brings sad news. The corps to which their boy belongs they know has been designated for a perilous task, and this paper tells the story of the fight and of the casualties. The father can not trust himself to speak, but

he points to one name among the missing, and then betakes himself to his closet for prayer, his refuge in every hour of distress. The mother reads the name of her first born as not accounted for, and what boots all the rest? Patriot though she is to her heart's core, she can not help the question, "Is the purchase worth the price?" With what diligence must she pursue her household duties to prevent the weight of her calamity crushing her. Anon, she searches for the father, and finds him with his Bible in hand looking for comforting passages. His hands tremble as he turns the leaves of the well-read book, and here and there he finds words that to him afford comfort. He has preached from these to many a congregation when their dead were brought home to them, and now he must face the dread possibility. Will his faith shrink? I think not. Through those eyes a long line of patriotic ancestry is looking, and though the sacrifice were thrice as great there would be no faltering with him. But such tests bring their inevitable results in premature age. Many a boy left his parents with not a token of advancing years visible in them, and after a few months' absence returned to find wrinkles and gray hairs making sad inroads on his parents' faces. During the furlough following my imprisonment, it was my pleasure to sit at the table of certain aged relatives who had for sundry reasons always possessed an unusual regard for me. Said the gentleman, "We have never sat at this board, during all the months of your being with the rebels, without wishing you might have some of the food before us; and we have never knelt at the family altar without bearing you in our prayers to the throne of the Heavenly Grace." Behind the most of us, who imperiled health and life, there were just such prayers constantly ascending, and whatever our own lives, we were not sorry that this praying contingent was ceaseless in its activity.

Our battling was that home in the broadest and deepest sense might exist in all this fair land; that no nominal owner might separate the father from his children, a wife from her husband. Our fight was a winning one, and with the end of our fighting was the end of the glaring and flaunting lie that one man could hold and enslave his fellow man. Henceforth the flag that we had followed was to float over a race of free men, free to come and go, free to make and hold, what I have tried to picture here, a Home.



REGIMENTAL REUNION. WEDSPORT, OCTOBER 19, 1894.

CHAPTER XXVII.

VETERAN ASSOCIATION OF THE NINTH HEAVY ARTILLERY.

For more than twenty-five years annual gatherings of the survivors of the regiment have been had. It is claimed that the association had its birth in a camp pitched at Briscoe's Cove, on the southern shore of Great Sodus bay, August 26, 27 and 28, 1874.

This meeting had been decided upon at a preliminary run-together of certain veterans of the regiment held in Lyons March 4th, 1874. Of this preparatory meeting Lieutenant L. C. Comstock of Auburn was the secretary.

The camp itself was a great success, and is to this day referred to as a time to be remembered. So successful was it that an enlargement of its scope was determined upon, and the Wayne and Cayuga Veterans' Association was formed, which for many years held its assemblies on the shores of the bay. It is not too much to state that no similar gatherings in the Empire State have been more successful than those drawn to this beautiful portion of New York. They have commanded speakers from all parts of the country, and have grown to be affairs looked forward to at each recurring summer.

The reunions of the Ninth became a small part of the day's doings, and were held at some designated hour in an assigned tent, the same course being observed with other regiments from this section of the state. While the passing hour was delightful, it did not quite measure up to what the veterans thought the occasion demanded, and each year there was a demand for a reunion elsewhere where the regiment should be the chief consideration, and this desired end eventually came about.

Records are preserved of the gathering in the tent at the county camp of 1888, more or less full. In that year Captain George W. Brinkerhoff of Company A presided, and J. S. Roys of D Company was secretary. Remarks were made by Captain Chauncey Fish of B; G. D. Fox of A; Lieutenant C. D. Lent of H; L. B. Rice of B; Lieutenant Lewis Barton of D; A. S. Roe of A; H. P. Howard of H; Frank Tallman of E; Thomas Hilliard of D, and others. Officers for the ensuing year included: President, Lieutenant C. D. Lent of Wallington, and

Secretary, J. S. Roys of Lyons. This meeting was held August 14, at 4 P. M.

In 1889 the meeting came August 15, at 4 P. M., with the officers elected the preceding year. Those elected for 1890 were B. L. Avery of Auburn, president, and Frank Tallman, also of Auburn, secretary. Interesting addresses were made by Chaplain S. T. Devoe, L. B. Rice, Captain Fish, and others. The drift of sentiment was decidedly in favor of a reunion on some autumnal day where the regiment might have the time to itself.

In accordance with the expressed wish, the next gathering of the regiment was in Auburn, and the list of annual gatherings was begun, kept up regularly, except in 1892. The date was very fittingly the 19th of October, the 25th anniversary of the regiment's greatest battle. An address of welcome was given by General William H. Seward, which has been highly prized in the intervening years, it having been printed by vote of the survivors present. The officers elected at the summer gathering held over.

In 1890, October 17th, in the armory of Auburn, the veterans gathered again, and were welcomed by Mayor Wheeler, and were responded for by General Seward. The Rev. Reuben Burton, former lieutenant in Company B, gave the address. Colonel Anson S. Wood was elected president, and Frank Tallman was continued as secretary, an office which he has continued to fill to date. There is little doubt that the success of the association is due in no small degree to his unflagging zeal in trying to reach all surviving members of the regiment. Those who cherish the memories of their service in war-times owe very much to him.

October 20th, 1891, saw the reunion held in Lyons, Wayne county, and was presided over by President A. S. Wood, who was re-elected for the following year. On account of the G. A. R. encampment in Washington the coming year, it was decided to skip the annual meeting, though a very large number of the veterans came together in the Capital.

In 1893, October 19th, again the men came to Lyons for their annual handshake and story-telling. They elected John Kevand of Weedsport president, and named his home-town as the next place of meeting.

At the Weedsport meeting, October 19th, 1894, the subject of a history of the regiment was considered, and it was voted to

invite Alfred S. Roe of Worcester, Mass., formerly of A Company, to prepare such history, he having on this occasion read an account of the regiment's part in the Battle of Monocacy. Colonel Anson S. Wood was elected president, and Clyde was assigned as place of meeting.

The Clyde gathering, October 18th, 1895, was large and enthusiastic, with addresses from the president, Hon. Charles T. Saxton, and others. Major George W. Brinkerhoff was chosen president, with Wolcott as the next assembly place.

Wolcott people did themselves proud in their reception, and congratulatory remarks were made by different speakers, civil and military. The date was September 17th, 1896, pretty near the Winchester date, but not quite. It was voted to meet in Buffalo Aug. 24th, on account of the G. A. R. encampment there in 1897. H. W. Vishion of Company M, a resident of Buffalo, was made president.

The Buffalo assembly drew together men who had not before gathered at the reunions, along with the many who are always on hand. Though way beyond the precincts specially devoted to the Ninth, the meeting was an excellent one. W. V. Walker, Company L, was elected president, and Moravia, his home, was nominated for the next reunion.

The day selected for 1898 was September 16th, and the clans repaired to the good old Cayuga village with its quaint German name. All enjoyed the trip and made A. W. Vanderbilt of Newark, Wayne county, the coming president, and named his village as the place, the date to be October 19th, 1899, and with the permission of Providence the gathering will take place at that time and place.

Secretary Tallman, with his accustomed care, has retained the number of those attending the reunions, and the following is the statement: 1889, 313; 1890, 225; 1891, 164; 1893, 207; 1894, 218; 1895, 254; 1896, 210; 1897, 287; 1898, 143. The time is rapidly approaching when the attendance must fall off measurably, for many are nearing an age when distance does not lend enchantment.

The democratic character of the assemblies has given them a great popularity. The women friends of the veterans are always welcomed, and they are among the most interested listeners of the proceedings, which are usually of a reminiscent character. The citizens of the towns where the reunions are held

have, as a rule, thrown open their homes and hearts and given the warmest reception possible. To the younger and rising generation these gatherings have been excellent object lessons, keeping fresh in mind the sacrifices made that they might enjoy the blessings of liberty.

When the line is formed and the old "boys" with whitening locks and aging forms follow their drummers of long ago, it is a sight to arouse the admiration and emulation of younger men, and who can tell how wide-reaching the lesson may be? Usually, General Seward is present, and he leads his men as he did of old, though no one bears a weapon heavier than a cane.

As far as known the following list includes the names of all surviving members of the regiment with their post office addresses.

FIELD OFFICERS.

Brigadier General William H. Seward, Auburn, N. Y.
 Colonel James W. Snyder, Guthrie, Oklahoma.
 Brevet Lieutenant Colonel William Wood, Westbury, N. Y.
 Brevet Lieutenant Colonel Anson S. Wood, Wolcott, N. Y.
 Brevet Lieutenant Colonel Sullivan B. Lamoreaux, Cleveland, Ohio.
 Major William Riley Wasson, Dublin, Texas.
 Surgeon Dwight S. Chamberlain, Lyons, N. Y.
 Assistant Surgeon Byron Dewitt, Oswego, N. Y.
 Quartermaster Henry P. Knowles, Palmyra, N. Y.
 Quartermaster John W. Rice, Auburn, N. Y.
 Adjutant W. DeW. Pringle, Hastings, Minn.
 Adjutant Vincent A. Kenyon, Dresserville, N. Y.
 Chaplain Stephen T. Devoe, Wolcott, N. Y.
 Sergeant Major John E. Dean, Newark, Ohio.
 Hospital Steward John F. Failing, Grand Rapids, Mich.

COMPANY A.

Allen, G. W., Callispell, Montana.
 Arne, William, Alpena, South Dakota.
 Ayler, Jacob, Corning, N. Y.
 Baneroft, Samuel E., Westbury, N. Y.
 Barber, William, Red Creek, N. Y.
 Barber, George, Red Creek, N. Y.
 Barnett, Harrison, Early Bird, Florida.
 Becker, Jeremiah, Quincy, Mich.
 Bigelow, N. V., North Wolcott, N. Y.
 Billings, John, Sodus Point, N. Y.
 Blanchard, C. W., Victory, N. Y.
 Brinkerhoff, Capt. G. W., Red Creek, N. Y.
 Brown, G., Alton, N. Y.

- Bull, A. H., Warren, Ohio.
Bull, Henry, North Huron, N. Y.
Carnes, Edward L., Battle Creek, Mich.
Carter, George, King's Ferry, N. Y.
Casterline, J. B., Wautoma, Wis.
Conklin, Lieut. Benson, Bay City, Mich.
Cortright, Chester, Red Creek, N. Y.
DeMott, Lewis, Seneca Falls, N. Y.
Derby, Albert, Akron, Colo.
Dudley, Henry, Syracuse, N. Y.
Dyer, David H., Watervliet, N. Y.
Easton, Charles, Grand Rapids, Mich.
Easton, David, S. & S. Home, Bath, N. Y.
Elmendorf, Lieut. J. C., Weedsport, N. Y.
Elmer, Jno. E., Fair Haven, N. Y.
Fields, N. J., North Wolcott, N. Y.
Fitch, Cyrus E., Wolcott, N. Y.
Foster, John, 23 Elm street, Rochester, N. Y.
Fox, G. D., East Bloomfield, N. Y.
Frost, Oscar, Red Creek, N. Y.
Gibbs, William, Wolcott, N. Y.
Green, Luther, Westbury, N. Y.
Hall, A. F., Savannah, N. Y.
Hall, A. S., Savannah, N. Y.
Harvey, Lieut. T., S., 216 Seymour street, Auburn, N. Y.
Higgins, Charles, Montezuma, N. Y.
Hoff, Lieut. J. R., Milwaukee, Wis.
Hoffman, W. P., West Somerset, N. Y.
Humphrey, Enos, Fair Haven, N. Y.
Hyde, Capt. James H., Wolcott, N. Y.
Johnson, Morris, Saranac, Mich.
King, George, Fair Haven, N. Y.
Koon, Alonzo, Westbury, N. Y.
McDougall, D., Fair Haven, N. Y.
McWiggin, P., North Wolcott, N. Y.
Mead, Joseph H., Wolcott, N. Y.
Merrill, James A., Wolcott, N. Y.
Merrill, W. H., Wolcott, N. Y.
Mitchell, William, Macedon, N. Y.
Moore, George C., 210 West Henry street, Elmira, N. Y.
Neal, Jonathan, Fair Haven, N. Y.
Nichols, M. B., Cazenovia, N. Y., Box 806.
Palmer, Thomas, Auburn, N. Y.
Pettingill, John, North Rose, N. Y.
Pettit, Martin D., Lummisville, N. Y.
Porter, L., Alton, N. Y.
Rawson, Charles, Germania, Pa.
Riggs, Henry, North Rose, N. Y.
Rhinehart, W. H., North Wolcott, N. Y.

Roe, Alfred S., Worcester, Mass.
 Sampson, E. F., Red Creek, N. Y.
 Shaft, Milton, Martville, N. Y.
 Sherman, Charles H., College Mound, Mo.
 Snow, Samuel, North Wolcott, N. Y.
 Sprague, A. I., Weedsport, N. Y.
 Stinard, A. L., Geneva, Mich.
 Streeter, Melvin, North Huron, N. Y.
 Thomas, Philip, Huron, N. Y.
 Townsend, David, Denver, Colo.
 Tripp, M. F., Salamanca, N. Y.
 Ullrich, Charles, Wolcott, N. Y.
 Vanderburg, James, Lummisville, N. Y.
 Van Horn, John, North Wolcott, N. Y.
 Van Ostrand, C. S., Newark, N. Y.
 Watkins, Carlton, Onondaga Valley, N. Y.
 Welch, W. A., Oto, Woodbury county, Iowa.
 Wendover, James, Port Byron, N. Y.
 Whitbeck, John W., Watkins, N. Y.

COMPANY B.

This company formed a local association before that of the regiment and has held many interesting meetings, at which valuable papers have been read, but no data are at hand as to organization, etc.

Allen, A. H., Charlotte, Mich.
 Arney, S., Fairport, N. Y.
 Babbett, Francis, Pultneyville, N. Y.
 Birdsall, William, Ontario, N. Y.
 Bishop, E. A., 12 Manhattan street, Rochester, N. Y.
 Bradley, J. H., Williamson, N. Y.
 Brock, C. J., 321 West avenue, Rochester, N. Y.
 Buck, James W., Campbell, N. Y.
 Calhoun, D. D., Westbury, N. Y.
 Carey, Orin, Ontario Centre, N. Y.
 Chapman, Grosvenor E., Lansing, Mich.
 Chapman, Ralph D., West Walworth, N. Y.
 Clark, James E., Owen Sound, Canada.
 Denney, Loren, Ontario, N. Y.
 Diver, J. B., 222 C street, S. E., Washington, D. C.
 Elmer, Frank M., West Walworth, N. Y.
 Fenner, Nelson, 1809 Beverly street, Richmond, Va.
 Foote, Harvey, Ontario, N. Y.
 Fish, Capt. Chauncey, Ontario, N. Y.
 Fitts, N. A., 756 Powers building, Rochester, N. Y.
 Franklin, Benjamin, 20 High street, Bradford, Pa.
 Franklin, Joshua, 20 High street, Bradford, Pa.
 Frost, L. B., Lincoln, N. Y.:

- Gamble, D. P., East Palmyra, N. Y.
Gilbert, G. W., Meckling, Clay county, South Dakota.
Hall, John, Lincoln, N. Y.
Hoag, Lieut. F. J., 2154 Lawrence avenue, Toledo, Ohio.
Hoag, Hiram C., West Walworth, N. Y.
Hoag, J. M., Maquoketa, Iowa.
Holtom, Frank, Furnaceville, N. Y.
King, John H., 125 Fourth street, Jackson, Mich.
Levarne, Daniel, New Haven, Vt.
McConnell, Irving, Flint, Mich.
Mack, S. R., Madison, Mich.
Mason, James O., Walworth, N. Y.
Metzgar, Dana, Cortland, N. Y.
Myers, Frederick, 2152 South 14th street, Lincoln, Neb.
Negus, John, Sodus Centre, N. Y.
Niles, E. D., 59 Lewis street, Rochester, N. Y.
O'Flynn, William H., Madoc, Ontario, Canada.
Page, Ebenezer, Brockport, N. Y.
Patterson, Lieut. C. P., Walworth, N. Y.
Peacock, Harrison F., Lincoln, N. Y.
Peacock, Oscar F., Fairport, N. Y.
Pease, C. W., 58 Reynolds street, Rochester, N. Y.
Perrin, E. B., Ontario, N. Y.
Pratt, A. J., Webster, N. Y.
Prentiss, James D., 603 China street, Richmond, Va.
Reeves, Stephen, Marion, N. Y.
Rice, Lewis B., Port Huron, Mich.
Risley, Charles M., Ontario Centre, N. Y.
Rogers, Eugene O., Lincoln, N. Y.
Rogers, William, 334 West Water street, Wichita, Kan.
Roys, Gains N., Newark, N. Y.
Russell, Elon, Lincoln, N. Y.
Sage, J., Hudson, Mich.
Sanders, Eugene, Webster, N. Y.
Shipman, John, Farmington Hill, Pa.
Smith, A. L., 6th Auditor's office, Washington, D. C.
Smith, Jarvis L., Williamson, N. Y.
Smith, Morris M., Phillipsburg, Kan.
Speller, J. W., Ontario Centre, N. Y.
Stanford, D. J., Ontario, N. Y.
Strickland, Thomas A., Charlotte street, Rochester, N. Y.
Terwilliger, Albert E., Clayton, Mich.
Tucker, E. B., Monona, Iowa.
Vandewarker, Abiel, Union Hill, N. Y.
Vandewarker, Samuel, Union Hill, N. Y.
Warren, Charles, Honeoye Falls, N. Y.
Warren, Edwin, Lima, N. Y.
White, A. T., Macedon, N. Y.
Whitmer, John, Fairville, N. Y.
Woodhams, Henry, Union Hill, N. Y.

COMPANY C.

- Bates, Oliver, Gains, Pa.
Betts, Robert D., Auburn, N. Y.
Bills, S. L., Macedon, N. Y.
Blakeman, Hiram, Emerson, N. Y.
Blass, Michael, Conquest, N. Y.
Blass, Walter, Spring Lake, N. Y.
Brooks, Willam G., Nashville, Mich.
Burke, Giles O., Jordan, N. Y.
Burke, Capt. Marshall, Paw Paw, Mich.
Chapel, Lieut. George E., Grand Rapids, Mich.
Chapman, A. G., Westbury, N. Y.
Clark, George P., Moravia, N. Y.
Colborn, John F., Syracuse, N. Y.
Crounse, David, Seneca Falls, N. Y.
Crounse, David J., Meadowdale, Albany county, N. Y.
Crounse, Jacob, Conquest, N. Y.
Demass, Martin, Ionia, Mich.
Donnelly, John, Seneca Falls, N. Y.
Edminster, David, Weedsport, N. Y.
Fuller, Henry, Spring Lake, N. Y.
Fuller, William, Jordan, N. Y.
Garity, Frank, Spring Lake, N. Y.
Hooker, F. E., Palmyra, N. Y.
Hunt, Ralph, 1221 Lee street, South Evanston, Ill.
Hunter, Irving, Jordan, N. Y.
Isler, Benjamin, Macedon, N. Y.
James, Job, Onondaga Hill, N. Y.
Kilmer, George, New Hope, N. Y.
Knapp, Lieut. J. D., Cato, N. Y.
Lamphear, Franklin E., Waterloo, N. Y.
Lockwood, William Henry, Weedsport, N. Y.
McGuire, Frank, Seneca Falls, N. Y.
McIntyre, Lieut. W. H., St. Paul, Minn.
McNulty, Lieut. M., Onondaga Hill, N. Y.
Meade, Jacob, Southwest Oswego, N. Y.
Miller, Austin, Spring Lake, N. Y.
Miller, Peter, 120 Whitney street, Rochester, N. Y.
Morrison, Isaac, Marion, N. Y.
Pierce, W. W., Seward, Neb.
Putnam, Jacob J., Hannibal, N. Y.
Skinner, Jerry, Jordan, N. Y.
Sly, William S., Fredonia, N. Y.
Smith, Wellington, Macedon, N. Y.
Spinning, William M., Jordan, N. Y.
Stevenson, David, Ola, Gratiot county, Mich.
Strickland, Leander, Meridian, N. Y.
Tift, Lieut. James W., 40 Tracey street, Buffalo, N. Y.

Vandervoort, Martin L., Kirby, Monroe county, Wis.
Westfall, S. J., 99 Franklin street, Auburn, N. Y.

COMPANY D.

Baker, H. T., 63 Richard street, Rochester, N. Y.
Barton, Lieut. Lewis, Grand Ledge, Mich.
Berkley, Frederick, S. and S. Houe, Bath, N. Y.
Bourne, Joseph, Lyons, N. Y.
Boyst, John, Lyons, N. Y.
Bremer, William, Clyde, N. Y.
Brown, B., Lyons, N. Y.
Brundage, Samuel, Sodus, N. Y.
Bullock, Nathan, Alton, N. Y.
Burns, George E., Alton, N. Y.
Button, Elliott H., 734 East Adams street, Syracuse, N. Y.
Clark, D. C., Wayne, Schuyler county, N. Y.
Comstock, John L., Sac City, Iowa.
Darling, Martin, Wolcott, N. Y.
Dunbar, Lee, Lummisville, N. Y.
Dunn, Homer C., Lyons, N. Y.
Dunning, E. P., Forestville, Chautauqua county, N. Y.
Ehart, Michael, 17 Cleveland street, Rochester, N. Y.
Finch, Jno T., Newark, N. Y.
Genthner, Jacob F., 27 Conkey avenue, Rochester, N. Y.
Gunther, Charles, Lockport, N. Y.
Hall, C. K., Baldwinsville, N. Y.
Hall, Hamilton, Wolcott, N. Y.
Hanna, James P., 437 William street, Buffalo, N. Y.
Hart, John W., Lyons, N. Y.
Hasselback, Simon, Lyons, N. Y.
Heck, William, Lummisville, N. Y.
Hoeltzel, George, Newark, N. Y.
Hoffman, Lieut. B. F., Johnson's Creek, N. Y.
Houghkerk, Silas, 87 Spring street, Albany, N. Y.
Knox, Charles, Alton, N. Y.
Kurtz, Andrew, S. and S. Home, Bath, N. Y.
Leroy, Isaac, Fairville, N. Y.
Lyon, Capt. C. L., 654 Bedford avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.
McDowell, Charles, Alton, N. Y.
McDowell, David, Alton, N. Y.
Munn, Hiram, Ames, Iowa.
Newberry, Eben W., Wolcott, N. Y.
Parrish, Norman A., Lyons, N. Y.
Pflug, Jacob, Exeter, Neb.
Pomeroy, G. P., Chittenango, N. Y.
Pudney, Richard, Lyons, N. Y.
Redgrave, Lieut. S. C., Lyons, N. Y.
Rooker, George, Lyons, N. Y.

Roys, J. Sidney, Lyons, N. Y.
 Scott, Cornelius, Grand Rapids, Mich.
 Seager, A. W., Wayne Centre, N. Y.
 Seager, Benjamin, Alton, N. Y.
 Shane, Pearse, 1017 Lodi street, Syracuse, N. Y.
 Siebert, George, Kalamazoo, Mich.
 Snitzel, John, Orleans, N. Y.
 Snyder, J. L., Joy, N. Y.
 Spahr, Casper, Rochester, N. Y.
 Stell, Fred, Fairville, N. Y.
 Stewart, Capt. J. F., Hannibal, Mo.
 Taylor, Henry, Newark, N. Y.
 Taylor, James K., Port Byron, N. Y.
 Travers, William, 74 109th street, New York city.
 Vanderbilt, A. H., Newark, N. Y.
 Vickery, J. W., 180 Market street, Chicago, Ill.
 Walmsley, Albert, Wolcott, N. Y.
 Warn, Charles S., Copac, St. Clair county, Mich.
 Williams, J. L., Sherrill, N. Y.
 Williams, Lieut. L. D., Otsego, Mich.
 Wilson, Thomas, Oneida, N. Y.
 Worden, John V., Clyde, N. Y.
 York, Thomas, Lyons, N. Y.
 Zwilling, William, Lyons, N. Y.

COMPANY E.

Arnold, Benjamin A., East Venice, N. Y.
 Austin, A. P., North Tonawanda, N. Y.
 Baker, George, Scipio, N. Y.
 Barnes, Lieut. B. F., Moravia, N. Y.
 Bassett, Joseph, Skaneateles, N. Y.
 Bassett, Thomas, Owasco, N. Y.
 Benson, Stephen H., 509 First avenue, Lansingburg, N. Y.
 Bradley, Schuyler, Lyons, Ohio.
 Breed, Chauncey, Farwell, Mich.
 Breed, Frank F., Flint, Mich.
 Breed, George, Genoa, N. Y.
 Brewster, James H., Wolcott, N. Y.
 Bronson, F. O., Osage, Iowa.
 Brown, Dwight, Locke, N. Y.
 Brown, E. J., Moravia, N. Y.
 Buckley, Benjamin, Rowley, Iowa.
 Bush, Julius, Atlantic Highlands, N. J.
 Cannon, Edwin J., Ithaca, N. Y.
 Cater, Charles, Weedsport, N. Y.
 Chaffee, James, 301 Otisco street, Syracuse, N. Y.
 Clemons, L. E., Junction City, Kan.
 Clemons, R. R., Manhattan, Kan.



SECRETARY FRANK TALLMAN,
9th N. Y. H. A. Veteran Association.
COMPANY E.

- Cobb, Alton E., 604 Court street, Scranton, Pa.
Corlies, Charles M., McLeansboro, Ill.
Covey, Edwin, 518 Clay street, Portland, Ore.
Crowfoot, Charles F., Venice Centre, N. Y.
Culver, Francis, Seneca Falls, N. Y.
Defendorf, Edwin, Niles, N. Y.
Dennis, Dan. D., Canisteo, N. Y.
Dodd, Elias, Genoa, N. Y.
Dolson, C., Olean, N. Y.
Eaton, Augustus, Sempronius, N. Y.
Evans, W. H., 74 Walnut street, Auburn, N. Y.
Finney, F. H., Orange City, Fla.
Flynn, Francis, Merrifield, N. Y.
Forman, Amos, Sterling, N. Y.
Foster, John, Berkshire, N. Y.
Foster, S. M., Dryden, N. Y.
Green, A. M., Hart Lot, N. Y.
Hardy, George H., Canisteo, N. Y.
Hardy, S. B., Jasper, N. Y.
Hardy, William, Eden Valley, Minn.
Hough, Lieut. C. W., Batavia, N. Y.
Huff, Edgar D., Little Valley, N. Y.
Hutchinson, Alpheus, Moravia, N. Y.
Hutchinson, John, Venice Center, N. Y.
Jacquett, Sergt. William, Fleming, N. Y.
Jones, Amos S., St. Johns, Mich.
Keech, Isaac E., Hartford, N. Y.
Landin, Henry, South Butler, N. Y.
Lansdown, John, Apulia, N. Y.
Lavin, Patrick, Venice, N. Y.
Leavenworth, Henry, Newark, West Va.
Lee, Charles H., 2939 9th avenue south, Minneapolis, Minn.
Lee, John, 123 Brighton avenue, Syracuse, N. Y.
Leonard, Elijah T., Irvington, N. J.
Lewis, Stephen, 613 Jackson street, Syracuse, N. Y.
Litchard, A. W., Rushford, N. Y.
Lyons, John, Fosterville, N. Y.
Marshall, William, Skaneateles, N. Y.
Morehouse, Anson, Fenton, Mich.
Myers, Horace, Seneca Falls, N. Y.
Neff, Alex., Hartford, N. Y.
Niles, Delos, Genoa, N. Y.
Osier, David, S. and S. Home, Bath, N. Y.
Parker, H. H., Oramel, N. Y.
Pickens, Warren, Waterloo, N. Y.
Richardson, H. H., Wolcott, N. Y.
Rogers, Adelbert, Sempronius, N. Y.
Royce, Frank, Diamond, Alameda county, Cal.
Ryckman, David, Newark, N. Y.

Scott, Wesley, Fleming, N. Y.
 Seeley, Seth M., Onondaga Hill, N. Y.
 Shevalier, John, Hartford, N. Y.
 Shorkley, Pardon T., Merrifield, N. Y.
 Smith, Frank, Cortland, N. Y.
 Suddick, Richard, Olean, N. Y.
 Swift, Lieut. Seth F., 38 Franklin street, Auburn, N. Y.
 Tallman, Frank, 9½ State street, Auburn, N. Y.
 Tallman, Fred A., 120 South Salina street, Syracuse, N. Y.
 Tallman, Thomas C., Scipio Centre, N. Y.
 Tanner, George, Niles, N. Y.
 Tibbetts, George, Venice, N. Y.
 Tift, Capt. John, South Lansing, N. Y.
 Van Liew, John, Mapleton, N. Y.
 Waldron, David, Skaneateles, N. Y.
 Warwick, Robert, Fleming, N. Y.
 Wheeler, Lieut. Hiland H., 1517 H street, Lincoln, Neb.
 White, George A., Table Rock, Neb.
 Woodmansee, Nathan, Ann Arbor, Mich.
 Wyckoff, Henry G., Niles, N. Y.

COMPANY F.

Allen, Titus, Catlin street, Auburn, N. Y.
 Alfreds, Henry, Port Byron, N. Y.
 Allen, Henry, Treasury building, Washington, D. C.
 Barnard, F. D., Weedsport, N. Y.
 Blake, Jacob, Lodi and Catherine streets, Syracuse, N. Y.
 Bostler, Conrad, Weedsport, N. Y.
 Catlin, S. B., 44 Capitol street, Auburn, N. Y.
 Chase, Horace, Skaneateles, N. Y.
 Close, Charles, Moravia, N. Y.
 Crumb, A. S., DeRuyter, N. Y.
 Darrow, Peter E., Niles, N. Y.
 Dewitt, Henry, Niles, N. Y.
 Doyle, James, 8 Paul street, Auburn, N. Y.
 Duvall, A. J., East Campbell, N. Y.
 Elliott, Nathan, Jr., Port Byron, N. Y.
 Fraye, J. F., Homer, N. Y.
 Gifford, Harrison, Athens, Pa.
 Gillett, Edson D., Skaneateles, N. Y.
 Greenfield, Charles, Niles, N. Y.
 Hacker, George H., 40 Fulton street, Auburn, N. Y.
 Hargan, Charles, Lake Ridge, N. Y.
 Horton, F. M., North Lansing, Mich.
 Hudson, Pitts O., Bay City, Mich.
 Hunt, Fred, Auburn, N. Y.
 Hyde, Norman B., Wellsboro, Pa.
 Johnson, Nelson R., 93 Andrews street, Rochester, N. Y.

Jones, Charles E., Clyde, N. Y.
 Lane, John J., 50 Capitol street, Auburn, N. Y.
 Lobdell, Jonathan, Lansingville, N. Y.
 Long, Alpheus K., Pocomoke City, Md.
 Lowe, John F., Genoa, N. Y.
 Marsh, G. W., Port Byron, N. Y.
 Miller, Charles H., Dansville, Mich.
 Myers, W. H., Ludlowville, N. Y.
 Newton, Albert D., South Otselic, N. Y.
 North, Rev. C. J., New Haven, Conn.
 Northrup, M. V. B., Georgetown, N. Y.
 Osborn, Horace, 59 Reynolds Arcade, Rochester, N. Y.
 Pitcher, David, Coldwater, Mich.
 Pitcher, Lewis W., 2725 Prairie avenue, Chicago, Ill.
 Porter, James A., Clifton Springs, N. Y.
 Pym, Joseph, Lynden, Wash.
 Remington, W. B., Painted Post, N. Y.
 Rynders, Charles, Poplar Ridge, N. Y.
 Sincerbaux, Edward, Moravia, N. Y.
 Sincerbaux, Ira, Prairie Farm, Barron county, Wis.
 Sincerbaux, Leonard, Groton, N. Y.
 Shergur, Rev. C. L., Caton, N. Y.
 Smith, R. A., Cato, N. Y.
 Stearns, G. H., Watkins, Halifax county, Va.
 Steih, Daniel, Dalton, N. Y.
 Stout, Wilmer, Lansingville, N. Y.
 Swart, Alex., Port Byron, N. Y.
 Swift, Lieut. George, Stockton, Cal.
 Taylor, George W., Otsego, Mich.
 Teeter, Benjamin, Peruville, N. Y.
 Teeter, Ed, West Dryden, N. Y.
 Turner, W. H., Myers, N. Y.
 Tuttle, Frank J., Pitcher, Chenango county, N. Y.
 Ware, Clarence, Port Byron, N. Y.
 Weaver, Melvin, Moravia, N. Y.
 White, Rev. Elisha, Mottville, N. Y.
 Wilcox, Edward, 305 Taylor street, Syracuse, N. Y.
 Wilson, Nelson, Cameron Mills, N. Y.
 Wolcott, George W., 43 Maple avenue, Cortland, N. Y.

COMPANY G.

Adams, James E., Montgomery, Kane county, Ill.
 Allpaugh, William, Susquehanna, Pa.
 Bachman, James M., S. and S. Home, Bath, N. Y.
 Baggerly, Peter, Clyde, N. Y.
 Barber, Perry S., S. and S. Home, Bath, N. Y.
 Barker, Charles, Charlotte, N. Y.
 Barnes, Abram, Rose, N. Y.

- Bell, Alfred J., S. and S. Home, Bath, N. Y.
Billhardt, Charles, 111 West Mohawk street, Oswego, N. Y.
Billhardt, Edward, 111 West Mohawk street, Oswego, N. Y.
Blaisdell, William L., Martville, N. Y.
Boyd, James, Wolcott, N. Y.
Calkins, Ensign, Jamestown, North Dakota.
Calkins, W., Hastings, Mich.
Calkins, John, McCook, Neb.
Carrier, A. A., 125 Davis street, Syracuse, N. Y.
Carroll, Lawrence, Seneca Falls, N. Y.
Carter, Jabez, Jr., Fair Haven, N. Y.
Carter, William, Ashland Centre, Mich.
Castler, Marcus B., Chittenango, N. Y.
Chaddock, Lieut. T. J., North Rose, N. Y.
Clapp, Cassius M., Huron, N. Y.
Clark, Timothy, Hannibalville, N. Y.
Culliford, Eugene, Wolcott, N. Y.
Curran, Jacob, Spring Lake, N. Y.
Dean, Theodore S., North Wolcott, N. Y.
Depew, John, North Wolcott, N. Y.
Devoe, J. H., Harvey, Ill.
Duell, L. P., Marion, N. Y.
Dunbar, Dorus, Lock Berlin, N. Y.
Duncan, Charles, Mantua, Ohio.
Eygnor, Abram, North Wolcott, N. Y.
Fleming, Ebenezer, Rockford, Ill.
Fowler, Merritt F., Wolcott, N. Y.
Gibson, Alex., Lummisville, N. Y.
Grant, Willis, Wolcott, N. Y.
Green, Rush, Chelsea, Mich.
Haven, James, Hannibalville, N. Y.
Henry, William, Wolcott, N. Y.
Hodge, Alex., S. and S. Home, Bath, N. Y.
Hoffman, Edwin M., Appleton, N. Y.
Horne, William, Sodus, N. Y.
Johnson, David, Rose, N. Y.
Knapp, Isaac, Indianapolis, Ind.
Langley, Samuel W., Rose, N. Y.
Lovejoy, Daniel, Marion, N. Y.
Loveless, George, Wolcott, N. Y.
Madelong, Theodore, Oswego, N. Y.
Marshall, Lieut. Arthur W., Moravia, N. Y.
Marvin, James H., Fair Haven, N. Y.
Mead, Dwight, South Butler, N. Y.
McClay, James H., West Somerset, N. Y.
McMaster, Lieut. J. S., Homer, N. Y.
Merrill, J. H., Seneca Falls, N. Y.
Miller, Samuel D., Spencer, N. Y.
Morey, Horace, North Rose, N. Y.

Munson, Charles H., 813 Lenawee street, Lansing, Mich.
 Niles, Theodore H., Johnson's Creek, N. Y.
 Pierson, F. R., South Butler, N. Y.
 Plank, Franklin, Pipestone, Minn.
 Pritchard, John, Butler Centre, N. Y.
 Raze, B. Frank, 216 State street, Albany, N. Y.
 Rhodes, Charles C., 356 South Salina street, Syracuse, N. Y.
 Rhodes, Capt. H. J., 122 Van Anden street, Auburn, N. Y.
 Rogers, Patrick, Seneca Falls, N. Y.
 Sanford, C. H., Marion, N. Y.
 Scott, Irving, North Wolcott, N. Y.
 Silliman, Hiram, Wolcott, N. Y.
 Silliman, Robert, Wolcott, N. Y.
 Stern, Lieut. Henry, 216 Glenwood avenue, Buffalo, N. Y.
 Thomas, David H., 330 Seymour street, Syracuse, N. Y.
 Thompson, William W., Hannibal, N. Y.
 Towlerton, James, Newark, N. Y.
 Tracey, Calvin B., Weedsport, N. Y.
 Tracey, Roswell, North Rose, N. Y.
 Waldron, Harvey M., Red Creek, N. Y.
 Wiggins, William, Red Creek, N. Y.
 Winters, Charles, Lyons, N. Y.
 Wolvin, Abram, Wolcott, N. Y.
 Wolvin, Robert, Wolcott, N. Y.
 Wood, Abram L., Clyde, N. Y.
 Wood, C. E., Clyde, N. Y.
 Woodruff, Frank M., 125 Bacon street, Syracuse, N. Y.

COMPANY H.

Allbright, John H., Harlemville, N. Y.
 Angus, Elijah, Wolcott, N. Y.
 Angus, Gilbert, Clyde, N. Y.
 Barless, Romain C., Rose, N. Y.
 Birdsall, Isaac M., 53 Clifton street, Rochester, N. Y.
 Boynton, J. C., Wolcott, N. Y.
 Brown, Carlos, Clyde, N. Y.
 Burton, Lieut. Reuben, 212 Grace street, Syracuse, N. Y.
 Collins, Leonard, Clyde, N. Y.
 Colvin, Lieut. Sidney T., Lake View, Lake county, Ore.
 Coombs, William H., San Angelo, Texas.
 Duell, Albert E., 404 New Jersey avenue, Washington, D. C.
 Dunham, A. J., Clyde, N. Y.
 Forgar, Oscar, Liverpool, N. Y.
 Forncrook, J. C., Fort Scott, Kan.
 Garratt, Richard, Wolcott, N. Y.
 Gillette, A. H., Clyde, N. Y.
 Gridley, C. L., Waterloo, N. Y.
 Gridley, Edward, Clyde, N. Y.
 Groesbeck, Charles S., Clyde, N. Y.

- Hallett, Horace B., Clyde, N. Y.
 Handley, Henry, South Butler, N. Y.
 Harmon, Alfred, Palmyra, N. Y.
 Harper, Alex., Rose, N. Y.
 Hendrick, David, Fulton, N. Y.
 Hendrix, Peter, Bridgman, Mich.
 Hickok, W. F., Rose, N. Y.
 Hilts, Peter, Rose, N. Y.
 Hopkins, Almon, North Rose, N. Y.
 Howard, H. P., Rose, N. Y.
 Jeffrey, Thomas W., Mexico, N. Y.
 Kellogg, E. B., Wolcott, N. Y.
 Knight, T. C., Elbridge, N. Y.
 Lee, Charles A., Beardtown, Ill.
 Lent, Lieut. C. D., Wallington, N. Y.
 Mabb, John, Sodus Point, N. Y.
 McGrain, Charles, Pultney, Steuben county, N. Y.
 McGuire, James, S. and S. Home, Bath, N. Y.
 Marsh, Cornelius, Rose, N. Y.
 Marsh, Henry, Middleville, Mich.
 Menanson, Joseph, Lyons, N. Y.
 Miller, C. H., Liverpool, N. Y.
 Peck, E. J., Wolcott, N. Y.
 Pettys, Charles V., 1822 12th street, N. W., Washington, D. C.
 Pettys, Lucius, Savannah, N. Y.
 Pimm, Enos T., Rose, N. Y.
 Pitcher, George A., Nunda, N. Y.
 Potts, Clark, Clyde, N. Y.
 Poutrie, Dennis, Syracuse, N. Y.
 Powers, Edwin, Sioux Rapids, Iowa.
 Race, James, Clyde, N. Y.
 Sabin, George G., 104 Main street, Watertown, N. Y.
 Sager, Jacob, Clyde, N. Y.
 Seelye, Irwin, North Rose, N. Y.
 Seelye, J. J., Rose, N. Y.
 Sloan, Alfred J., Clyde, N. Y.
 Soule, Ira, Rose, N. Y.
 Soule, Ira T., Rose, N. Y.
 Stewart, Samuel, Wolcott, N. Y.
 Stickles, Robert, Clyde, N. Y.
 Taylor, Hiram, Wolcott, N. Y.
 Toepper, John G., 429 G street, N. W., Washington, D. C.
 Torrey, Addison, 267 Walton avenue, Cleveland, Ohio.
 Turner, Edward, Port Byron, N. Y.
 Vanderburg, John W., 1113 Walnut street, Des Moines, Iowa.
 Vanderpool, Isaac, Wolcott, N. Y.
 Vermilyea, A. J., Alton, N. Y.
 Vosburg, Lieut. Tunis, Mexico, Pa.
 Wadley, Martin, Clyde, N. Y.



2D LIEUT. S. F. HARRIS,
COMPANY I.
Later, 1st Lieutenant.

Waite, Stephen M., Rose, N. Y.
 Williams, Jacob, Wolcott, N. Y.

COMPANY I.

Anthony, George, Throopsville, N. Y.
 Becker, Lieut. D. D., Red Creek, N. Y.
 Blauvelt, James R., Port Byron, N. Y.
 Blauvelt, Peter P., Fosterville, N. Y.
 Blodgett, Charles, 9 MacMaster street, Auburn, N. Y.
 Bowers, John L., Axtel, Erie county, Ohio.
 Bowen, Alonzo, Monroe, Mich.
 Brightmire, John, Seeley Creek, N. Y.
 Bulkley, Andrew J., 22 Sheridan street, Auburn, N. Y.
 Burch, Jno H., Dryden, LaPeer county, Mich.
 Comstock, Lieut. L. C., Chicago, Ill.
 Doyle, James, Auburn, N. Y.
 Elson, Henry, 5 Culver park, Rochester, N. Y.
 Fend, John, Winona, Minn.
 Frye, Moses M., 167 Genesee street, Auburn, N. Y.
 Godden, Stephen, 10 Case avenue, Auburn, N. Y.
 Graham, James, 300 Boyden street, Syracuse, N. Y.
 Haley, Andrew, 221 Seymour street, Auburn, N. Y.
 Hall, Charles, Titusville, Pa.
 Harris, Lieut. Sam F., 4½ Wright avenue, Auburn, N. Y.
 Hawkins, E. E., 10 Seminary avenue, Auburn, N. Y.
 Higgins, Charles, Montezuma, N. Y.
 Hodder, Nathaniel, 22 Easterly avenue, Auburn, N. Y.
 Hyatt, Frank, Auburn, N. Y.
 Jones, John L., 1st, 4203 Ludlow street, West Philadelphia, Pa.
 Jones, John L., 2d, Ledyard, N. Y.
 Lynch, Morris, 126 Tenth street, Springfield, Mass. ()
 Manley, Thomas, 3013 Fifth avenue, Chicago, Ill.
 Merry, Libbeus, Fleming, N. Y.
 McGrain, Lawrence, 214 Seymour street, Auburn, N. Y.
 McNamara, Cornelius, State street, Auburn, N. Y.
 Miles, Thomas, Union Springs, N. Y.
 Monroe, Willard, Modena, Ulster county, N. Y.
 Morgan, C. A., S. and S. Home, Bath, N. Y.
 Murphy, James, 132 Fulton street, Auburn, N. Y.
 Murphy, Michael, 77 Washington street, Auburn, N. Y.
 Negus, John J., Hartford, N. Y.
 Northcott, J. R., 664 Queen street, Toronto, Canada.
 Oakley, Lester, Fleming, N. Y.
 Oliver, O., Ledyard, N. Y.
 O'Tool, Patrick, Owasco, N. Y.
 Parker, Joseph, Plymouth, N. H.
 Perkins, H. E., Elyria, Ohio.
 Platt, Giles, Union Springs, N. Y.

Powers, Edward, Union Springs, N. Y.
 Reid, David P., Auburn, N. Y.
 Renahan, James, 23 Chase street, Auburn, N. Y.
 Reynolds, John, S. and S. Home, Bath, N. Y.
 Robinson, Lieut. John D., Auburn, N. Y.
 Ryan, William, 70 Walnut street, Auburn, N. Y.
 Shelinburg, Peter, Owasco, N. Y.
 Smith, James, Poplar Ridge, N. Y.
 Smith, Johnson, 131 Erie street, Buffalo, N. Y.
 Smith, Martin, Blaine, Wash.
 Smith, Polhemus, Sherwood, N. Y.
 Swart, James, Marionette, Wis.
 Thompson, Loren, Union Springs, N. Y.
 Thompson, Orsemus, Corning, N. Y.
 Thompson, Oscar, King's Ferry, N. Y.
 Thurlow, James H., Moravia, N. Y.
 Yawger, William, Union Springs, N. Y.
 Young, Edwin, Auburn, N. Y.

COMPANY K.

Albright, Levi, Lysander, N. Y.
 Allen, Eli, Clyde, N. Y.
 Austin, Benjamin, Hopewell Centre, N. Y.
 Blake, C. R., Palmyra, N. Y.
 Boudiett, J. S., Oswego, N. Y.
 Bowman, W., Bad Axe, Mich.
 Boyce, Peter, Clyde, N. Y.
 Cain, Thomas, Clyde, N. Y.
 Carpenter, George W., Lysander, N. Y.
 Colligan, John, Waterloo, N. Y.
 Cooper, Barringer, Eaton Rapids, Mich.
 Cooper, Stephen, Battle Creek, Mich.
 Crowell, Daniel, Fairport, N. Y.
 Cunningham, Thomas, Palmyra, N. Y.
 Curran, Patrick, 117 Benton street, Rochester, N. Y.
 Donovan, James, 48 Adams street, Rochester, N. Y.
 Driscoll, David, 1413 Orange street, Syracuse, N. Y.
 Duckett, Benjamin, Skaneateles, N. Y.
 Duckett, W. G., Pa. avenue and 22d street, Washington, D. C.
 Eddy, Henry D., 416 Jackson street, Syracuse, N. Y.
 Fairweather, Thomas, Cheshire, Mass.
 Foote, Lieut. Oscar, Ira, N. Y.
 Green, D. C., Wolcott, N. Y.
 Groom, Volney B., Hart Lot, N. Y.
 Hadeock, Dennis, North Victory, N. Y.
 Hutchins, Andrew J., Clyde, N. Y.
 Kevand, John, Weedsport, N. Y.
 King, Andrew J., Leroy, N. Y.

King, Obadiah, Cayuga street, Auburn, N. Y.
 Kline, Valentine, Clyde, N. Y.
 Knapp, Lieut. George P., 1402 West Twelfth street, Chicago, Ill.
 McDougall, W. T., Clyde, N. Y.
 Moriarty, Michael, Clyde, N. Y.
 Morris, Clark, Ira, N. Y.
 Nichols, Alvah, St. Charles, Mich.
 Norton, William L., 202 West Adams street, Syracuse, N. Y.
 Peckham, G. H., 111 East First street, Oswego, N. Y.
 Pettie, Edgar C., Syracuse, N. Y.
 Pierce, Charles O., Ira, N. Y.
 Pritchard, Allen, Clyde, N. Y.
 Robinson, O. T., Amsterdam, N. Y.
 Sherman, Charles, Lysander, N. Y.
 Snyder, W. H., Huron, N. Y.
 Southard, John, Cato, N. Y.
 Spickerman, John, Ira, N. Y.
 Sturge, Lieut. Philip, Weedsport, N. Y.
 Teller, James E., Granite Falls, Minn.
 Terpenning, Wallace, South Hannibal, N. Y.
 Thomas, John C., Potterville, Mich.
 Whipple, John, Bowen's Corners, N. Y.

COMPANY L.

Alpeter, George H., 567 North Salina street, Syracuse, N. Y.
 Andrews, A. J., 3010 Susquehanna avenue, Philadelphia, Pa.
 Babbitt, Charles L., 107 Van Buren street, Syracuse, N. Y.
 Barber, A. J., Mottville, N. Y.
 Buck, Daniel, Onondaga Hill, N. Y.
 Carpenter, Orlando, 1504 Spring street, Syracuse, N. Y.
 Carrier, Vaughn, Buffalo, N. Y.
 Case, George A., Onondaga Hill, N. Y.
 Clark, Charles, Weedsport, N. Y.
 Cook, C., Chittenango, N. Y.
 Cooper, George, Throopsville, N. Y.
 Dandy, Thomas, Nunica, Mich.
 Dodge, Isaac R., Spring Lake, N. Y.
 Ford, Charles A., Homer, N. Y.
 Fredenburg, Andrew, 117 East Genesee street, Auburn, N. Y.
 Garrison, Edward, Elbridge, N. Y.
 Garrison, William, 902 Allis street, Milwaukee, Wis.
 Gregson, Frank, 9 Genesee street, Auburn, N. Y.
 Hollister, H. K., Rochester, N. Y.
 Horton, Charles A., 140 Holland street, Syracuse, N. Y.
 Howe, Capt. S. Augustus, Gardner, Mass.
 Hoyt, J. L., McCook, Neb.
 Hubbard, Henry, Lansing, Oswego county, N. Y.
 Huntington, Lieut. E. L., Mexico, N. Y.

Hurtubise, Stephen E., Labadie, Mo.
 Jackson, Thomas, 28 Francis street, Auburn, N. Y.
 Jewhurst, Capt. J. W., Youngstown, Ohio.
 Jones, Milton, Lansing, Oswego county, N. Y.
 June, Morris F., 532 Seymour street, Syracuse, N. Y.
 Kibbie, A. M., Homer, N. Y.
 Laughlin, George, Seneca Falls, N. Y.
 Long, William E., Minneto, N. Y.
 Mansfield, Rupert E., Charlestown, S. C.
 Marion, Napoleon, Oswego, N. Y.
 Marshall, George C., Five Corners, N. Y.
 Martin, George, Clay's Corners, N. Y.
 Mosner, Peter, 413 Sand street, Syracuse, N. Y.
 Mulvey, Frank, 1 Grove avenue, Auburn, N. Y.
 Murphy, Thomas, 212 State street, Auburn, N. Y.
 O'Brien, Patrick, S. and S. Home, Bath, N. Y.
 Peraux, Peter, Oswego, N. Y.
 Quick, Lieut. T. D., Garland, Pa.
 Radway, Fred P., Onondaga Valley, N. Y.
 Robinson, Lieut. Charles, Toledo, Ohio.
 Rockfellow, Victor, Oswego, N. Y.
 Sinclair, Capt. F. A., Mottville, N. Y.
 Sinclair, James, Mottville, N. Y.
 Sinclair, Lieut. William, Phoenix, N. Y.
 Smith, John, Oswego, N. Y.
 Souls, Hobart, 12 Mary street, Auburn, N. Y.
 Spaulding, C. J., Hotel Brozell, Buffalo, N. Y.
 Stacey, Alfred E., Elbridge, N. Y.
 Stevens, E. P., Mexico, N. Y.
 Stoyell, John, 1027 Lawrence street, Topeka, Kan.
 Toner, John, Hillsdale, Mich.
 Walker, William V., Moravia, N. Y.
 Webster, A. D., Pulaski, N. Y.
 Wickes, Jared, City Hall, Syracuse, N. Y.
 Wilcox, Stephen, Grand Rapids, Mich.
 Willis, Jno G., Oswego, N. Y.
 Wilson, George H., Rockford, Ill., Box 1715.
 Winkworth, John, 911 Avery avenue, Syracuse, N. Y.

COMPANY M.

Abbey, Lieut. A. M., Richland, Mich.
 Avery, B. L., Genoa, N. Y.
 Avery, George, Alexander, N. Y.
 Bartlett, Jno. W., Creston, Iowa.
 Bates, George W., Lodge Pole, Neb.
 Beitz, Charles L., Moravia, N. Y.
 Benton, E. J., Batavia, N. Y.
 Bowman, G. W., Pinkney, Mich.

- Brower, A. W., Sodus Centre, N. Y.
Butler, Frederick, Albion, N. Y.
Carmel, John, Mumford, N. Y.
Carney, James, Detroit, Mich.
Connor, John, Pavilion Centre, N. Y.
Cox, Benjamin, Bergen, N. Y.
Crittenden, Lieut. T. J., Bergen, N. Y.
Davenport, N., South Butler, N. Y.
Delano, E. C., Clyde, N. Y.
Demary, S., Attica, N. Y.
Eddy, W. A., Morley, Mich.
Forbes, Orson J., Leroy, N. Y.
Fritsche, Herman, Java, N. Y.
Garratt, W. L., Watervliet, Mich.
Gloir, Paul, Alexander, N. Y.
Griffin, Charles R., Batavia, N. Y.
Griffis, John, Batavia, N. Y.
Hassett, John, S. and S. Home, Bath, N. Y.
Hatch, James C., Bergen, N. Y.
Humphrey, Amos, Darien Centre, N. Y.
Hutchins, M. D., Dryden, N. Y.
Jones, David, Attica, N. Y.
Knapp, Albert, Bergen, N. Y.
Lapp, H., Bennington, N. Y.
Livingston, A. H., Missouri Valley, Iowa.
Lock, Edwin, Lockport, N. Y.
Lockwood, Norman A., Muir, Mich.
Lybolt, Alonzo, Monticello, N. Y.
Lybolt, Arch., 280 West 127th street, New York city.
Lybolt, L. A., West Damascus, Pa.
McIntosh, Angus, Churchville, N. Y.
McMillan, Arch., Hayes City, Kan.
Minturn, W. W., Lansing, Mich.
Morgan, Israel, Sodus Centre, N. Y.
Moses, Frank S., Arcadia Valley, Neb.
Moulton, E., Batavia, N. Y.
O'Donnell, Michael, 419 Second ave., N. E., Washington, D. C.
Parrish, Lient. F. N., Churchville, N. Y.
Patrick, Corydon M., Hebron, Neb.
Pearsall, Levi, Moravia, N. Y.
Peck, George W., Newfield, N. Y.
Pollock, John P., New Hartford, Iowa.
Pond, E. H., Greenville, Mich.
Randolph, W. H., Bergen, N. Y.
Rich, Mortimer, East Bethany, N. Y.
Robertson, George W., 130 E street, Lincoln, Neb.
Rosecrants, E. F., Union Springs, N. Y.
Royce, Day, Niles, N. Y.
Shadbolt, H. Edwin, Alexander, N. Y.

Smith, Wallace, Alexander, N. Y.
 Spring, Scott, Attica, N. Y.
 Stewart, Alex. C., Union Springs, N. Y.
 Thompson, Orville, Morley, Mich.
 Van Hoesen, J. P., Hudson, N. Y.
 Vishion, H. W., 73 Michigan street, Buffalo, N. Y.
 Ward, Edwin, Batavia, N. Y.
 Warren, J., Springville, N. Y.
 Wickers, J. C., Darien, N. Y.
 Wing, E. B., Attica, N. Y.
 Wing, Stephen P., Flint, Mich.
 Zweitche, Christian, Alexander, N. Y.

ASSOCIATION OF COMPANY M SURVIVORS.

Somewhat remote from the other companies of the regiment, the veterans of M Company effected an organization of their own in 1887, and have met regularly since. The attendance and the character of the exercises indicate a deal of local pride and interest in the annual gatherings, which have been held as follows, with the named officers:

1887, Oct. 13, Attica. Pres., Albert H. Knapp; Sec., H. W. Vishion.
 1888, June 28, LeRoy. Pres., John Connor; Sec., H. W. Vishion.
 1889, June 27, LeRoy. Pres., F. N. Parish; Sec., H. W. Vishion.
 1890, June 26, Batavia. Pres., Eugene B. Wing; Sec., J. O. Griffis.
 1891, June 25, Batavia. Pres., Edward F. Moulton; Sec., E. J. Benton.
 1892, June 30, Batavia. Pres., John O. Griffis; Sec., E. J. Benton.
 1893, June 29, Bergen. Pres., Josiah T. Crittenden; Sec., F. N. Parish.
 1894, June 28, Attica. Pres., David S. Spring; Sec., F. N. Parish.
 1895, June 27, Churchville. Pres., Albert H. Knapp; Sec., F. N. Parish.
 1896, June 25, Bergen. Pres., Albert H. Knapp; Sec., F. N. Parish.
 1897, June 24, Alexander. Pres., Albert H. Moulton; Sec., F. N. Parish.
 1898, June 30, Batavia. Pres., Edwin Ward; Sec., F. N. Parish.
 1899, June 29, Batavia. Pres., Mrs. J. O. Griffis; Sec., Mrs. F. N. Parish.

The next meeting is assigned for Batavia with J. O. Griffis, President, and F. N. Parish, Secretary; to be held the last Thursday in June, 1900.

The names borne upon the company membership are as follows. The post office is in New York unless otherwise stated:

- Brevet Lieutenant Colonel Anson S. Wood, Wolecott.
 Captain Charles W. Hough, Batavia (honorary).
 Adjutant W. DeW. Pringle, Hastings, Minn.
 Lieutenant Asahel M. Abbey, Richland, Mich.
 Lieutenant Josiah T. Crittenden, Bergen.
 Lieutenant Robert C. Worthington, Fowlerville, Mich.
 Avery, Benjamin L., Genoa. Manney, Jas. H., Lynn, Wis.
 Avery, George, Alexander. Manney, Thos. J., Wurtzboro.
 Bartlett, John W., Creston, Ia. Marvin, A., Derby, Mich.
 Benton, Edwin J., Batavia. Miller, David, Rodney, Ont.
 Bowman, G. W., Cambria, Mich. Morgan, Israel, Sodus Centre.
 Bradley, C. W., Princeton, Ill. Moses, Frank, Arcadia, Neb.
 Brower, A. W., Sodus Centre. Moulton, Albert H., Alexander.
 Cleveland, C. J., Chicago, Ill. Munger, Lucius A., Tracy, Cal.
 Colt, Alva N., Batavia. Munt, John, LeRoy.
 Connelly, Henry, Newton, Mo. Nichols, M. W., Detroit, Mich.
 Connor, John, Pavilion Centre. O'Donnell, M., Wash., D. C.
 Cox, Benjamin, Bergen. Parish, F. N., Churchville, N. Y.
 Delano, E. C., Sodus Centre. Peard, J. J., Campbell, Cal.
 Demary, Sylvester, Attica. Pearsall, Levi, Moravia.
 Dodson, Earl A., Batavia. Plant, Robert, North Chili.
 Eastwood, Elias, Mumford. Pond, E. H., Greenville, Mich.
 Eddy, Wm. A., Morley, Mich. Randolph, Wm. H., Bergen.
 Forbes, Orson J., LeRoy, N. Y. Rice, Lyman, Buffalo.
 Foster, H., Council Grove, Kan. Rich, Alonzo, Grinnell, Ia.
 Fritsche, Herman, Alexander. Rich, Mortimer, E. Bethany.
 Gloir, Paul, Attica. Richmond, Sidney, Rochester.
 Godfrey, Arthur, Eaton, Mich. Rogers, George, Buffalo.
 Griffis, John O., Batavia. Shadbolt, Edwin, Alexander.
 Hassett, John, Bath. Smead, Charles, Pavilion.
 Hollenbeck, E. J., Mancelona, Smith, Wallace M., Batavia.
 Mich. Spring, David S., Attica.
 Humphrey, Amos, Darien Schiller, John D., Niles, Mich.
 Center. Taylor, Stephen G., Chapman.
 Hutchins, Miles, Dryden. Van Curan, Charles, Corfu.
 Kidder, James, Crittenden. Vishion, Henry W., Buffalo.
 Knapp, Albert H., Bergen. Ward, Edwin, Batavia.
 Lapp, Henry, Bennington. Warren, John J., Springville.
 Locke, E., Cedar Rapids, Mich. Wickers, J. C., Darien Centre.
 Lyons, Elias, Attica. Wing, Eugene B., Attica.
 McIntosh, Angus, Churchville. Wing, Stephen P., Flint, Mich.
 McMillen, A., Hayes City, Kan. Zweitsche, Christian, Alexander

CHAPTER XXVIII.

PERSONAL EXPERIENCES OF THE CIVIL WAR.

By MRS. JANET W. SEWARD.

Written for "The Fortnightly," a Woman's Literary Club in Auburn, N. Y., January 20th, 1898.

I was married on June 27th, 1860. The war began, as you know, in April, 1861.

The first regiment raised here was the 19th New York State Volunteers; John S. Clark, Colonel; my husband's cousin, Clarence A. Seward, Lieutenant Colonel; the Rev. Henry Fowler, pastor of my church, the Central Presbyterian, Chaplain.

The regiment must have a stand of colors, so a meeting of ladies was called. I was one of a committee appointed to raise money and procure the flags. We went to George Clough, the artist, and he painted the "coat-of-arms of the state of New York" on the blue banner, from a picture of it which I found in the State Constitution.

The regiment was then in camp near Elmira. This committee, with several other ladies, accompanied by a committee of gentlemen, went to Elmira, and Charles C. Dwight presented the regimental banner and B. F. Hall the national colors, in behalf of the ladies of Auburn.

My first sight of the active operations of the war was in September of 1861, when I went with Mrs. Seward and Fanny, my husband's mother and sister, to Washington. At Havre de Grace we came upon the first camp stationed there to guard the railroad and ferry. All the rest of the way through Baltimore and on to Washington, soldiers were doing guard and picket duty along the railroad. It was a novel sight to see these "Blue Coats" in almost a continuous line for more than 150 miles. some guarding, some building block-houses, some washing or cooking, some asleep on the bare ground, others surrounding small camp-fires cleaning their arms, many smoking or singing as they performed their various duties.

Soon after reaching Washington, we went one afternoon to drive with Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Seward, visiting several of the camps and earthworks. Mr. Lincoln was very cordial and kind to me, explaining with great interest all which we saw *en route*.

At another time Mr. Seward took Fanny and me to the White



MRS. LT. COLONEL SEWARD. "NELLIE" SEWARD (aged one year).
SEWARD HOME, FORT MANSFIELD.

House to call on the president. We found him in his library upstairs, and were received with the utmost kindness and simplicity.

A few days later Fanny and I accompanied Mr. Seward to Baltimore, and from there to Fort McHenry to see General Dix, who was in command. We were received and entertained by Mrs. Dix and two daughters, while Mr. Seward was in consultation with the general.

I remember the deep impression that the big fort made upon us, with its guns, the old casemates brightened by the presence of handsome young officers and gay young women. At dinner there was a long table full of guests. I was seated at Mrs. Dix's right hand, beside one of her daughters, with Fanny opposite. Mr. Seward sat by the general, as they wished to continue their conference. This fort soon after this visit became famous as a place of detention for prominent secessionists.

On another occasion we went with Mr. Seward to call upon General Scott. The handsome old hero was sitting upon his piazza with some of his staff officers. He received us with much ceremony and courtesy, inviting us into his military office, saying, "Perhaps these young ladies would like to see how an old soldier lives." He was as straight as an arrow, and towered so far above me that he seemed like a giant.

We soon after came home, leaving Washington one great growing camp of soldiers, and finding Auburn, if possible, more than ever aroused by the war spirit.

In the fall of 1861, Quartermaster General Meigs appealed to the loyal families of the country for contributions of blankets for the use of the army. Mrs. Seward, knowing from personal observation the necessity for this appeal, suggested the organization of a "ladies' union society." Accordingly, we formed a committee and issued a card referring to General Meigs' call, asking that blankets be sent to Corning Hall. From this grew the organization of the Ladies' Aid Society of Auburn.

The loyal women generally throughout the North organized "soldiers' aid societies," spending their time cutting out garments, sewing, scraping lint and rolling bandages. We brought home many garments to make. Besides this, much of our spare time was occupied knitting socks for the soldiers.

Our society continued this work throughout the war. Previous to the formation of the "Aid Society," the "Good Samari-

tan Society," of which Mrs. Alvah Worden, Mrs. Seward's sister, was president, had collected large quantities of sanitary stores and clothing, which were forwarded from time to time to the "National Sanitary Commission." This society also continued its work until the close of the war.

My husband and Clinton MacDougall had lately started in the banking business. One day in the fall of 1861, MacDougall came to see me and said, "One of us ought to enlist, and I have told your husband that I must be the one, as he has a wife and I have no one to care for, so I am going." Mrs. Seward, Fanny and I helped to fit out "our soldier," as we called him, and he soon went away as a captain in the 75th Regiment.

In 1862 Captain MacDougall came home from Florida wounded, and at Mrs. Seward's invitation, came to our house, and we nursed him for several weeks.

In February and March, 1862, I spent six weeks in Washington. Mrs. Seward and Fanny were in Philadelphia, where Fanny was studying French. The Washington family at that time consisted of Mr. Seward, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Seward, Colonel Augustus Seward, the oldest son, and myself. There were many receptions and visits. The officers' uniforms made the receptions very gay in appearance, and almost all the conversation was about the war.

Every Wednesday afternoon Mrs. Frederick Seward held a ladies' reception, and every other Saturday evening a large general reception was given, when the house would be filled to overflowing. General and Mrs. McClellan always came. The general was then in command of the Army of the Potomac.

At the President and Mrs. Lincoln's Tuesday afternoon receptions, the ladies of the Cabinet always assisted Mrs. Lincoln, Mrs. Frederick Seward occupying the first place, as the representative of the wife of the secretary of state. We were all in full evening dress, the gentlemen in dress coats, as was the custom of the time. Mrs. Lincoln was gorgeous with a wreath of large white roses around her head, which, as her face was round and full, was not very becoming.

I went with Mrs. Frederick Seward to Arlington House to call upon the officers' wives who were quartered there. It was a grand old mansion, and occupied by General Robert E. Lee until the beginning of the war. One of the ladies invited us to her room, and gave us pieces of the china that was presented

to Martha Washington by General Lafayette, she having found a box of broken pieces in the attic.

I wrote to my husband at this time: "The Comte de Paris, Duc de Chartres and Prince de Joinville were here to dinner last night. They appeared so pleased to see me again. The count asked how you were, and a great many questions about you; said he hoped that he would meet you again."

They had been traveling through the country a short time before and came to Auburn with a letter to my husband, and we entertained them while here. These three princes of the Royal House of Orleans arrived in Washington in September, 1861, the Prince de Joinville, son of King Louis Philippe, and his nephews, the Comte de Paris and Duc de Chartres, the Comte de Paris being lineal heir of the throne of France. The two young men came to offer their services and peril their lives for the Union, serving as captains in our army.

In the summer of 1862, there were more calls for troops, and the 111th and 138th Regiments were quickly raised in response. My husband was commissioned lieutenant colonel of the 138th Regiment, although I did not know it until a few days later.

Of course we talked about my husband's going, but I was in hopes he would not have to do so; but one afternoon, while I was spending the day with my mother, who was not well, he came in with his hand behind him, sat down before me and unwrapped a parcel and gave to me a large photograph of himself. I knew instantly that he was going to leave me. I hope that I took it bravely, but I can not exactly remember. After that, there were a great many preparations to make and the time went altogether too fast.

One day, while our regiment was forming, I was told that a lady wished to see me. I found her to be one of my calling acquaintances. She said, "I have come to request you to ask your husband to persuade my husband not to go to the war; I can not let him go." "But," said I, "how can I do that? My husband is going." "Oh," said she, "your husband is going as lieutenant colonel, while my husband is only a lieutenant." "Well," I replied, "it is just as hard for me to have my husband leave me as it is for you to have yours leave you, and I can not see what the difference of rank has to do with it."

On the 11th of September, 1862, our first daughter was born. On the 12th very early in the morning, I was aroused by an

unusual sound, and listening, found that it was the steady tramp of many feet passing the house. No other sound but a few words of command in a lowered voice that I knew so well. It was our regiment marching to take the train for Washington. It was really to me the most mournful sound that I ever heard. No drum, no fife, nothing but the quick, firm steps; and all the stillness was for my sake. My husband was permitted to stay a few days longer, and then joined his regiment near Washington, where they were in "Camp Nellie Seward," named in honor of our little girl.

One day in December came a great surprise for me. I received a letter telling me that our regiment, now changed to the 9th New York Heavy Artillery, had gone into winter quarters, and that a log-cabin was almost finished, and I was expected to come with the baby and occupy it. There were a great many discussions in the families. Both our mothers said "Go," but the family physician, when consulted, said, "Well, if you do go, you will bring a dead baby home with you." Mrs. Seward said, "Nonsense; think of all the babies that have been born and brought up in log-cabins." I made my preparations to go; then we started one cold winter's day, Nelly three months old; Mrs. Worden, my husband's aunt; Mrs. Bostwick, my sister, and the nurse.

When we arrived at Albany, we crossed the river in a ferry-boat. The shores were packed with great cakes of ice. The passengers had to jump down several feet on to the ice, as the boat could not reach the dock. We were women alone. Mrs. Bostwick took Nelly and jumped; then the rest of us followed, with bags and bundles. There were no drawing-room cars in those days, and there was always a general rush for seats in the crowded, uncomfortable cars. We staid at the Astor House in New York over night.

Leaving Mrs. Bostwick in New York, we started early next morning. After passing Philadelphia, we began to see camps occasionally. Through Baltimore and on to Washington, the railroads were guarded. Everywhere we stopped, soldiers were on duty. At one place, while the train was waiting, I was holding the baby at the window. There were several soldiers standing looking at us. A guard as he passed looked up at the baby and raised his cap. At that, Aunty Worden opened the window and said, "A soldier's baby." Then all the men waved their caps and cheered until the train moved on.

When we arrived in the long, dark depot at Washington, as I stepped off the car with baby in my arms, I was seized by a tall, great-coated soldier, who said, "Give me the baby and come this way." I helped Aunty Worden to alight, turned and ran after the man, calling, "Will, Will, wait, you are carrying her upside down." Poor fellow! He had never carried a baby before.

We received a warm welcome at our father's house, where we spent the night. I was told that an army-wagon would stop for our trunks in the morning, and we would go out to camp in the afternoon. My husband came after breakfast, and we went out and bought a cradle and table furniture. Everything else he had already provided for our comfort. After lunch, he hurried back to his duties. It was a great amusement to the family when the big army-wagon, with its white cover, drawn by six mules, stopped at the door and took in trunks, cradle, etc.

In the afternoon, our brother, Colonel Augustus Seward, went with us in the family carriage. Our camp was situated near Tennallytown, six miles from Washington, out through Georgetown. As we were passing Georgetown, the nurse suddenly exclaimed, "Oh! Mrs. Seward, we have forgotten a wash-tub." So we stopped, bought a tub and put it on the front of the carriage, much, I think, to the disgust of the dignified coachman in livery, a gentleman of color. The roads were very rough, the red-clay soil being badly cut up with the constant passage of the heavy army-wagons.

Arriving at Tennallytown, we turned into a road across the fields, going a mile towards the Potomac river, and a mile from the famous chain bridge. We came first to Fort Reno, where one-half of our regiment was encamped, under command of Colonel Welling, who had built a log-house in a pine-grove. Half a mile beyond, out in an open field, we found Fort Mansfield, commanded by Lieutenant Colonel Seward, the other half of the regiment being encamped there.

It was about 5 o'clock, the sun just going down, the beautiful rosy light tinting the white tents, and throwing a soft glow over the landscape. We easily found the only log-cabin there, and drove to the door. I could not understand the meaning of the perfect quiet. There was no one in sight excepting the soldier on guard in front of the headquarters tent, which

was just opposite our cabin. The guard saluted Colonel Augustus Seward and told us to go into the house. We entered a good-sized room with a bunk, or rough bedstead, in one corner, a table, the cradle, four chairs and a rocking-chair, a cunning little stove for burning wood, and a carpet on the floor. Back of this room was a kitchen and a pantry off, with stairs going up to the loft, where there was another bunk for the nurse. Augustus made a fire in the stove.

When we were nearly unpacked, a man came running in to receive us. He was Henry Fowler, known in Auburn as "Banty Fowler." I said, "Where is everybody?" He answered, "At dress-parade; the colonel will be here soon; it is almost over." And in a few moments the companies came marching back to their quarters, and my husband came in, giving us a warm welcome.

The nurse and I made the house look very homelike. I had taken red curtains and put them up at the two windows in the sitting-room. I found Banty, as we all called him, putting the tea-kettle over, and discovered that he was the colonel's cook and maid-of-all-work, and a real good cook he was, too. Our bed was a tick filled with good clean straw, over it a pair of gray army-blankets. I brought with me sheets, pillow-cases, pillows and an old-fashioned blue bedspread of my mother's.

I remember being awakened one night by a peculiar sensation about my head, and found the wind was blowing through the cracks between the logs so hard that my hair was blowing about my face. The next day I pinned newspapers to the logs all around the bed and cradle. With all the wind and fresh air, not one of us had a cold all winter, nor were any of us sick but once, when my husband had a sharp attack of malarial fever.

I must tell you about a funny little Italian doctor that we employed in Washington because he was a homeopathist. Dr. Horatio Robinson told me to have the baby vaccinated, and sent me a quill with the virus in it. I sent for the doctor, and asked him to attend to the baby. He took the quill, looked at it, asked about it, and said, "I will come to-morrow morning; I never saw anything like this," and took the quill away with him. He came the next morning and vaccinated the baby with the little particles from the tube. It did not take, and when we asked about it, we found that he had used the sand that

the little glass tube of virus was packed in. Fortunately, baby did not take the small-pox.

Our camp at Fort Mansfield was located in the rear of the fort. It was laid out in company streets, the men's tents facing each other about thirty feet apart, the respective company officers' tents facing each street. Then came the staff officers' tents, then the headquarters tent, and back of that and facing it our log-cabin, connected by a corduroy walk through the mud. We had very jolly times in our little house; entertained the officers and wives, two at a time, as our table would hold only four, and many an evening we played whist and euchre with Major Taft and Quartermaster Knowles, Nelly fast asleep in her cradle in the corner of the room. I never thought of our voices disturbing her, and I do not remember that they did.

One Sunday morning I happened to look out of the door, and was surprised to see my husband coming up the company street, and a soldier running after him. I was just about to scream to him, as the man looked very angry, when the guard ran and grabbed the soldier by the collar. My husband turned, looked at them, then walked over and handed me a loaded pistol, and then went back. It seems that the poor soldier was crazy drunk and had held off several of the guard who were trying to arrest him. They were all afraid of being shot, so they sent for the colonel, who asked the man to hand him the pistol, which was cocked and pointed at him, but received in reply these words, "Don't come near me, Colonel Seward; I would rather shoot any man in the regiment than you; but, damn you, I will shoot you if you lay hands on me." The colonel looked him straight in the eye, saying kindly, "I know you will not shoot me; give me your revolver." And the man did instinctively as commanded, and handed him the weapon. I have heard my husband say that he felt that he came nearer being killed by that man than in any of the battles.

We had a great many callers from Washington and Auburn at different times—the president, members of the Cabinet, foreign ministers and others, all curious to see how we lived in camp. I wish I had thought to have kept a record of them.

Early in February, 1863, I went into Washington with Nelly to visit Mrs. Seward, while my husband was sitting on court-martial, which took him away from camp the most of the time. While there he was sent for one morning by the president, and

ordered to leave that night on an important secret mission to Louisiana. He was gone about three weeks. We did not hear a word from him until he arrived back in New York, nor could we tell where he had gone. Oh! how glad we were to get back to our little cabin again.

As long as the roads were good, Mr. and Mrs. Seward came out every few days to see the baby, but in the spring the roads were so cut up by the heavy army-wagons, and the mud was so deep, that nothing but an army-wagon or a horse alone could get through them, and for six weeks they could not get out to see us, nor I in to see them. Then there came a very beautiful day, and my husband proposed that I should go in on horse-back, as he and the quartermaster were going; so I did, but oh, what a ride! Our horses had to walk all the six miles, most of the way by the fences on the grass, or sinking in the mud to their knees.

As the warm weather came on, I was surprised one day to find a soldier making a garden at the side of the house, which he filled with wild flowers. I went out to admire them and thank him, when he said, "You don't remember me; I used to make garden for your mother, Mrs. Watson; and what a pretty garden she had!" Many a morning I would find a new wild flower planted before I was up. After the flowers were gone and the sun was strong, we having the shade of only one old apple-tree, on the east side of the house, the men cut and set around the house evergreen trees. Their shade was very grateful to us. The soldiers were all fond of the baby, and brought all sorts of things for her amusement. One day it was a young crow, which Banty and I succeeded in taming so that he would hop in and eat with us at the table. This was great fun for Nelly.

There were constant rumors that the enemy might attack the Chain Bridge, which was only a mile from us, and they were making frequent raids, so one afternoon in May, just about sunset, the long roll, the signal of an attack, was sounded. The companies all rushed to arms, and Mary and I received orders to pack up and go into Washington. We started in a little one-horse wagon that we had been using, and a soldier drove us in by the light of the full moon, taking pains not to forget the countersign, that we gave to the pickets, as we passed them. Upon arriving at the house, we astonished and fright-

ened the family, by the news that we were running from the enemy, but quieted their fears by saying that the men were getting so careless and lazy that the lieutenant colonel gave them the alarm, but had to send his family in to give it the effect of reality. I did not go back to our dear little cabin, much to my regret, as there were frequent alarms, and raids by the guerrillas, as well as rumors that the regiment was to be moved soon, and it was getting too warm to stay in the south.

We came back to Auburn, staying with Mrs. Seward. As we were women alone, the front of the house was closed, the family living in the north side and back of the house. It was Mrs. Seward's custom during the summer to rise early and read and write by a window in the north room upstairs, so the blinds were always open. One morning she was not as early as usual, but when she went in a large stone was in the middle of the room, and broken glass was on her chair and the floor. The stone had been thrown through the window, and if she had been sitting in the chair she would have been hurt. When she came to tell me about it, she said, "You had better take baby and go to your mother's; we may have the house burned, or something worse." "No," said I, "I will not leave you alone." Then she said, "If you have anything very valuable, you had better take it away." So that afternoon I took my husband's photograph down to my mother's house, it being, to my mind, the most valuable thing that I possessed. This was at the time that the copperhead element was very active in the North, and we were frequently threatened with violence.

My husband was sent in August, 1863, with four companies of his regiment down on the Potomac river twenty miles to a place called Rozier's bluff, where they built a fort or earthworks, called Fort Foote. It was a high bluff on the river, but back of it was a low marsh, known as "The Graveyard of Prince George County," and that, with the turning of the earth during the hot weather, caused a great deal of sickness among the men. Out of 600, 300 were sick with fever. In September I was making my mother a visit, and went one afternoon to the milliner's with my sister, Mrs. Pomeroy. While there I received a telegram from Mr. Seward saying, "William very sick; come immediately with his mother." I hurried home, while Mrs. Pomeroy went to Mrs. Seward with the despatch. We

packed up, and in a few hours were on our way, accompanied by Mr. Pomeroy. What a hard night's ride that was. We went by the Northern Central road, so we could get there sooner. There were no sleeping-cars, so we all sat in the hard, straight-backed seats all night, two in a seat, Mary and I taking turns holding the baby. We arrived in Washington early in the morning, so thankful to find our dear one alive, a little better, but desperately ill with dysentery. He was taken sick two days before, and the doctors said that he could not live; sent for his father, who had him carried on a stretcher to Washington, accompanied by his faithful regimental surgeon, Dr. Chamberlain, who never left him until he commenced to get better.

Sir Henry Holland, physician to Queen Victoria, was at the time visiting Mr. Seward, and hearing how sick his son was, asked to see him. After he had carefully examined the patient, he said to Mr. Seward, "The young surgeon is doing well; I think your son will recover with careful nursing; give him only mutton broth; it is the most soothing nourishment in his disease." I remember how pleased we all were with Sir Henry, he was so kind and interested for us.

With the good care of the doctors and his mother, my husband was well enough to come home in October. We had been here only about a week when he was taken with typhoid fever, and for three dismal months he had a hard fight for his life. There were no trained nurses then. His mother and I took all the care of him. Dr. Horatio Robinson watched him day and night, and with his constant care and Dr. Robinson, Sr.'s, counsel, he finally recovered.

In February, my husband went back to his command at Fort Foote. Houses had been built there for the officers. Major Taft, who had been in command during the lieutenant colonel's absence, was occupying the colonel's house while one was building for him, so I had to remain in Washington for the plaster to dry in the major's house; but it took so long that finally I moved down with my mother, who had come on to make me a visit.

Our house at Fort Foote was built of boards battened and painted drab. There was a large room in the centre, with a front and back door, a stairway going up to a loft over this room and a pantry under the stairs. On each side was a small bedroom, with doors opening on the front as well as into the

room. The major, his wife and three children occupied one room until their house was finished. Mother and the nurse, Mary Shiels, occupied the loft, and were very comfortable excepting when the rain came through the board roof. A tent at the back served as a kitchen, where Banty Fowler continued to cook us good things. His buckwheat cakes were fine, and the oysters and shad that he brought from the fishing boats that came up the river were the best that I ever ate. The shad were so fresh that Banty used to say they turned over in the pan while he was cooking them.

We were much more stylish at this fort, and had more company. Major Taft and Quartermaster Knowles had their families, and several of the captains their wives with them. Many general officers as well as citizens came down to see the fort, and we entertained the most of them.

Fort Foote was the largest and most complete earthwork that was built for the defense of Washington, and I believe is still standing. It commanded the approaches by the river for several miles, and its great guns would make it exceedingly difficult for an enemy to get past it. There had never been such large guns mounted before as it contained, and it seemed to me that the soldiers (it took three or four hundred at a time) would never be able to get them up the bluff and into position. The balls fired from them were so heavy that I could not even turn one over on the ground, each weighing 500 pounds, and required 100 pounds of powder to fire them. When fired, the men were instructed to raise on their toes and open their mouths to lessen the effect of the concussion.

One day there came down the president, secretary of war, and several general officers, with their wives, to see the guns fired. Careful preparation and distance measurements had been made for the experiment; a large target placed upon a raft had been anchored near the Virginia shore, about two miles below. The men had practiced until they felt sure of their aim. Just as the party were assembling to witness the smashing of the target with one of the great balls, the colonel was astonished and chagrined to see through his glass a small party of rebels row out from the shore, cut the anchor ropes, and quickly tow the target around a bend of the river out of sight; so the firing had to be made at other objects of an unmeasured distance.

I gave them lunch, setting the tables in one of the great bomb-proofs, as the house was not large enough, and then took the ladies all about the quarters. The view from our window was very beautiful, overlooking the river and the Virginia shore opposite. About five miles below was Fort Washington, very picturesque, but regarded nearly useless, as stone forts had been proved not strong enough to withstand modern artillery. It was, however, garrisoned at this time.

We officers' wives made many excursions about the country. I remember once we went by boat (there was a small tug at all times in service at our fort) to Alexandria, there took ambulances and went to Arlington House, Contraband Camp, Soldiers' Rest, and several other places in Virginia.

At another time we went to Mount Vernon, but were very glad to get back in our own little boat without being fired upon. Mount Vernon was considered neutral ground, but the river on each side was infested with rebel guerrilla bands that made the trip dangerous. Another time we went to Fairfax Court House, crossing the river, and using an ambulance on the Virginia side.

The only time my baby was sick in camp was at Fort Foote. She was seriously ill at midnight. We called the young surgeon, Dr. Chamberlain, but felt that he didn't know much about babies, being a very young man. (He confessed to me privately afterwards that this was the first time that he had been called upon to attend a baby.) At daylight my husband started with the little tug-boat for Washington for Dr. Verdi and his mother. He arrived while the family were at breakfast. He told what was the matter, and said, "Where is mother?" His father answered, "She has been sick in bed for a week." "I am so sorry," he said, "I wanted to take her back with me." "She will go," was the reply. "But she can't if she is sick in bed." "I am sure she will go when she learns Nelly is sick," said his father. And sure enough, when my husband went to her room, he found her in bed, but when he said, "Nelly is sick; I have come for Dr. Verdi," she got right up, saying, "I shall go with you," and in less than an hour she and the doctor were on the little boat hurrying down the river in a heavy storm, which tossed the boat about and drenched the occupants. Such was her beautiful, unselfish character, putting aside her own ills when she could help the other members

of her family. You can imagine how relieved I was when she and the doctor came in at the door.

Our tug went once each day to Washington for the mail and supplies. My windows overlooked the winding road down the steep bluff to the river, and we were always interested to see who was coming and going, but saddened when we heard, as we frequently did, the beat of the muffled drum, and watched the solemn procession, marching down to the boat, with flag furled, guns reversed, and slow step, following some soldier who had finished his service for his country.

One day in April Major Taft came and asked me if I could keep a secret, as he needed my assistance. The officers were going to present the lieutenant colonel with a sword. I kept the secret, and assisted in making the arrangements. On the 24th of April, I wrote to my mother, expressing regret that she had been obliged to go home before the presentation, saying:

"Will never suspected a thing. Colonel Haskins, a one-armed Mexican veteran, in command of our division, and party came down about 12 o'clock. Cornelius Underwood and daughter and Mr. Patty arrived on the mail-boat. I did not see much of Mr. Patty, he is so shy, but he had Nelly in his arms during the presentation. After that, the companies were formed into a hollow square. Will was standing near Colonel Haskins, and I near him. We were all by the house; had seats under the trees. As the square was formed, two men started from headquarters, one with a table, the other with the box. When Will saw that, he said, 'Well, what is all this about?' Colonel Haskins said, 'I think it is time you knew; there is to be a sword presentation here to-day; that's what it all means.' Then I asked Will if he didn't know about it. He said, 'No, this is the first.' We were all invited inside the square, and Captain William Wood made a very handsome presentation speech. Will appeared perfectly cool and self-possessed, received the sword very gracefully, and made a neat little speech in return. I was so sorry you were not here. I know that you would have been as proud of Will as I was. He commenced by saying he was perfectly surprised, although he knew an officer should never be surprised, but they must make allowance for him, as he was only a volunteer. After that the sword, sash and belt were put on, and Will conducted a short drill, after which I invited all in to lunch. We had sandwiches,

oysters, raw and stewed, coffee, cake and pickles. We entertained, I should think, about forty people; had plenty for them, and everything was satisfactory, the guests leaving between 4 and 5 o'clock. It is so warm now that we do not need fires. Nelly is out of doors most of the time. The trees at the back of the house are nearly in full leaf. It seems to me as if I could see them open."

On May 10th, about 9 o'clock in the morning, came orders for my husband, with his command, to report to Colonel Welling, at Arlington, Va. As soon as possible, we packed up as many things as we could take, leaving the rest. I wrote, "I came up to Washington on the tug-boat at 2 o'clock, leaving just as the companies marched down to take their boats. It is real hard to leave such a pleasant place, although I had been expecting it for a week."

Our regiment was sent from Arlington to Fort Richardson, and from there to Fort Reynolds, where the lieutenant colonel's headquarters was in an old-fashioned farm-house. Soon after, the regiment being ordered to the front, my husband came for me one morning with an ambulance, and we went to Alexandria and purchased such necessary articles as he thought he could carry with him, packing them in a small mess-chest. One thing I remember was a piece of dried beef, which he afterwards tied to the bow of his saddle, and carried as long as it lasted, cutting off a piece occasionally on the march. I went back with him to the old farm-house, staying until the next day. While there, I sewed his two army-blankets together, making a sleeping bag, which he afterwards used most of the time when they were without tents.

On the 18th of May, 1864, the 9th Artillery came together and marched to Belle Plain. Nelly and I were with Mr. Seward in Washington. I was sure to stay in the house, fearing that my husband might come and find me away. He did come on the afternoon of the 21st of May, saying that they were ordered to join the Army of the Potomac, and that Colonel Welling had come up with him and resigned his commission, as he would not go to the front. After he had finished his business with Colonel Welling at the War Department, he had time only for a hurried dinner; then Mr. Seward and I went with him to the river, where we found the boat that had brought him up waiting, and he left us.

The next day being Sunday, Mr. Seward took Fanny and me with several friends down the river, to go, as he said, "to Belle Plain to see William." It was a bad day, the river was rough, and when we arrived, it was too rough to make the landing, and much to my grief, the boat turned and we started back. Fanny and I strained our eyes looking, but could not see even a tent, so we sat out of sight of the rest of the party and had a good cry, we were so disappointed.

The next day we found that the regiment had left Belle Plain early Sunday morning, so we could not have found them had we landed.

Soon after this, my husband was appointed colonel, receiving his commission just as he was going into the battle of Cold Harbor. We did not even hear from him for weeks. After dinner I always went upstairs and stayed while the nurse went to her dinner. On the evening of the 1st of June, while sitting in the twilight, I heard my husband call "Jenny." I jumped up, listened, and heard again, "Jenny," so distinctly that I went into the hall, and again came the voice, "Jenny," so plain I looked over the railing, fully expecting to see him coming up the stairs. There was no one there, and I went back disappointed, thinking how strange it was. Afterwards, I found that this occurrence took place at the very hour that he was in the Battle of Cold Harbor, and came very near losing his life.

I stayed in Washington, hoping to hear from my husband, until the weather was so warm that Nelly became ill, and Mr. Seward said, "My daughter, it is not safe to keep that little girl here any longer; I promise you I will send you the news of William immediately we receive any." The nurse and I packed our trunks, and John Butler, a trusted colored servant, went with us to New York, and put us on the train for Auburn, after spending the night at the Astor House.

Oh! what a dreadful long waiting that was! No word, only news of terrible battles every day. The first news that we received was a few words written on a piece of brown paper from Colonel MacDougall, saying, "I have just seen Will at Cold Harbor, and he is all right. Had a hard fight, in which most of his clothes were torn from him."

A letter from Quartermaster Knowles, written June 4th, 1864, received two weeks later, said, "I left there after their first day's fight, June 1st. It was a very hotly contested bat-

tle. The colonel and Major Taft got through all right, and were so up to 8 o'clock to-night. The colonel got a rap over the head with a rebel gun or sword, and had one leg of his pants torn off, and his satchel stolen from Banty off his horse that night, as all officers were ordered to dismount and send their horses to the rear. We have been assigned to the 2d Brigade, 3d Division, 6th Corps, which is his address. Pardon the liberty I have taken, and be assured you have my best wishes and constant prayer for the success and safety of our dear colonel commanding, and accept the assurances of my sincere regards and sympathy for yourself, from one who feels sincerely and truly your friend. Henry P. Knowles."

All of our letters were a long time in reaching us. One I have dated June 5th, was received by me on the 20th. Of course, our letters were equally long in reaching the camps.

I think you will be interested if I tell you how our regiment on one occasion threw up their breastworks. My husband wrote a letter dated "In the field about three miles south of Petersburg," saying, "Orders were then received for the first line of battle to intrench themselves. My regiment being larger than all the rest of the brigade, we composed the front line, and to throw up breastworks without a single tool of any description was not an easy matter. I, however, divided the regiment into two single lines, and had the first loosen the earth with their bayonets, and the second line throw it up in the form of breastworks, using their tin cups and plates in place of shovels. In one hour from the time I received the order, we had a fine work at least five feet high. The continual shower of rebel bullets accelerated the work."

On Sunday morning, July 10th, I was staying at my mother's, when about noon, my sister, Mrs. Pomeroy, and her husband came in. Mr. Pomeroy said, "There was a battle at Monocacy, Maryland, yesterday." I said, "Will could not have been in that, as he is down in front of Petersburg, Va." "No," he replied, the 9th Artillery were in the battle." I looked at him startled, and he then said, "It is reported that Will is wounded and taken prisoner."

At the request of Mr. Pomery, the telegraph office was kept open all that day and the following night, and he and Mr. Bostwick took turns in watching the news that passed over the wires. The telegraph and railroad lines between Baltimore and

Washington had been cut off by the rebels, so the news from there was received through couriers to Annapolis. I went to Mrs. Seward, and we concluded to pack our trunks, and be ready to start for Washington as soon as railroad communications were reopened. All night my two brothers-in-law waited and watched until 2 o'clock, when a despatch came, saying, "Colonel Seward wounded, but not a prisoner." Major Taft was shot and lost his leg. Surgeon Chamberlain stayed with him, and both were taken prisoners.

My husband's horse was shot under him, and falling upon him, broke his ankle. He also received a slight wound in the arm. He escaped being taken prisoner from the fact of his having on a private's uniform, as he had lost his own at the Battle of Cold Harbor. After the rebel line had passed over him, he crawled on the ground to a piece of woods, where he found a mule, which, with the help of a straggler, he mounted, using his red silk pocket handkerchief for a bit and bridle, and rode about fifteen miles during the night to Ellicott's Mills, and overtook his retreating regiment. He was taken to Washington, and after five days he came home to us. I shall never forget how shocked his sister Fanny and I were, when we met him at the depot, to see how thin and worn he looked; but how happy we were to have him with us, and to nurse him back to health. It was a singular coincidence, that this mule was one of my husband's own pack mules. Having two, his orderly, Henry Rooker, had ridden away on one, leaving this one to her fate. They were brought home, and Mrs. Chesebro, my husband's cousin, kept them both on her farm on Canandaigua lake until they died, taking especial care of "Jeuny," as she called her, for bringing her master safely away from the rebels.

His horse lay on the field with a wound in the neck, apparently dead, but shortly after recovering from the shock, followed the troops, overtook the retreating orderly on the mule, who, seeing the blood streaming from the poor animal's neck, staunched its flow with the contents of his tobacco pouch, and took him to Washington, where his wound was properly cared for. He continued in my husband's service. The following winter, in Martinsburgh, when he was harnessed to an ambulance in order to take General Custer and his bride to Winchester, he resented the indignity, and kicked the vehicle to pieces.

In September, my husband received a commission as brigadier general, conferred upon him for his service at the Battle of Monocacy.

Early in October, he was ordered to take command of a brigade in the Shenandoah valley, with headquarters at Martinsburgh; and although there were constant raids and skirmishes with the rebels, there was not the continual, terrible anxiety for us women at home that there was before.

On the 10th of November, our son William was born. His father had a fifteen days' leave of absence to come home and make his son's acquaintance. This occurrence ended my personal army life, as it was a little too much for me to go into army quarters with two babies.

Soon after my husband returned to Martinsburgh, where he remained during the winter of 1864 and '65. I had two severe trials. My nurse was taken sick and died; and the night that her remains lay in the room opposite to mine, I received a letter from Captain Knowles, telling me that my husband was very sick. I felt that I was indeed deserted and everything was going wrong.

In April, 1865, my husband and my brother, George Watson, who was an aide-de-camp, rank lieutenant, on General Seward's staff, were at home on a short leave of absence. They started for Martinsburgh on the night of April 13th. In the morning of April 14th, my mother, who was keeping me company for the night, and I were awakened early by a servant coming to tell us that the man had heard that the president had been killed, Mr. Seward and Mr. Frederick were killed, and Colonel Augustus nearly killed, and all the rest of the family wounded. Of course, we were in great excitement.

About 7.30 the side door-bell rang furiously. Eliza went to the door, and we heard a woman's voice, very loudly and excitedly saying, "I want to see Mrs. Seward. I must see Mrs. Seward." Eliza said, "Well, you can't see her." Mother went to the door and asked what she wanted. She only said, "I must see Mrs. Seward." I started to go to the door, but Eliza pushed me back, putting her arms around me, saying, "Don't go, don't go, she wants to kill you too, I know she does, she looks so crazy." Mother would not let the woman in through the door, and finally shut it. I said, "Mother, let me see what the woman wants." Mother replied, "She will not tell what she wants,

and she looks so wild, I do not think it safe for you to see her." The servants insisted that the woman intended to kill Mrs. Seward. I always regretted that I could not have gotten to her, as she might have had some valuable information to give me. She came and went in a hack, evidently just arrived on the train.

Soon telegrams began to arrive, telling of the dreadful assassination. My husband heard the awful news, upon his arrival in Baltimore, early in the morning. All the trains to Washington were stopped. He telegraphed to the secretary of war, who at once ordered an especial engine, which took him, with my brother, immediately to Washington, where they found the house, of course, in the greatest confusion. My husband remained at the bedside of his wounded father and brothers, and cared for his mother until her death, on June 21st, 1865. The war having ended, he resigned his commission on June 1st.

CHAPTER XXIX.

PERSONAL SKETCHES.

Asahel M. Abbey.—Lieutenant Abbey was one of the 22d Independent Battery boys; starting as a sergeant, he left the service as 1st lieutenant.

He was born in Genesee county June 24, 1837; was prepared for college in the Cary Collegiate Institute of Oakfield, N. Y., and entered Hobart College in Geneva, remaining till his junior year. When the war came it found him a medical student.

For a number of years his home has been in Richland, Kalamazoo county, Mich.

Edwin A. Bishop.—A native of Guilford, Conn., 1834; came to Ontario in 1858, and went thence, with Company B, to the war. Returning, he moved to Rochester in 1868, following his trade of house-painting.

He has been the commander of C. J. Powers Post, G. A. R., and in 1890 was one of the department delegates to the National Encampment in Boston.

He takes an active interest in company and regiment, and several years since read a very entertaining paper on the same before a reunion of Company B.

Alonzo Bowen.—In war-times Comrade Bowen found all the fun that ever came his way. Two pictures in this volume faintly portray some of the nonsense in which he indulged and which was of the utmost good to his associates, since it kept their spirits up.

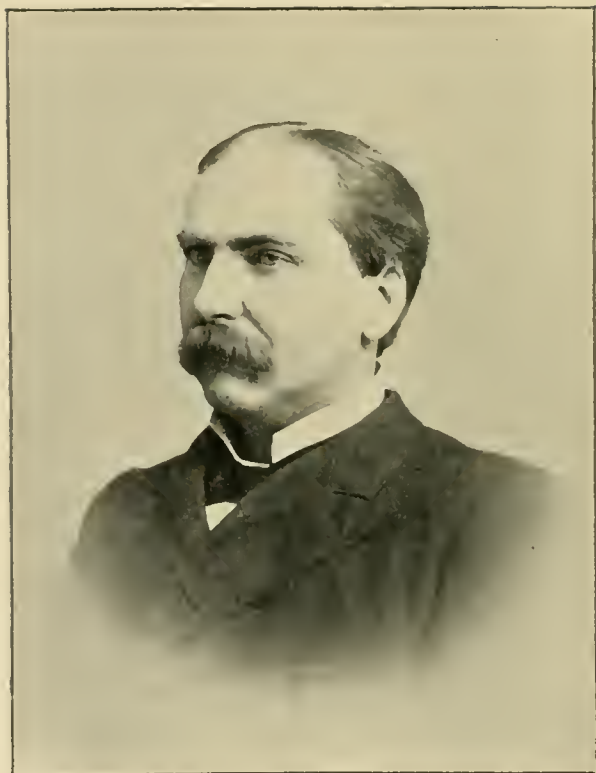
Since the war he has found a home in Monroe, Mich., where as a maker and dispenser of a specific for human ills he is achieving fame and success.

George W. Brinkerhoff.—A Wolcott boy, he came from that part of the town known as Red Creek. Born October 23d, 1838, he had just got a good start in his majority when the call to arms, in 1862, drew him into the ranks of Company A, and with Captain Snyder he marched away to perils, duty, and the proud consciousness of serving his country.

His youth had the educational advantages that his town afforded, while his early manhood was devoted to a broader and more exacting school, viz., that of the soldier. Leaving his young wife behind him, he became one of the best soldiers in the company, and went to Washington as a sergeant. By well earned and regular promotion he came home as brevet major. No officer was ever more thoroughly respected than the third and last captain of A Company.

When the war was over, he returned to his home and again became one of those who constitute the true back-bone of every nation, a farmer. While thus laboring at the very foundation of prosperity, his fellow citizens have recognized his merits repeatedly in electing him to town office, and in 1891 sending him to the Legislature as Assemblyman for eastern Wayne. In Albany he was the same painstaking legislator that those who knew him as a soldier expected him to be. While interested in all the legislation of the session, perhaps his most conspicuous service was the securing of the abolition of fees for county clerks and sheriffs. At the present time, 1899, he is supervisor of the town of Wolcott.

To him and his wife, who was Maria Frost, sister of a fellow Company A man, have been born four children, Lester, Ernest, Eliza and Della. Entrenched upon his 200-acre farm, with his family and the proud recollection of duty done, what more could he ask? In foreign lands such services and such possessions would suggest knighthood, but our country does better, since in his quiet life, though alert and alive to the needs of the day,



REV. REUBEN BURTON.
COMPANY B.

we dub him that proudest of all titles worn by any man on the earth to-day, viz., an honest American citizen.

Aldace W. Brower.—Comrade Brower is one of the prominent citizens of Sodus, having charge of the railroad-station at the Center; for twenty years he was postmaster.

Albert H. Bull.—A Huron boy, Comrade Bull did not see quite enough of army service in the Ninth, so after the war he enlisted in the U. S. A., and was a sergeant in Company B, 42d, and Company F, 6th Infantry. After years of arduous duty, he now resides in Warren, O.

Reuben Burton.—He has been so long and so favorably known as the Rev. Renben Burton of Syracuse that his plain unhandled name may hardly be recognized. Born in Clyde, the son of Hiram Burton, a thrifty and respected farmer, he had the advantages of the local schools and then began a college preparatory course in the Red Creek Academy, from which he was summoned by the call to arms in 1862. He easily gained the grade of sergeant to begin with, and in that capacity served for more than a year, dividing his time among drill, clerical work at regimental headquarters and teaching in the school organized at Fort Mansfield. Later he received a commission as 2d lieutenant, and was assigned to I and then to B. While serving with B at Monocacy and through the burning of the bridge, he fell into the hands of the enemy and endured a long imprisonment, lasting into the following spring.

He was at first confined in the Richland county (S. C.) jail, and afterwards in the "Asylum Camp" of Columbia, S. C. Soon after his return to duty, he was assigned to staff service, and in this capacity reached the time of muster-out for the regiment. Meantime he had been commissioned 1st lieutenant, and urged by Major Lamoreaux, who was to command the 9th Battalion in the 2d Heavy, he consented to remain, and was again placed on staff-duty. The generals with whom he served regarded his work as most satisfactory, and General Whistler, commanding the brigade, wrote across the lieutenant's parchment, "A brave and competent officer." The duty given to Lieutenant Burton to perform was of the most arduous and exacting nature, and had before his assignment been performed by a major.

Coming home from the army, our lieutenant gave up his ministerial aspirations that had been his through his earlier years, and went into business, but the call that he had received

was of a character that he could not ignore, and though he was married, having in 1867 been united to Miss Janette Waldruff of Galen, he determined to begin over again the work dropped when he enlisted. Accordingly he went to Rochester and pursued five years' course in the University and Theological School of that city, and was ordained in 1876.

Having been baptized in the Baptist Church of Clyde, in which his father had long been a deacon, he very naturally entered upon the ministry of that denomination, and his voice for more than twenty years has been one of the most popular in western New York. All his church-work has been in his native state, and for the most part in the western portion thereof.

In 1889 he began the organization of a wholly new enterprise in the city of Syracuse. He began his labors in a hired hall, but now the church numbers 525 members, and the Sunday-school has a membership of over 700. A new edifice has been erected with a seating capacity of more than a thousand; but there are victories yet to be won, and our reverend lieutenant is still pressing on just as manfully as in the days of his militant career. It ought to be stated that no man in his vicinity is heard on patriotic and kindred themes more eagerly than Comrade Burton.

To Lieutenant Burton and wife have been born two children, Lena C. and H. Grace; the former is the wife of the Rev. Howard I. Andrews.

Joseph B. Casterline.— He was born in Clyde, N. Y., June 21, 1839, and was married to Miss Mary E. Bassett of Wolcott Aug. 5, 1862. Then came his enlistment, or more properly his departure, for the scenes of hostilities; was wounded at Cold Harbor, and did not return to the regiment till September following. He was mustered out as a sergeant of Company A.

In 1881 he moved from North Wolcott to Wautoma, Wis., where he now resides. His people have appreciated his abilities, for they have made him town clerk four years; justice of the peace five years, and supervisor two years; also he has been clerk of courts two terms of two years each.

This is a good illustration of the way veterans of the Ninth serve their country when the people recognize their good qualities.

T. J. Chaddock.—Lieutenant Chaddock is another of the vet-

erans who quickly exchanged the garb of a soldier for that of a farmer, and resumed the occupation he left when he enlisted. His family has long been resident in the town of Rose, and as long prominent in the affairs of the Baptist Church, in which our lieutenant has been for several years a deacon. Indeed, in his immediate neighborhood, he is more frequently addressed by his church title than by that won in war-time.

Dwight S. Chamberlain.—This gentleman, who early joined the regiment as assistant surgeon and who succeeded Dr. Sabin when the latter resigned, is one of the best-known citizens of Wayne county. He was born in Litchfield county, Conn., February 22d, 1839, having ancestors who had borne their part in the War of the Revolution. His education was received at the Genesee Seminary and College of Lima, N. Y., and at the University of the City of New York, from whose medical department he was graduated in 1862. Then followed a professional trip to England, from which, in 1862, he came into the 138th as assistant to Surgeon Sabin. After the resignation of the latter, Dr. Chamberlain was promoted major and surgeon, and so continued to the end.

Coming as he did, it was his fortune to see all the active service of the Ninth, and to impress himself on the men as a most vigorous and efficient officer. Following the war, he was for a time in charge of the Soldiers' Home and Hospital in Syracuse, but in September, 1865, he came to Lyons and formed a partnership with Dr. E. W. Bottume, at that time one of the oldest and most successful practitioners in Wayne county.

In 1868 he began the study of law, and was admitted to its practice in 1874, since which time he has largely devoted himself to that profession. His wife, to whom he was married in 1868, was Katharine M., daughter of the late D. W. Parshall, and they have long been prominent features in the social life of Lyons.

In all that pertains to the welfare and upbuilding of his adopted village, our ex-surgeon has been active and successful. The Parshall Memorial Building, erected by him, is an elegant edifice, containing one of the best-appointed opera houses in the state outside of the larger cities. Many of the finest business structures in the village are the property of himself and wife. They also possess other extensive real-estate and farming lands in the town and county. Major Chamberlain is, moreover,

heavily interested in banking, and perhaps no one man did more than himself in a critical moment in retaining for Lyons the buildings of the county seat, then in imminent peril of going elsewhere. Then as at many other times he demonstrated his possession of leadership.

Much of the development of Sodus Point as a summer resort is owing to our ex-surgeon's care and foresight, and frequenters of that interior watering-place will acknowledge the justice of this statement.

After all, the survivors of the Ninth like best to think of him as the one whom they confronted when they responded to the doctor's call, and though these memories are, somehow, mixed up with quinine and castor-oil, yet they recall him as one who would have made them whole and thus keep them up to the requirements of a healthy soldier's standard.

Alton E. Cobb.—Of all the boys who took in the winter in Danville, perhaps no one was better known than Cobb. All of us felt particularly thankful for the blow he dealt the Confederacy when the rebel officer came in to trade breeches during the giving out of clothing, in the month of February. The Johnny threatened to keep us there all the spring, but his forcible remarks did not bring back his Confederate scrip.

It was pleasant to note the luxuries that our comrade's party enjoyed on their way to Richmond. Again the adage, "All's fair in war."

Alton's address for some time has been Scranton, Penn.

William H. Coombs.—Comrade Coombs of Company H is one of the veterans who have found homes in the great Southwest. He is living now in San Angelo, Texas, but he has resided in other parts of the state as well as in Colorado. Though remote from his comrades of old, he keeps pretty well posted on our whereabouts.

John L. Crane.—Captain Crane was born in Butler, Wayne county, June 23d, 1836; fitted for college in Red Creek Academy and entered Union College, though he did not graduate; studied law in Port Byron, and was admitted to practice in 1859, locating in Clyde. After his return from the army he went West, and died in Sauk Center, Minn., Dec. 8, 1874, from lung disease contracted in his army life.

John E. Dean.—The last sergeant major of the regiment resides in Newark, O. Of Scotch-Irish parentage, he was born in

Locke, Cayuga county, Aug. 1st, 1844; was graduated from Auburn Public School No. 5, and remained in or near the city till his enlistment under Lieutenant Howard in Company I.

He began as private, and with the exception of a short furlough was on duty all the time to the end; was one of the 250 when in the valley the regiment was reduced to that number. Being detailed at headquarters for special duty, he followed Guy Brown as sergeant major when the latter was promoted lieutenant. The comrade acknowledges straggling once when we were making that rapid march to Danville, and the regiment covered 125 miles in four days and five hours. The sergeant major writes most pleasantly of his memories of all the officers of the Ninth, particularly of Welling, Seward, Snyder, Comstock, Brown and Howard.

In 1867 he went to the West, and for two years was clerk of the District Court in Nebraska City, afterwards engaging in mercantile pursuits. Coming back to Ohio in 1874, he has resided there since, rearing four sons to perpetuate his name and memory. He is connected with the business house of P. & F. Corbin of New York, Philadelphia and Chicago.

Walter Deuel.—He was born in Stanford, Dutchess county, July 14, 1824, and spent his boyhood on a farm, getting the usual amount of district school. In 1848 he took a westward trip as far as Frankfort, Herkimer county, where he was married to Miss Heziah M. Watson. Thence coming to Wayne county, he was on a farm till his enlistment in Company D.

After the muster-out of the 2d Heavy, to which he, with so many others, had been transferred, he came back shattered in health and finally located in Chittenango, where he managed a market-garden and greenhouse. There, March 27, 1887, he was stricken with apoplexy, from which he never rallied.

He left a widow and two sons, one, Dr. W. E. Deuel of Chittenango; the other, Charles S., recently graduated from a dental college.

John H. De Voe.—He was born Sept. 8, 1846, in Butler; was living there when the 138th was raised, and it would appear that he was sixteen years old the day that he was mustered in as drummer of Company G. With the exception of a ten-days' furlough, was never absent from the regiment. In the winter of 1862 and '63 his company gave him a beautiful brass drum, which he used all the way through, and now retains, and whose

picture is found in this book. It met with a sad mishap at Cold Harbor, where a cannon-ball mashed it flat, but it was smoothed out, and now graces Memorial and other parade occasions.

Hardly more than a boy when the war was over, he went home to South Butler, and attended school in that village, having as principal that excellent scholar, Albert J. Davis. In 1867 the family went to Illinois and settled near Marseilles. Alternating between teaching and attending school, working on the farm between whiles, he was graduated from Grand Prairie Seminary, commercial department, 1869. The following autumn he entered Michigan University, remaining through his sophomore year. Then receiving an offer to teach in Blandville College, Ky., he accepted.

Later drifting to Chicago, for two years he was employed in the wholesale dry-goods house of J. V. Farwell & Co. Then he served the Chicago & Alton Railroad Company at Washington, Ills. Here he was married to Miss Emma Smith, a music teacher of Eureka College, who has in these later years acquired no little fame as a speaker for the National Woman's Suffrage Association.

In 1881 Mr. and Mrs. De Voe moved to Huron, South Dakota, near which they founded the town bearing their name in Faulk county. He was a very prominent factor in the campaign resulting in the division of the state.

In 1891 he returned to Illinois, locating in Harvey, a suburb of Chicago, and which is now his home. Soon afterwards he was elected police magistrate of the place, and in the period of holding this office studied law, being admitted to the bar in 1894. At present he is in mercantile business in Harvey.

Though long away from New York, Comrade De Voe retains the liveliest recollections of the former days and of his old associates in the regiment.

Stephen T. Devoe.—Our second chaplain clearly belongs to the church militant, for at the age of forty years he enlisted in Company G, and was its first sergeant, when on the resignation of Chaplain Mudge, he was made his successor. Being a regularly ordained minister of the Free Baptist denomination, he had repeatedly preached while doing his duty in the camp. He fought well at Cedar Creek, and the boys always have a good word for the chaplain, who with the weight of years upon him is living in Wolcott. He writes these words: "Among the



2d LIEUT. CHAUNCEY FISH,
COMPANY B.
Later, 1st Lieutenant, Captain, and Brevet Major.

earliest of my recollections are the lessons taught me by my father and mother concerning my native land, America, and its government. I got the impression that this was the best government in the broad world, and it thrilled my whole being to hear,

‘My country, ’tis of thee.’

“So when the Civil War broke out, it became a serious study to know just what my duty was, when portending disaster threatened the very life of my country.”

We are glad that duty seemed to call for his enlistment and that the mantle of Chaplain Mudge fell upon such excellent shoulders. While his sense of hearing is dulling fast and the shores of the silent sea are nearing, memory recalls the bugle sounds of other days, and his face lights up at thoughts of the time when he heard the clarion-notes of duty’s call, and so heartily responded.

Walter G. Duckett.—There were those who liked Washington so well that they concluded to remain there. Among them was the young man who had served the 2d Battalion in the capacity of hospital steward. His merits in this line of duty were recognized, and he was transferred to the U. S. A., remaining till April, 1866.

Locating in the Capital of the nation, he has continued to do a business in the pharmaceutical line ever since. Few veterans of the Ninth fail to call on him when in Washington, and they almost made his store their headquarters in 1892.

John F. Failing.—The long time efficient hospital steward of the Ninth is now an M. D. in Grand Rapids, Mich. It is a source of regret that more extended data are not at hand, but he lends a hand to the making of this book.

Chauncey Fish.—He is entitled to the rank of major, but somehow to a great many, it comes more natural to call him “captain,” just a little nearer, for a captain is in close contact with those who follow, and when we look at the origin of the word, what is there higher than the head? and that is what the word comes from.

Of Massachusetts stock, Chauncey Fish has in his own life and in that of his sons fully exemplified the merits of his ancestors, who repeatedly stood for what they deemed their rights. His parents, Thomas and Sarah (Gallop) Fish, settled in Williamson in 1810, and there in 1828, January 22d, our captain

was born, the second of nine children. His wife was Phoebe J. Cottrell, also of Williamson, and of New Jersey descent. They, too, have had nine children, of whom Myron and John were members of the same company with their father. Myron was killed at Winchester in 1864, and John died in 1869.

Captain Fish was one of the most active agents in the raising of Company B, and he went away from Auburn as 1st sergeant. Every promotion was fairly earned, and to this day no officer of the Ninth enjoys a higher degree of respect than the captain, who gave time, his own blood and that of his son in the defense of country. Afflicted with infirmities, largely resulting from exposure in the field, he has tilled his farm since the war, save as he held the government position of collector of customs in Pultneyville, which place he filled for seven years.

No door in Wayne county swings open to an old soldier any more easily than that of the captain's house, and a G. A. R. button is an open sesame to the best that he possesses. Unless illness prevents, he is always present at the county and regimental reunions, and when he rises to speak he is sure of attentive listeners, for every one knows that he has something to say, and that he will say it. He belongs to the Post of the G. A. R. which bears the name of his boy slain in battle.

He is a brevet major, having received that title from Andrew Johnson on account of his bravery at Sailor's Creek. He retains with a deal of pride, every bit of which is pardonable, a letter from Governor Fenton transmitting the commission, and the same is reproduced here.

State of New York, Executive Department.

Albany, Nov. 8, 1866.

Brevet Major Chauncey Fish.

Dear Sir: I have the pleasure to transmit herewith a brevet commission, conferred by the president in recognition of your faithful and distinguished services in the late war.

In behalf of the state, allow me to thank you for the gallantry and devotion which induced the conspicuous mention by the General Government. I feel a lively solicitude in all that relates to the honor and prosperity of the soldiers of the Union army, and especially those who advanced its renown while defending the cause of our common country.

Very respectfully,

R. E. FENTON.

Perhaps the signature of Edwin M. Stanton affixed to the commission gives as much, if not more, pleasure than that of the president.

Mrs. Fish has preceded her gallant husband to the other world and to the society of the sons who went even earlier, but seven children are yet here to enjoy the favor in which their father lives. Whole-hearted, devoted, persevering, honest, Captain Fish survives, a magnificent type of the American citizen soldier.

Cyrus E. Fitch.—One of the merry boys who kept the camp in good humor, or at least did his part towards it, was "Cy" Fitch of Company A, and when at later dates his brother, George, his cousin, Irving, and his uncle, Allen, appeared, "those Fitches" were frequently referred to. They were a good lot, from the youngest, George, up to Uncle Allen, who acknowledged to forty-four years. Irving was killed at Cedar Creek, and has the peculiar distinction of a headstone in Winchester National Cemetery, while his body, with another memorial, is buried in Wolcott. George and the uncle have both answered to the roll-call on the other side, since the war.

Cyrus, living in that part of Butler near the Wolcott line, where he runs a farm with fruit-growing and evaporating attachments, has affiliations with the latter town, but he has been an office-holder in his own town, being the supervisor for at least two terms.

He is one of the regular attendants at the Wayne county veterans' reunions, and if anything is to be done to help along the cause of the Ninth, he is ever ready to assist.

Dennis E. Flynn.—There was no jollier officer in the regiment than the lieutenant and later captain who first saw the light in the city of Cork, Ireland, 1833. An aunt brought him to America when he was but eight years old. He worked upon a farm near Auburn till he was about eighteen; then he went to Port Byron and clerked in a grocery till 1857, when he moved to Clyde, starting a grocery business for himself. The next year he was married to Miss Mary Cavanaugh of Port Byron, and in Clyde, 1862 found him.

He raised a company for the 111th, but for some reason he did not go. Then came the next regiment, and he went in, as we know. His merry laugh drove away many a fit of the blues, and if he himself was ever down in the mouth, he took good care

that others should not know it. His presence was better than medicine. He got a little touch from a bit of a shell at Cedar Creek, but was not seriously hurt.

Coming home from the war he resumed business in Clyde, but was carried off by disease in 1873 at the age of forty. Members of his family continue to reside in Clyde, justly proud of the record made by the husband and father in the days when every man was expected to show his colors.

Charles A. Ford.—Resident in Homer, N. Y., our comrade has long suffered from an illness that makes him a member of the "Shut-in Club," but his brain is active, and he writes excellent verse, bits of which are found in the history. He also has vivid memories of war-times and draws out on occasion very pleasant pictures of men and events of 1864 and '65.

He was born in Genoa, N. Y., Sept. 12, 1844, but came, when a child, with his parents to Homer. Had the privileges of Cortland Academy, but at sixteen years of age began learning the harness-making trade. Resumed that work when he came home from the war. Was married in 1866, and has reared a family of five children. He has been a member of the village board and town clerk, and he says of himself,

"Am waiting now for orders
To cross another stream;
Whose further shore
Shall know no more
Of war's fierce lurid gleam."

Philip R. Freeoff.—This genial officer of Company I was born in Gimbsheim, Germany, May 21, 1820. He had had military experience in his native land, though he came to America in 1839 or 1840, locating in Auburn, which continued to be his home. He was a horticulturist, and his greenhouses and flowers at one time formed a great attraction. He was one of the directors of the Gas Company in 1850; was an alderman in 1853 and '54; was a member of the Willard Guard, and at the time of his enlistment was an officer in the state's prison in Auburn, his fellow keepers giving him a sword and equipments; the sword, beautifully engraved, was carried by him throughout the war. It is to-day a highly-prized object to his grandson and namesake.

During the campaign of 1864 he was injured in one eye, losing the sight of it. His military record is told in that of Company

I. Coming home in May, 1865, he lived till March 1st, 1879, when he passed away after a short illness.

Oscar J. Frost.—In Company A we always called him sergeant, and, possibly, some of his Red Creek fellow citizens do now, but the time, really long, seems brief since the Wolcott farmer did his part in war-duties. He was an active, alert soldier; he is just as ready and persistent now as a man of affairs in his native town.

David P. Gamble.—A veteran of Company B, Comrade Gamble resides in East Palmyra, and makes a specialty of essential oils, peppermint, spearmint and tansy, those peculiar products of Wayne county.

He is thoroughly interested in all that pertains to the prosperity of the regiment.

William E. Greenwood.—Lieutenant Greenwood of Company B represented western Wayne in the Assembly in 1872. He died in West Walworth Aug. 5, 1898, aged sixty-eight years.

Truman Gregory.—Captain Gregory, who received his death-wound at Cold Harbor, having received the commission of major, though he was not mustered, was a Baptist minister, born in Vermont; at least so claimed.

He was preaching in Ontario Centre when he began to raise Company B. Before this he had preached in Richville, St. Lawrence county, beginning in 1852; thence going West, he was in Lee, Avon and Berwick, Illinois, till 1856, preaching and farming. Again in 1857 he was in Richville, where he remained two or three years.

Apparently he came to Wayne county soon afterwards, and the remainder of his life is written in the history of the regiment. His son, Lyman, was in the same company with himself.

Daniel B. Harmon.—One of the vivid pictures in memory's gallery is that of Lieutenant Harmon at Monocacy, on the brow of the hill, to which we had fallen back, with his sword in air, rallying his men with the cry, "Rally round the flag, men." It is pleasant to remember him in that attitude.

He was born in Great Barrington, Mass., but when small came with his father to York state. In the same company there were three brothers, Daniel, William and Alfred. He was by trade a house carpenter, but having excellent musical ability, he gave much time to that art. He taught many a singing-school in Wayne county.

Some time after the war he moved away from Rose, and held several contracts for work on the Erie canal. At the time of his death, April 30, 1896, he was postmaster at Palmyra. He was in his sixty-second year, having been born July 11, 1834.

Truman S. Harvey.—Lieutenant Harvey has made Auburn his home for many years, though he was born in the town of Shelby, Macomb county, Mich., May 25, 1840. In 1849 he became a resident of Red Creek, and in 1852 went to live with an aunt in Cayuga county. In 1857 he had the benefits of Red Creek Academy, and in 1859 began learning the carpenter's trade.

His military record appears in connection with Company A. Since the war he has worked at his trade; in a shop; and for the last eleven years has been foreman of the woodworking department of the New Birdsall Company, makers of engines, threshers and saw-mills.

He is blessed with a wife and four children; is a member of the Wall Street Methodist Church, and for twenty-eight consecutive years superintendent of its Sunday-school.

Benjamin F. Hoffman.—Residing at Johnson's Creek, Niagara county, our former Company G sergeant and D lieutenant tills the soil and claims that his life is without incident.—all the more useful, possibly, for its very quiet.

Charles W. Hough.—The record of Captain Hough was not duplicated in the Ninth. He enlisted as private in Company E, and then rose through the grades of corporal, sergeant, sergeant major to 2d and 1st lieutenant, and was mustered out from the 2d Heavy Artillery as captain.

He saw long service on the staffs of Generals J. A. Haskin and O. B. Wilcox of the defenses. He is now the treasurer of the Ward Plow Company of Batavia, N. Y.

Orson Howard.—Captain H. was twenty-four years old when he was mustered in as 1st lieutenant of Company I, and thus was twenty-six when his young life was poured out at Cedar Creek. He had been captain of Company E but a few days when the ordeal came. The portrait of the young officer clearly indicates qualities which made him a popular comrade, one of whom the friends of long ago always speak in the highest terms.

A Company E man who was in the battle thus describes the final hours of the officer: "In the afternoon when we left our works, we advanced nearly to a cleared lot, when some one said the rebs were charging down upon us, so we halted a short time,

but found it to be a false alarm, and on we went. We soon came to the cleared field. Somehow or other I lost track of the regiment, which was working to the right. The field was fenced with a stone wall, at least one was on the east and south sides; also on the south side was a lane with stone-lined sides. It was here that I came across Captain Howard, who was in the same predicament as myself. Together we passed upon the west side of the stone fence and halted. The rebel main line was or seemed to be in this lane. About this time we thought our lines were flanking the rebs out of the lane. As we came up to it we found a great number of the enemy, who gave up as prisoners. We took their guns and told them to keep quiet till the skirmish line came up, and they would be taken care of.

"Then the captain and I, being nearly alone, bore off to the left over uneven ground towards the pike. We passed down quite an incline to a valley, which had a rail-fence across it running parallel with the pike. I should say the pike was thirty rods away from us square to the front. On the pike was a rebel battery, which I think was using one gun, firing directly at us, and had killed and wounded some of our men. Captain Howard said it was of no use for us to charge that battery alone, and as there were other men approaching, he said we had better wait till they came up, so we sat down behind the said fence. He sat down flat with his feet towards me. I was on my knees loading my gun when at my right I saw a letter torn into bits. I picked it up, and asked him to read it while we were waiting, but he replied that he would put it in his pocket and read it when he had more time. As he was in the act of putting the letter in his pocket, a shot from the battery on the pike took off his head. He simply fell back, straightened out, and that was all. I took from his body whatever of value there was and later gave the same to Major Snyder. The shot which killed the captain was next to the last that the battery fired, for our men swept it in a few moments later."

S. Augustus Howe.—The captain is one of the few men who came from Massachusetts and served in New York regiments, and then went back to stay with the friends of his boyhood. He was born in Gardner July 2d, 1839, and attended the local schools.

He was a good private soldier and officer, being mustered out as a 2d lieutenant in the 24th New York Infantry, and then,

when his service there was over, he helped raise Company L of the Ninth, and it is in this service we are chiefly interested. His boys always speak in the highest terms of him.

After the muster-out, coming back to the Bay State, he has had numerous indications of local appreciation, holding many town offices, and in 1891 and 1892 he was a member of the Legislature. For several years he has been a special county commissioner. He is a member of the firm of Howe Bros., flour and grain dealers.

The following lines from one of his "boys" indicate pretty well how they regarded him:

"You would always know 'Howe,'
 You could always tell
 His sharp, quick voice as he calls to L,
 'Fire low there, men!
 Don't give it away;
 Now give them a volley; there, that was well.'"

—Charles A. Ford, Homer, N. Y.

Ralph Hunt.—Hunt was a student and teacher before enlistment, and he returned to go through Genesee College, to teach several years and then to study law. His home is in South Evanston, Ills.

Edwin L. Huntington.—Company L had many Oswego county men, and among them one who had done good service in the 24th, and late in 1863 was ready to go in again. His friendship for S. A. Howe, a regimental friend who had cast in his lot in the Company L venture, may have been a motive. At any rate Comrade H. made one of the very best soldiers possible, and as 1st sergeant was transferred to the 2d Heavy, whence he was finally mustered out a 2d lieutenant.

An active business man in the town of Mexico, Oswego county, he has been an efficient supervisor of the same.

James H. Hyde.—The second captain of Company A has enjoyed the privilege of living among his old soldiers ever since the war. One of the most active in securing enlistments for the company, he lives to-day to enjoy the memories of duty done at a critical moment in the nation's life. He was born in Huron, the only son of Harlow, who was himself the son of Dr. Zenas Hyde. The latter was one of the very first settlers in the old town of Wolcott, having moved there from Massachusetts in 1807. He was also the first physician in these parts.

When the town of Wolcott was divided in 1826, the residence of the doctor fell within the borders of the new town of Huron, and here the remainder of his life was spent, though his practice extended over all of northern Wayne. Harlow Hyde, son of Dr. Zenas and the father of Captain James, during a long life held responsible and honorable positions in both Huron and Wolcott, dying May 30, 1895, in his ninety-third year.

James H. Hyde was born in Huron about seventy years since, and there he had the beginning of his education, and the war found him a tiller of the soil. Entering heartily into the formation of the new regiment, he was rewarded with the 1st lieutenancy, and with the company he bravely marched away. He was ever a quick, decided officer, and one who wore well with his men. An accident in childhood deprived him of the sight of an eye, but no soldier in Company A could ever see that this in any way conflicted with the faithful performance of his duties, and at the Battle of Cold Harbor he was one of those who found a gun a good weapon for use. He was one of the first to enter the enemies' works and to capture several of the rebels.

When the extension of the regiment to heavy artillery sent Captain J. W. Snyder to a majority, our Lieutenant Hyde became captain, and thus he went with his company through all its service up to and including Cedar Creek, where he was wounded in the arm. Late in 1864 he resigned and came home to resume the arts of peace. Since the war his home has been in Wolcott, and here his children were reared.

For several years he was an attache of the Legislature in Albany; latterly he has been the court-crier in Lyons. He is a devoted member of the G. A. R., and is always found at the Wayne county reunions. The war is a great many years behind him, but he has the consolation of thinking that when the strife was waging he had an honorable part in it.

Vincent A. Kenyon.—The last adjutant of the Ninth is a Cayuga county dweller, and makes Dresserville his home, being engaged in the tannery business. His father was a Quaker, but the son was just as good a fighter for all that, possibly a little better.

The veteran association has no more loyal nor enthusiastic member. He is a store-house of information concerning the regiment, and had his efforts availed, the locked-up treasures in

Washington, in the way of records, had been opened for our use.

James D. Knapp.—Now living in Cato, was born in Wolcott, N. Y., but when a child moved with his parents to Huron, and thence to Rose. Had the advantages of the common schools, and later learned the blacksmith's trade and worked with his father till August, 1862, when he enlisted in Company H.

In time, attention to duty secured for him promotion to a sergeantry, and then he became 1st sergeant, and next received a 2d lieutenant's commission for meritorious conduct at Cold Harbor.

After the war he settled in Cato, and as his health would not permit the resumption of his trade, he has been a farmer during the intervening years. A Republican in politics, he has been constable, tax-collector and justice of the peace several terms.

Henry P. Knowles.—The exceedingly efficient quartermaster of the Ninth was born in Butler May 29, 1828. In 1840 he removed to Lyons, and was living there when the regiment was raised. He had been town clerk, and was a member of the village board when he enlisted.

His successful discharge of duties in the Ninth resulted in his promotion to be commissary of subsistence of volunteers. He was mustered out as brevet major for meritorious services. His later services were on the staff of General Seward.

Oct. 1st, 1865, he took up his abode in Palmyra. For two years, 1872-'73, he was supervisor, and in 1892 was president of the village.

Since 1866 Major Knowles has conducted a banking business under the name of H. P. Knowles & Co.

Sullivan B. Lamoreaux.—"Colonel" Lamoreaux having gone to the West soon after the war has, in person, been somewhat out of the range of the Ninth veterans, but in spirit he is just as enthusiastic as ever. He was born in Rose, N. Y., Feb. 22d, 1842, son of Joel and Elizabeth Lamoreaux. The name surely suggests French origin. During the boyhood of the future major, the family removed to Throopsville, and thence he enlisted in Company F. His military record appears in that of his company and with the field and staff.

Very flattering things are said of Colonel L. by the men who served with him, and they are the best calculated to judge of an officer's merits and demerits. This is what a Company F

man writes: "It seems to me that I can see him as I write; just as he looked at Cold Harbor, at Cedar Creek and at Petersburg. I always kept my eye on him in battle. If I could only see Captain Lamoreaux I was happy." Any man of whom a follower would write the foregoing more than thirty years after the scenes named, must have had the right stuff in him.

Colonel Lamoreaux has lived for a number of years in Cleveland, O., and latterly his business card appears in connection with that of M. A. Hanna, and surely every survivor hopes that such proximity means unlimited prosperity to their old-time comrade, for they remember that the American Warwick has the reputation of having made William McKinley president.

Charles D. Lent.—Beginning his service in Company B as sergeant, he came home as 1st lieutenant, in command of H company. He was born in Sodus, 1832, of New Jersey extraction, and for the most part has resided in the town ever since. He has been farmer, station-agent, produce-dealer, and lastly the landlord of a temperance hotel in Wallington. He has been deputy sheriff, commander of Dwight Post, and a useful member, generally, of the community.

Almanzo W. Litchard.—He is a native of Sparta, Livingston county. Nov. 12, 1841, though his boyhood was spent in Allegany county. Sept. 28, 1861, he enlisted in Company D, 86th New York Infantry. He did his duty under McClellan and Pope, and on account of illness was discharged Jan. 18, 1863.

Again he enrolled himself, this time Sept. 1, 1864, and joined the regiment, Company E, at Winchester, on the 23d day of that month. He was with the regiment all the time till we reached Danville, when he was taken ill, which resulted in his discharge June 20, 1865, a little in advance of that of the most of his fellows.

Comrade Litchard is a farmer in Rushford, Allegany county, and in 1897 was elected to the Assembly, and the compliment was repeated in 1898 by the largest majority ever given a candidate in that district.

Alpheus K. Long.—This veteran was one of those who grew tired of the regiment's long stay in the defenses, and though a very efficient member of Company F and a corporal, he took the examinations for a commission in the colored service, and was successful, receiving his commission as 2d lieutenant Dec. 13, 1863, being assigned to Company H, 7th Infantry. He saw

service with the regiment in Florida, South Carolina and Virginia till Oct. 20, 1864, when he was detailed to serve on the staff of General Ulysses Doubleday of the 2d Brigade, 3d Division, 10th Army Corps. He came out of the service as brevet captain, having received special mention for meritorious service with his regiment in the field. He was in many engagements, and no doubt is willing to testify that the colored troops can and will fight.

After the surrender of Lee, he went with his regiment to Texas, about the time that Maximilian was making himself obnoxious there, and did effective duty till he was mustered out Oct. 13, 1866. He was twice wounded during these arduous years.

For some years resident in Manayunk, Penn., he has latterly been addressed in Pocomoke City, Md.

Archibald Lybolt.—After the regiment released him, Lybolt resumed his studies, and after a course in Union College was graduated from one of New York city's medical schools, and is now an M. D. in the upper part of the island.

Warham Mudge.—Our first chaplain was born May 12, 1822, in Guilford, Chenango county, N. Y., and received his theological instruction in Hamilton Theological Seminary, now Colgate University. He was of excellent New England stock, being the seventh generation from Jarvis Mudge, who came to Boston in 1638.

As a Baptist preacher, he served in Kendall, Tonawanda, Carlton and Palmyra, coming to the latter place in 1855, and here he was when the 138th was raised, and thence he departed to the chaplaincy of the regiment. When the rigors of the campaign had so far impaired his health as to lead to his resignation, he returned to Palmyra, and there remained till 1866, when he went to Wilson, Niagara county. Subsequently he held pastorates in Belfast, Nunda, Olean, Deposit, Georgetown, Boonville, Parma and Richburg, where he died, Dec. 31, 1891. His body was buried in Olean.

The home life and relations of those whom we know are usually interesting, and it is in place to state that the future chaplain was married June 12, 1849, to Miss Sarah Ross of Medina, N. Y., and that to them were born three sons, Seldon J., Charles, and Linus T. The first named, a physician located in Olean, had attained a high place in his profession, but was cut

off seemingly too early by death, April 19, 1899. He was a man meriting and receiving the thorough respect of the entire community. The second son is a bookkeeper in the employ of the great James Pierce Leather Company, with salesrooms in Boston and tannery in Olean. The third son is a lawyer and resides in North Tonawanda, N. Y. The mother survived the death of her husband only one week, dying the 6th of the following January, and was buried by his side in Olean.

From the chaplain in uniform, a familiar figure in camp, to the village clergyman, attending to his regular round of duties, the distance seems long, yet that is just the course followed by the large number of those who wore the shoulder-straps of religious advisers during the war. When the boys were well and hearty, few of them were particularly anxious for his ministrations, but when pain and anguish wrung the brow, then they welcomed him as a bearer of glad tidings. And now as the century nears its end, we lay a wreath of verbal immortelles upon the grave of our chaplain, looking forward to a happy meeting beyond this turbulent world in a land that hath not wars nor even rumors thereof.

Michael McNulty.—Dwelling in Onondaga Hill, N. Y., he was born in Ireland in 1837, and, when ten years old, came to this country, locating in Lafayette, Onondaga county. In 1856 went to his present place of residence, working on a farm summers and attending district school winters. In 1857, '58 and '59 he took an academic course in Fort Plain Seminary, and then returned to the farm, where he has been ever since, save for the interruption of the war.

Leaving his farm and its interests in the care of his brother, he went into the service in 1863, coming home a 2d lieutenant. The lieutenant is another of those who, as farmers, labor at the very foundation of prosperity.

Hiram L. Munn.—A Lyons boy, he went out with Company D as a corporal, was promoted sergeant, and was one of those who fell into rebel hands at Monocacy.

After the war, he followed Horace Greeley's advice and went West. He is in the lumber business with his son in Ames, Iowa.

Eben W. Newberry.—For a great many years Mr. N. has been a resident of Wolcott, but he went to the war from Huron, where he was born, and where he received the beginning of his

education, going thence for a time to Falley Seminary in Fulton, N. Y.

Returning from the war, having been a prisoner after Monocacy for a time, he essayed farming in his native town, afterwards removing to Wolcott and starting a furniture business.

He has been prominent in local politics, figuring conspicuously in the councils of the Republican party. A devoted G. A. R. man, he has held high positions in the Keeslar Post, and has been president of the Wayne County Veteran Association.

Crandall J. North.—Only a lad when the tide of war swept him into Company F, he came out of the strife a corporal, with an excellent reputation for doing his duty and for a manly, upright life.

Feeling it his duty to preach, he prepared for college, and then went down to Middletown, Conn., where in Wesleyan University he pursued a four years' course, graduating in 1877.

Since that date, he has held a foremost place in the ranks of the New York East Conference of the Methodist church. At the end of a five years' stay as presiding elder of the New Haven district, he is now, 1899, enjoying a well-earned rest in a foreign trip, his wife, who was Miss Mary M. Evans of Auburn, accompanying him.

John Oldswager.—A survivor of Company M writes: "He was of German nativity, and by trade was a carpenter and joiner. He won his promotion by good, honest service, and was a young man when the death-shot came. His head was shot away, all except the face, which was spread out flat on the ground. He was buried a short distance from where he fell, under a large locust tree. I was talking with him the night before Cedar Creek, and he said he should not live to go through another battle. He was a good, brave soldier."

Subsequently when the National Cemetery was laid out in Winchester, his body was removed to it, and now lies with those of so many of the Ninth who there

"Under the sod and the dew, await the judgment day."

Francis N. Parish.—Among the enterprising citizens of Churchville, town of Riga, Monroe county, N. Y., is this former member of Company M, and one of the most devoted adherents of its veteran organization, as may be seen by reference to its records.

He moved to the village immediately after coming home from

the war, and, seemingly, he has had to do with its interests ever since. The people made him a trustee of the village at once, and for thirteen years kept him in that office, during eight of which he was president. For five years he was town clerk, and was once elected justice of the peace, though he declined to serve. Since 1893 he has been a notary public.

He is the proprietor of the Cottage Hotel, and if a picture counts for anything, said hotel must be a comfortable place in which to stay. At any rate it will pay all Ninth veterans to look their comrade up when they pass his way.

William I. Parrish.—Every man who recalls the days of his army life will readily picture the manly form of Company M's last captain. His figure, reproduced in bronze, might stand as a type of the ideal American soldier. He was born in Alexander, N. Y., Feb. 18, 1834. He had excellent early advantages in the way of education, and had been a member of Hamilton College.

The war found him tilling ancestral acres, and when the call came to him, he went in as a sergeant in the 22d Independent Battery, later to become M Company of the Ninth. His promotion through the lieutenantancies was deserved and in every way he made an excellent officer.

Coming home from the strife, he became sheriff of Genesee county, serving in this capacity from 1869 to 1872, when he went to Shiloh, Iowa, remaining till 1886, thence removing to Grundy in the same state, which was his home till a short time before his death.

He was married, in 1858, to Miss Sarah Squires of Alexander. Coming back to the old Genesee home in Alexander he died there May 30, 1891. When we who survive the fray lay our tribute of flowers on our comrade's grave each recurring Memorial day, let us remember the man who served with us and whose patriotic spirit returned to God who gave it on this the day sacred to the memories of Rebellion years.

Enos T. Pimm.—The most of the men in Rose who served in the Ninth were in Company H, and Comrade Pimm has long held a foremost place in the township. As the landlord of the principal hotel of the village, he became one of the best-known men in eastern Wayne.

While illness has latterly compelled his withdrawal from some of his former activities, he still has a firm hold on public

affairs. He is and has been for years very active in the local Grand Army Post.

Theodore D. Quick.—Now a citizen of Garland, Penn., a general grocer and provision dealer, was born in Owasco, N. Y., in 1826; with his father went to Ann Arbor, Mich., 1836; in 1839 came back to New York; in 1843 went to Syracuse and learned the cabinet-maker's trade, and in 1855 removed to Nashville, Tenn., and was there when the war broke out. Before the fall of Donelson, he was twice subjected to the draft ordeal, the first time escaping; he was a member of the Rock City Guards, and on the second trial he was drawn, but the confusion incident to the capture of Donelson gave the enemy little time to look after their conscripts.

In 1862 he returned to Syracuse, and there enlisted in Company L, attaining the rank of 2d lieutenant. After the war, he went back to Tennessee and remained till 1874. Taking up his residence in Garland in 1876 he has been there since.

B. Frank Raze.—The projected history of the regiment has had no more enthusiastic supporter than this veteran of Company G, who enlisted in December, 1863, one of the youngest men in the Ninth, though the record puts him at the minimum age. While his home is in Buffalo, for a number of years he has been connected with the office of the comptroller of the state of New York in Albany.

Samuel C. Redgrave.—For several years Lieutenant Redgrave has been the leading hardware dealer in the village of Lyons. He was born in Baltimore April 17, 1836, but early came here with his mother on his father's death, that she might be near her brother, William N. Cole, editor of a Lyons paper. Receiving what the local schools had to give, young Redgrave worked on a farm, and was clerk in stores till the year 1862, when he helped raise Company D, going out as its 2d lieutenant.

After his return from his army service, he entered the employ of Aaron Remsen in the hardware trade, and in 1865 married Miss Malvena Remsen, daughter of his employer. A partnership was formed with Mr. Remsen in 1866, which continued till the latter's death in 1866.

Stephen Reeves.—No man did more faithful service for his whole term than this Marion representative in Company B. Never boastful, he was always ready when there was something to be done.



HON. ALFRED S. ROE.
COMPANY A.

The war found him a farmer, and when the war permitted him to return to peaceful pursuits, he again took up the implements of husbandry. Among those of his company killed at Winchester was Alvin Andrews, one of his nearest friends. Later he took as wife the widow of this comrade slain.

He is one of the men who give character to a community.

Henry J. Rhodes.—One of the men very likely to be seen at every reunion of the Ninth is Captain and Brevet Major Rhodes of Auburn, and it is always a pleasure to receive a grasp of his hand and to hear his cheerful voice.

It is a long time since he won his laurels on Old Virginia soil, but he wears them well; they will never fade.

Lewis B. Rice.—If Comrade Rice had remained in Company B, it is probable that he would have had enough active service, but he tired of fort-building and went off to direct colored troops. He was an ambulance driver when the change came. Beginning as 2d lieutenant, Company K, 1st U. S. C. T., he saw service in eastern Virginia and North Carolina; was promoted to 1st lieutenant, and in the spring of 1865 was discharged.

Staying two years in Sodus, he then removed to Port Huron, Mich., where he has since resided, engaged in the nursery business. No survivor of the Ninth takes any more pains than Comrade Rice to attend the reunions. He was a good soldier, and is just as good a citizen.

Alfred S. Roe.—Born in Rose, N. Y., June 8, 1844, he is the son of the Rev. Austin M. and Polly C. (Seelye) Roe; the father is of a family long resident on Long Island; the mother is of northeastern New York and Connecticut extraction. He was prepared for college at Falley Seminary, Fulton, N. Y., but did not enter college till after the war. He was teaching school in Middleville, Herkimer county, the home of his father, a Methodist minister, when he enlisted.

When the war was over, he came home, and, in September, 1866, entered Wesleyan University in Middletown, Conn., where he was graduated in 1870. From 1870 to '75 he was principal of the Ashland, Mass., High School; from '75 to '80 a teacher in the Worcester High School, and the following ten years was principal.

In 1890 he made a short trip to Europe, and in 1891 was elected to the Massachusetts Legislature, serving in the House the following four years and the Senate the subsequent three.

He has written many pamphlets and books on historical subjects, and frequently speaks on such matters before lyceums, schools, etc. His home since 1875 has been in Worcester, Mass.

Samuel A. Sabin.—The first surgeon of the Ninth was born in Ontario, N. Y., and had the educational opportunities of the town and of Walworth Academy, until he entered the medical department of Michigan University, where he was graduated in 1857. Coming back to York state, he began to practice in Macedon, soon came to Palmyra, and thence went into the army, as all survivors of the regiment well remember.

Late in 1864 he suffered from a very severe attack of typhoid fever, which left him in a sadly weakened condition, so much so that he resigned his commission and resumed his profession in Palmyra, but the stalwart form never regained its old-time vigor, and he fell an easy prey to pneumonia April 3d, 1871, dying in the village of his adoption, and is buried there. His widow resides in Rochester.

William H. Seward, for fifty years the most noteworthy figure in central New York; the father of our lieutenant colonel on leaving for Washington; the man with whom our own regimental name was connected; ever devoted to our interests,—no one will doubt the propriety of entering his name in this list of Personals.

From 1838, when he was first elected governor, defeating the famous William L. Marcy, for more than thirty years no face was better known in the Empire State than that of the Sage of Auburn, the author of the Irrepressible Conflict. That he did not become president of these United States was one of the rulings of fate, where the obviously logical candidate was set aside through the rule of expediency.

Born in Florida, Orange county, May 16, 1801, he was graduated from Union College, Schenectady, in 1820, being one of the boys who received a start in intellectual living under the care of Dr. Eliphalet Nott. Having been admitted to the bar in 1822, he settled in Auburn the following year as a law partner of Elijah Miller, the first judge of Cayuga county, whose daughter, Frances Adaline, he married in 1824. He entered at once on a career in public life, extending to 1869. He was prominent in every public measure, and in the light of subsequent events it seems that he was nearly if not quite always right. His addresses during these vigorous days of his early life are grand tributes to his thought and eloquence.

He was an original Whig, and was the first governor elected by that party. While thus prominent in political measures, his advocacy of educational, liberal and every broad-minded measure marked him the most conspicuous man of his day in the Empire State. The leading features of his life are too well known to be repeated here, but his defense of the negro, Freeman, for the murder of the Van Ness family, while it may have alienated some of his immediate supporters, gave him a reputation far beyond the borders of his native state. While he made many addresses and delivered many eulogies, perhaps nothing from his lips excelled his words before the New York Legislature in 1848 on the death of John Quincy Adams. It is risking very little to state that nothing in the whole range of eloquence is grander than the peroration of that address, wherein he contrasts Napoleon and our Old Man Eloquent. When Seward died, Charles Francis, a son of John Quincy Adams, delivered the address in behalf of New York's most distinguished son, before the Legislature; but though magnificent, it did not reach the pinnacle on which Seward's words rested.

Defeated at the Chicago Convention of 1860, on the success of the Republican party in the following November, he became the leader in Lincoln's administration, remaining to the end of Andrew Johnson's term as secretary of state. After ending the affairs of office, he made a journey around the world, August, 1870, to October, 1871, a most entertaining account of which was afterwards published.

How he felt the assassin's knife in the April tragedy of 1865 every one knows. How thoroughly his family was identified with the prosecution of the war may not be so generally understood. His eldest son, Augustus, a graduate at West Point, served in the Mexican War, and during the Rebellion was a paymaster, receiving the brevet rank of colonel when the war ended. The second son, Frederick, was assistant secretary with his father, and was one of the victims of the conspiracy at the close of the struggle. The third son, William H., Jr., needs no introduction.

Aside from the priceless services connected with the administration during the war, Secretary Seward left a legacy whose value grows more and more evident as the years advance, viz., the purchase of Alaska, one of the steps whose successors shall lead to the uniting of all North America. Had his plan for the

acquisition of the Danish West Indies and Samana Bay also carried, there had been no war with Spain over Cuban affairs.

He died at his old home Oct. 10th, 1872, and his body rests in Auburn's beautiful cemetery by the side of that of his loved wife.

In recognition of the great services rendered to the nation by this great statesman, for many years in Madison square, New York, a heroic statue in sitting posture has claimed and received the admiration of beholders. A generation nearly has swept around it in the whirl of business, and generations to come will pause to speak of the man who, in a manner second to none, laid the impress of his hand upon the affairs of this great people. But to those of central New York there is a figure which they like better, the one which stands hard by his old home, in the city which knew him best, standing near the house which sheltered him and his loved ones, with uplifted hand seemingly saying, as he did say of slavery, "It must be abolished, and you and I must do it." It is this figure that is taken to go along with the many others in this story of men whom he knew and fellowshiped, that our children may know what manner of man he was, whom traitors deemed worthy to suffer with Lincoln.

William H. Seward, Jr., the first lieutenant colonel of the Ninth, was born in Auburn June 18, 1839. While his older brothers were educated, one of them at West Point, the other in Union, our officer had his instruction at the hands of private tutors, under the care and direction of his mother, but the process, sometimes considered enervating, in his case does not seem to have had that effect, for we surely never saw the time when he was not an energetic leader of his men. This course in his education may have been necessitated by early troubles with his eyes.

His career as an officer of the Ninth it is quite unnecessary to rehearse here, but of his life after leaving us much may be said. Commissioned brigadier general for gallantry at Monocacy, it was a strange decree of fate that he should be stationed so near his former command, though not in the same department, being in command of the 1st Brigade, 3d Division, Department of West Virginia. While he took some of his friends from the regiment with him to Martinsburg, it is a fact that so often did duty call our officers and men to that place, he must



BRIG. GEN'L WM. H. SEWARD AND STAFF.

Capt. Hsley. Capt. Watkins. Capt. Knowles. Major Bucl. Lieut. Watson. Capt. Monforth.
General Seward.

have been able to see a soldier from the Ninth any day he chose. His military family included our former quartermaster, H. P. Knowles, and Lieutenant George R. Watson, his brother-in-law.

Though there did not come to General Seward the same kind of service that he had done so well when with his old regiment, he was by no means consigned to a bed of roses. Martinsburg became a great depot of supplies, and guerrillas held him in full survey. It speaks volumes for his affectionate remembrance of his old boys that he asked, through the secretary of war and the adjutant general, that the Ninth might be assigned as a part of his command. This was on the 3d of October, and the request was referred to General Sheridan, but the latter at Winchester had observed some of the fighting qualities of those same lads, and this is his reply:

Woodstock, October 7, 12 M.

General E. D. Townsend,

Assistant Adjutant General.

Your dispatch informing me of the assignment of Brigadier General Seward received. I think that the Ninth New York Artillery had better be kept with the fighting force.

P. H. SHERIDAN,

Major General Commanding.

Hence it was that the Ninth stayed with the "fighting force" and had the glory of Cedar Creek and Appomattox, but General Seward's good intentions demand our gratitude.

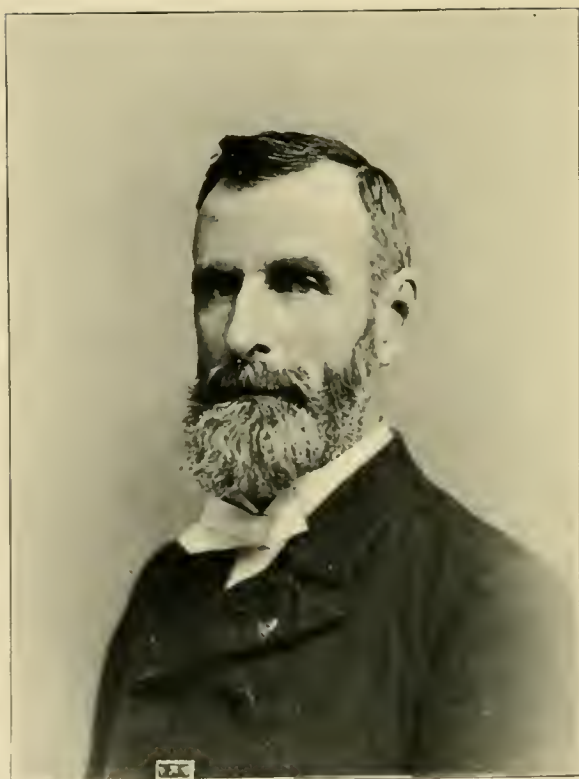
As we know, he resigned his commission early in June, since the war was over, and there was nothing for him to do in the line of peace. He returned to the calling he had entered upon before the war, and began over again the useful life he has continued to lead through the intervening years. Blessed with an abundance of this world's goods, he has taken pleasure in making others happy through its judicious employment. During the winter months, a stranger could not be long in the city of Auburn without being asked by some one, not the general by any means, to visit the Free Reading Rooms opened and maintained by him, not for any particular class nor under vexatious restrictions, but for any and all who choose to use, always provided that they behave themselves when in the rooms. It is hardly likely that such a system can be duplicated in the land. The rooms are large, comfortably furnished, warmed, and well equipped with reading matter adapted to the needs of the average reader.

In addition to the banking-house so long conducted by the general, he is a director of the American Express Company, and was one of the chief promoters of the Southern Central Railroad, now a part of the Lehigh System. He is interested in local history, being one of the founders of the Cayuga County Historical Society, and is also its president. He is president of the City Club, Auburn; vice-president of the Auburn City Hospital and of the Cayuga County Savings Bank. He is a trustee of Wells College at Aurora, and of course wears the bronze button of the G. A. R. with the rosette of the Legion of Honor. Through his descent from Colonel John Seward, his great grandfather, he is a member of the Sons of the Revolution, and in New York city he maintains membership in the Union League and Transportation Clubs.

While always an active member of the Republican party, he has held no political office, wherein it is safe to say that the public has been the loser. In 1884 his friends pressed his candidacy before the convention, but unsuccessfully, for the gubernatorial nomination. Let us think that if he had been nominated he might have succeeded Grover Cleveland. In 1888 he was an elector at large, and presided over the college which cast its vote for Benjamin Harrison.

It is an interesting item for those who think that the sons of well-to-do and noted men seldom have the spirit of self-help themselves that, when eighteen years old, or in 1857, when his honored father was in the very zenith of his power, this the youngest son chose to go to Albany and there to serve for two years in a hardware store, thus acquiring a business training to be had in no other way. Then as private secretary to his father, at that time United States senator, he had an invaluable opportunity to form the acquaintance of prominent men in Washington. Altogether he had a good preparation for the work he did during the war, especially for the mission to Louisiana, in the early winter of 1863, alluded to in the paper prepared by Mrs. Seward.

The home life of a man is an excellent index to his character, and General Seward's marriage in June, 1860, to Miss Janet M. Watson of Auburn has been an extremely happy one. With the first child, Cornelia, or "Nellie," born the day before the regiment left the city, the "boys" feel quite well acquainted, for they dated their letters from her camp for some weeks. As



REV CHARLES L. SHERGUR.
COMPANY F.

Mrs. Frederick L. Allen they might have some difficulty in recognizing her. Then, too, she must have changed some in the intervening generation and more. There is another William H. Seward, Jr., now, a lawyer and banker in Auburn. There is also a younger daughter, Miss Frances Janet.

Retaining the old Seward homestead, where his father so long dispensed free-hearted hospitality, General Seward maintains the traditions of the family and the house, for the same goes back of the governor and secretary, since it is a mansion built by the distinguished lawyer and judge, Elijah Miller.

To the survivors of the regiment, the presence of the general at their gatherings is always a pleasure. His words, though not many, are carefully weighed and are ever listened to with approval. It is said that in manner of speech he much resembles his noted father. Be this as it may, the men of the Ninth remember him for what he is and what he was. That at this time, thirty-four and more years since the end of the war, our colonel is still meeting with us, and likely to do so for years to come, is a blessing for which all are grateful. Every veteran grasps his hand with cordial greetings.

Charles L. Shergur.—The veteran who for a number of years has been chaplain of the Ninth's association of survivors is a Methodist preacher in the Wyoming Conference, and though the rules of his denomination require him to live now here, now there, his place of residence never disturbs for a moment the thoroughness of his devotion to his old army friends.

When he was living down below the Pennsylvania line, he came to the reunions just the same, and we may expect, as long as the association continues and Comrade Shergur can raise a dollar, just so long he will be on hand each recurring year.

Few if any men, among the survivors, have brighter recollections of the days rapidly becoming obscured in the lapse of time. He came into Company F from Lansing, one of the small number that Tompkins county contributed to the regiment. Entering the company as private, he rose steadily till he was mustered out as 1st sergeant; he also enjoys the honor of a brevet 2d lieutenantcy for conspicuous bravery on the field.

His home now is Caton, Steuben county.

Frank A. Sinclair.—Veterans of the Ninth who go near Mottville, Onondaga county, should look in on Captain Sinclair, who has long conducted there a prosperous chair-making business.

He was born in 1834, a son of James Sinclair, who, a native of Paisley, Scotland, 1804, came to this country and died in Skanateles, 1892.

Mr. Sinclair began his business in 1859, and left it during the war interval of 1862-'65, for he went out as a private in Company I and came home the captain of L. On his return, he resumed his business, and by dint of honest work and faithful attention he has built up a reputation second to none. For superior workmanship and quality of goods he possesses numerous medals, diplomas, etc., awarded at many exhibitions.

In politics he is an out-and-out Prohibitionist. He is one of four brothers who went into the service and all came out again.

James W. Snyder.—In all the labor of preparing this volume, nothing has occasioned greater regret than the utter failure to secure direct information from the last commander of the regiment. There is no survivor of the Ninth who has not in his heart the most kindly sentiments for the gallant officer who always led to win success. It mattered not whether it was his first or last fight; he went in like one born to rule. But his "boys" have seen very little of him since war's din was over, and for this their regret is all the greater.

He was born in the town of Wolcott, N. Y., in the Red Creek portion thereof, and there resided till the war sent him to Washington. His career in the army the preceding pages have already told. Coming home in 1865, he remained in his native county for a time and then went, possibly, to Buffalo, where he engaged in the flour and grain business, and for a time was a member of the Board of Aldermen, serving in this capacity when Grover Cleveland was mayor of the city.

He was next heard of in Oklahoma, where he was treasurer of the city of Guthrie. An attack of the "grippe" two years since made sad inroads upon his strength, leaving a legacy of rheumatism, and as the colonel is now turning seventy years of age, he does not recuperate as he did in his younger days.

Irvin Squyer.—Many years have passed since the first captain of Company K went to his eternal home, but many of us love to think of his heroic endurance and the grand record that he made. His educational advantages were those of the district school, and at an early age he began learning the millwright's trade with his father, with whom he labored many years. One of the jobs that they did in workmanlike manner was the put-

ting in of a wheel for the Auburn Woolen Mills, when it was supposed that the mills would have to be shut down, but they did not, for the night enabled the workmen to make all the necessary changes, and the day work went on as usual.

He was working in a mill when the war epidemic overspread the land and infected him and his neighbors. We are told that the Ira infection came from a fervid address made in Hannibal by Colonel D. C. Littlejohn, and we well know how eloquent he could be on occasion. "It seemed as though every one was beside himself that night, each saying to the other, 'I'll go if you will.' About 12 o'clock Sunday night there was a rap at the door, and, when opened, there stood four of our best young men, and one of them said, 'Irvin, if you will go as our captain we will go to the war.' The horses were gotten out, and away they went to the eastern part of the town. Tuesday thirty men started for Auburn, returning Saturday. Sunday night the people of the town presented the captain with a sword and belt, and Monday all went back to Auburn, where in September they were sworn into the service of the United States."

Mrs. Squyer was with her husband for some time in the defenses, having very pleasant experiences in Forts Gaines, Mansfield and others, but when the grand marching orders came she had to return to the North. It was at Cold Harbor that the captain received the wound which laid him off so long. Colonel Seward had sent his orderly for a report, which the captain made upon a piece of paper, not leaving the works; but the man speedily returned saying the colonel wanted a report in person. Captain Squyer rose and started, but had gone only a few steps when he was hit by a sharpshooter, the ball badly wounding the right shoulder. He was carried back on a stretcher and when he reached the commander, he said, "Colonel, I am here for orders."

While his friends advised him to go to the hospital, he determined to go home, and did so, reaching that blest spot wholly unannounced. Let Mrs. S. tell how he was received: "I knew nothing about his coming nor his wound till he stepped on the veranda, looking like a ghost. He had on his fatigue coat, with one sleeve empty. I could not get out of my chair, and when I could speak it was to say only, 'Oh, Irv, where is your arm?' He threw back his coat and said, 'Here it is,' having it in a sling. He was put to bed and kept there for quite a while, and

I dressed his wound three times a day, from then till September, when two large pieces of his flannel shirt were taken out with three pieces of bones."

He started back to the regiment in October, and on his arrival found a major's commission awaiting him, but he was not mustered for several weeks. He was home on leave of absence when Lincoln was assassinated, and, thinking the war practically over, he resigned his commission May 17, 1865. Till his death, April 16, 1879, he continued to reside in Ira. His widow, Mrs. Ellen Squyer, resided for several years in her old home, but latterly has made her home with her daughter in Athens, Greene county, N. Y. The veterans of the Ninth remember with pleasure the interest that Mrs. S. takes in the annual gatherings of the men who were so long associated with her husband. She holds the veteran soldier in the highest esteem.

Alfred E. Stacey.—He is a native of Elbridge, where he now resides. He was born Jan. 20, 1846, and through all his life has been a citizen of this town. Not only has he been a citizen in the ordinary sense of the word, he has been active, energetic, straightforward, and always identified with the town's best interests.

He was one of a family of seven children, all of whom were reared in Elbridge, and all remained in the county except James, who went in 1867 to Missouri. As a school-boy Alfred E. was educated in Munro Collegiate Institute, under the instruction of Prof. T. K. Wright, one of the foremost educators of the country.

Upon quitting school at sixteen years of age, he accepted a clerkship with A. Wood & Sons, general merchants in Elbridge. After a service of two years in that capacity, he resigned, and enlisted as a private in the 9th Heavy Artillery, serving till the close of the war. He was the youngest member of his company, and in point of size probably the smallest, as he then weighed only 106 pounds. Three of his brothers were also his comrades in the Civil War: Anthony in the 19th N. Y. Infantry, afterwards changed to the 3d Light Artillery, after serving his term of enlistment and being honorably discharged, re-enlisted in Battery L. 9th Heavy Artillery, with George, a member of the same company; and James, in the 15th N. Y. Engineers.

Alfred, Anthony and George were with Sheridan at Cedar Creek, and afterwards with General Grant at Petersburg and



HON. ALFRED E. STACEY.
COMPANY L.

Appomattox. As a result of this service at Cedar Creek, Mr. Stacey received two gunshot wounds.

After his discharge from the army in 1865, he returned to Elbridge, and again entered the Munro Collegiate Institute. While Alfred E. Stacey has been active and successful in building up and conducting his business affairs, he has also given much valuable time and service in the interest of public affairs. Every plan that has been on foot for the betterment of the town and county has found him in hearty sympathy with its advancement. As a result of his energy and regard for the best interests of Elbridge, Mr. Stacey has built up the industries of the village not only by increasing those of his own, but by inducing other manufacturers to locate at that place.

In politics Mr. Stacey has always been an earnest, active Republican, always zealous in its interests, and ever faithful to the trusts that the party has imposed upon him. He has been honored at home by having been chosen as president of the village as well as its clerk for several terms. He has also been its postmaster, and was instrumental during his term in introducing the money-order system, and increasing its mail service, thereby more than doubling the receipts of the office. Few state or county conventions have been held in recent years in which he did not represent his town as delegate.

In 1886 he was elected to represent the 2d Onondaga District in the Assembly, and was re-elected in 1887 by a majority of nearly 600 over Hon. W. B. Kirk, after one of the hardest contests on the part of his opponent that was ever waged in the district. During his service as member he was successful in securing the passage of the law which removed the necessity of indigent soldiers or sailors of the Civil War applying to the poormaster for aid, or being confined in the poorhouses of the state. This equitable and just law is still in force in New York state. Mr. Stacey was in the Assembly at the time Frank Hiscock was elected United States senator, and, like Grant's famous "306," he was one of the eleven who stood firm and unwavering till it resulted in his candidate's election. He served upon the Committee on Railroads, and was also chairman of the Committee on Charitable and Religious Societies.

The Anthony Stacey Post, G. A. R., named in honor of his brother, was organized through Mr. Stacey's efforts, and it was through his influence it was located in Elbridge. Mr. Stacey

has taken a deep interest in this organization. He is also a prominent member of the Odd Fellows, in which lodge he has occupied all the chairs; has been its noble grand, and elected to represent the lodge in the state conventions.

Nelson F. Strickland.—Company B's 1st lieutenant, at the muster-in, was a native of Walworth, a son of one of the very first settlers, born Nov. 14, 1815. In 1840 he moved to Adrian, Mich., where for six years he was foreman in an iron-foundry. Next he was on a farm in Adrian for three years; coming back to Wayne county in 1853, he built a saw-mill in Lincoln, town of Walworth, which he ran till 1857, when he returned to the home farm, and was on that till 1862.

In 1865 he was instrumental in getting a post office at Lincoln, and was made the first postmaster. He held this office till 1872, when he again went back to the old farm where he was born and where he died April 29, 1885.

In 1840, October 21, he was married to Miss Lodema Sherman of East Palmyra, N. Y. He was a member of the Baptist Church, and in 1879 was superintendent of the Lincoln Free Baptist Sunday-school.

Philip Sturge.—Lieutenant Sturge, long resident in Weedsport, N. Y., writes that, by the order of Major Snyder, commanding, he was made adjutant Oct. 14, 1864; but served as such only a few days, since he was severely wounded on the 19th day of October at Cedar Creek. He thus alludes to the seemingly fatal wound received as above: "The ball entered in front of the left ear, passed under and out between the large cords in the back of the neck. The later-day explanation of this is that a Johnnie Reb gave it to me in the neck."

George W. Swift.—Now a clergyman, he is able to say that during his enlistment he was never sick a day nor absent from service once. Enlisting as private, he held non-commissioned rank, and then was commissioned 2d and 1st lieutenant, for some time commanding his company.

After the war, he continued his militant services, though not with carnal weapons, since he is and has been for several years pastor of the Baptist Church in Stockton, Cal.

Though very far removed from his former haunts, he retains all his old-time interest in the Ninth.

Edward P. Taft.—The first major of the regiment was born in Lyons Sept. 10, 1832, the son of Newell and Jane (Sterrett)

Taft. The father was an early settler of Lyons, coming thither from Goshen, Mass., in 1816, and soon established an iron-foundry, the first in the county and one of the most successful in the state. Possessed of great bodily vigor, he was a business man for more than forty years, dying in 1874, having survived his son. That he was of good New England lineage is evident in the name that he gave this son, for Edward Payson, the Portland (Maine) divine has had as many boys among Congregationalists and Presbyterians named after him as John Wesley ever had among the Methodists.

Possibly the father intended that his preacher-named son should himself be a minister, since he sent him to the Mills School in South Williamstown and at Easthampton, Mass., to be prepared for college. He entered Williams College in 1851, having as classmates many men subsequently to achieve distinction, among them John J. Ingalls, to be, at a later date, U. S. senator from Kansas, and James A. Garfield was in the class immediately following. Ill health, however, compelled him to leave college in 1853, but Williams, in recognition of his services for the nation, later conferred upon him, in course, the degree that he would have had could he have stayed to the end.

He entered business with his father and so continued till September, 1862, when he threw himself into the plan of raising a new regiment in the district. His zeal and success in this enterprise secured for him the position of major, and as such he went with the regiment to the Capital. In the sequence of events, he succeeded Lieutenant Colonel Seward in his rank, and later was promoted to the colonelcy of the Ninth, though he did no more active service with the regiment. In all that makes the soldier, Colonel Taft excelled, and no one was earlier than he upon the breastworks at Cold Harbor, cheering his men to their deadly work. He was with us through the tedious marching to Petersburg and on the excursion to Monocacy, where, on the afternoon of the 9th of July, he rode his horse into the thickest of the fray, and in the performance of duty was wounded, so that he not only lost his leg, but his health was permanently shattered.

At first borne to the hospital in Frederick, he suffered amputation of the wounded leg, but illness resulting from the same he was never able to return to the regiment; instead he served in New York as a member of several courts-martial. Follow-

ing his discharge from the service in 1865 he was appointed U. S. consul at San Juan del Sur, the Pacific seaport of the city of Nicaragua, but fever incident to the climate soon seized his already weakened body, and he was obliged to return, and in his old home, Lyons, he died Jan. 30, 1867, still a young man. His body rests in the beautiful cemetery of that village.

Colonel Taft was married Oct. 8, 1856, to Miss Josephine L. Avery of Waterville, N. Y., who with a son and two daughters survived him. Mrs. Taft afterwards became Mrs. Medbury of Ballston Spa, N. Y., where she now resides.

Our colonel did not survive the war long enough to have time work in his face and figure the changes so noticeable among his associates and followers who are alive to-day. He went to his grave with all the indication of young manhood that we must ever associate with the major and lieutenant colonel whom we saw on parade, with whom we marched, and whose place in the battle-line we vividly recall. With unblanched hair, his body has been sleeping in Lyons burial-ground, though the leg shattered in battle, years before with other and kindred clay, was resolved into its elements, near the field where the wound was received, which won for him in the college records the words, "*Pro patria mortuus est,*" or, "He died for country."

Frank Tallman.—In the slip of a boy who came down to the defenses in the spring of 1864, no one would have thought there was the future tireless statistician and painstaking secretary of the regiment in the coming years, but such was the case.

He was born in Scipio a couple of years later than his enlistment-paper would indicate, and though he was not large, when the rebels gobbled him at Monocacy, he was smaller still when he saw York state again after a winter's stay with the Johnnies. Looking on his solid figure to-day it requires a stretch of imagination as well as confidence in Frank's word to realize that he was sent home weighing only seventy-eight pounds. Danville was not a good boarding-place.

For many years he labored at the paper-hanger's trade in Auburn, but ill health has prevented his doing much in that way recently. If, however, any one wishes an answer to a question concerning the Ninth, just drop Tallman a line.

Abram H. Vanderbilt.—Arcadia, whose chief village is Newark, was not one of the towns contributing largely to the Ninth, but some good men live there, and among them is Comrade

Vanderbilt, who is one of the regulars at reunions, and is the president of the association in this current year, and his village is to entertain the gathering.

The enterprise of the town is proverbial, and the very best of meetings is expected.

Charles S. Warn.—Few regiments furnished more officers for colored regiments than the Ninth, and one of the men thus placed was Comrade Warn, who had been advanced from private to 1st sergeant of Company D. He was a Newark boy, one of the farmers' lads that Wayne county furnished in such abundance, born there March 18, 1843.

Jan. 29, 1865, he was ordered to report to the headquarters of the 13th U. S. Colored Troops in Smithland, Ky.; served with the same till the following November, when the regiment was mustered out. He was offered a similar place in a regular regiment then raising, but declined. He was recognized as an excellent drill-master in both infantry and heavy artillery, and an expert marksman.

With the exception of seven years spent in Port Huron, he has lived in Capac, St. Clair county, Mich., of which he has been county clerk for six years.

George R. Watson.—Lieutenant Watson was twenty-two years old when he was mustered in as 1st lieutenant in 1864. The most of his service was upon the staff of General Seward. He resigned in June, 1865. Soon after the war he went to Detroit, engaging there in the hardware business. Afterwards he became the agent for the "Brush Estate Heirs" of that city, discharging successfully his duties till failing health compelled his return to Auburn, where, in his mother's house, he died Oct. 26, 1891.

Joseph Welling.—The first colonel of the regiment was a resident of Lyons at the time of organization, actively engaged in the practice of law. It is extremely unfortunate that more specific data are not at hand concerning his early life, but diligent search in several directions has been absolutely bootless. Seemingly, those who might were unwilling to impart information, and those whose dispositions were good had nothing to give.

In an obituary notice appearing in a Lyons paper near the date of his death, it is stated that he came to Lyons from Clyde in the early fifties, and immediately became prominent in his

profession. He was one of the prime movers in the resuscitation of Humanity Lodge of Free Masons, and was its first secretary. Later for eight terms he was the master. As stated in the earlier pages of this volume, he had a very prominent part in the formation of the 138th, and was always a popular officer with the men. His age and long experience with men gave him an excellent presence, and it would seem that the active campaign of his regiment ought to have resulted in fame for the colonel.

As we know he accompanied the regiment only to Belle Plain, and some recall seeing him and the lieutenant colonel going down to the boat which bore them to Washington. It was our last view of the graceful, pleasing officer, at least in regimentals. He returned to Lyons and to the practice of his profession, and very likely his leadership of the Wayne county bar was never seriously disputed. Later he went to Rochester, or at any rate opened an office there, and for a number of years was as successful as he had been in his Lyons practice.

As age crept upon him he felt its weight, and giving up his practice both in Rochester and Lyons, he retired completely from his old associations, spending the later years of his life in Delaware, dying finally March 19, 1897, in a Philadelphia hospital. His age was given as seventy-six years, which would practically agree with that stated in the muster-in roll of 1862, where he was down as forty years old.

Colonel Welling was an exceedingly well read man, and possessed a large and carefully studied library. As a member of the social circle, few men were more popular. He had a boundless source of wit and anecdote, making him the life of the place in which he might find himself. His wife and daughter who accompanied him to the camp near Fort Simmons won the thorough respect of all. The latter, now Mrs. Lane, resides with her widowed mother in Lyons.

Sidney J. Westfall.—Though he left an arm at Cedar Creek, Comrade Westfall has made an exceedingly good county clerk for old Cayuga, besides serving as loan commissioner for the county and water commissioner for the city of Auburn.

Hiland H. Wheeler.—Lieutenant Wheeler began this life in New York city June 26, 1845, though a considerable part of his boyhood was spent in Butler, to which place his ancestors had come early in the century, and of which his father, the late



BRV'T LT. COLONEL A. S. WOOD,
Commander N. Y. Dept. G. A. R., 1898-1899.

H. H. Wheeler, was long an honored citizen. He had entered Amherst College before his enlistment in Company A, and when the war was over, he came back and finished the course in the class of 1868. Afterwards he taught school in Vermont and Massachusetts, was in Columbia Law School for a time, and studied law with Gov. P. T. Washburn and Judge James Barrett at Woodstock, Vt. Again he taught school, was in business, was clerk in Superior Court, Chicago, and settled in Lincoln, Neb., 1876.

There he has been assistant attorney general; department reporter; clerk of Supreme Court, and state librarian. He was assistant to the attorney general and had charge of the Land Department of Idaho in 1890-'93. He is the author of the Compiled Statutes of Nebraska, 1881 to 1899. He has seen a deal of variety in life, but, apparently, is only a little older grown from the very young man who was by the writer's side at Monocacy.

In 1885 he was married to Miss Grace, daughter of Chief Justice O. P. Mason, and is the proud father of two sons and a daughter.

John W. Whitbeck.—Every one in Company A remembers the Whitbeck boys. After the war, George wandered across the sea and became a soldier in the British army. Dr. John W. is a prosperous dentist in Watkins, N. Y., looking almost as youthful as in the days of Virginia tramping. Evidently life does not wear upon him as it does on some of his old associates.

Anson S. Wood.—"Colonel" Wood, one of the best known figures in the county if not in the state, was born in Camillus, Onondaga county, Oct. 2, 1834. His father, Alvin, was of English descent, while the family of his mother, Fanny Woodworth, was from New England. In the childhood of Colonel Wood, the family removed to Butler, in whose schools and in the Red Creek Academy his early education was had.

He began the study of law in Syracuse in 1853; later he was in the offices of C. D. Lawton and Judge L. S. Ketchum of Clyde. During his law studies he taught school one winter, and in the fall of 1855 he attended the Albany Law School; in December of the same year he was admitted to the bar. Residing in South Butler, he was elected, early in 1856, town superintendent of schools. In July of that year he removed to Lyons, where he formed a law partnership with the Hon. William

Clark, with whom and the Hon. DeWitt Parshall he practiced law till September, 1862, also serving as town clerk in 1858 and '59.

When the 138th Regiment was projected, he was one of the early volunteers and was commissioned 1st lieutenant of Company D. Later he served as adjutant, and in May, 1863, he was promoted to the captaincy of Company M, and was on detached service in Elmira in connection with the draft rendezvous there: for a time he was assistant adjutant general of the post. In May, 1864, at his own request, he was returned to his command and was with the regiment throughout the campaign upon which it was then about entering.

In October he served on the staff of General J. B. Ricketts, commanding the 3d Division, 6th Corps, and after the general's severe wounding at Cedar Creek, Captain Wood continued on the staff of General Truman Seymour as judge advocate, Seymour having succeeded Ricketts. Promoted major, he returned to the regiment and partook of its vicissitudes till after the surrender. Then considering the war over, he resigned his commission in May, 1865, with the brevet rank of lieutenant colonel.

Having purchased a farm in Butler, he immediately became prominent in local affairs, and in 1866 served the township as supervisor; the following year he was assistant assessor of internal revenue, and continued to hold the position till the fall of '69, when he resigned to accept the nomination for Assemblyman in one of the Wayne county districts. He was elected, and the following year he was sent again. In the mean time he had resumed the practice of law, locating in the village of Wolcott.

In January, 1872, G. Hilton Scribner, secretary of state in Albany, made Colonel Wood his assistant or deputy, and he continued to hold this place for two years. Then with General Joseph B. Carr, he served in the same capacity six years from 1879. In 1883 he was one of the secretaries of the Republican State Committee. In 1885 he was unanimously nominated secretary of state, but with all the names on the Republican ticket was defeated.

Then followed a single year in Albany, after which he resumed his law practice in Wolcott, having his residence on Wood's Island in Port Bay. At present he is associated in his profession with the Hon. George S. Horton. At all times Colonel Wood has been a prominent man in local affairs. He has

been justice of the peace, trustee of the Wolcott Union School, president of the village and supervisor of Huron. He has many times been a delegate to Republican state conventions, and as a speaker in political campaigns he has few rivals in popularity. His old comrades-in-arms believe that the future has yet many honors in store for him.

He was a prime mover in the formation of the G. A. R. Post in Wolcott, of which he has repeatedly been commander, and he has been a member of the New York Department staff. In 1898 he received the honor of election to the command of the department, and for the ensuing year went up and down the Empire State looking after the interests of this great organization, reflecting credit upon himself and the regiment that had supported him so loyally. For a number of years he has been at the head of the Wayne County Veteran Association, which holds an annual meeting in the month of August at Bonnicastle on the eastern side of Great Sodus bay, and he has succeeded in giving to the same a reputation which goes far beyond the confines of the county. His extensive acquaintance throughout the state has enabled him to present a large array of talent from year to year, which the dwellers in this lakeside county thoroughly appreciate.

William Wood.—“Major” Wood, as he is best known in regimental circles, was born in that part of the town of Butler where the people go to Westbury for post office favors. His father was Horatio N. Wood, long one of the most prominent and respected farmers in the town. He sent the future major, who was born Aug. 1, 1830, to Union College at Schenectady, where he was graduated in 1856 along with the famous writer, Fitz Hugh Ludlow, the late Maine Congressman Seth L. Milliken, and many others who in the intervening years have achieved distinction.

The next year he was graduated from the Albany Law School, and for two years practiced law with the Hon. Jacob E. Decker, who in 1858, '59 and '60 was district attorney. But the generations of soil-tillers behind him drew the lawyer back to the paternal acres, and there the war found him. No man was more efficient in the raising of Company G, and he was naturally its first captain, a position that he worthily filled till he was called to a higher grade. As major, commanding one of the battalions of the Ninth, he was ever conspicuous for his attention

to duty and for meritorious services. He came home with a brevet lieutenant colonelcy; indeed Governor Fenton, Dec. 27, 1864, commissioned him as lieutenant colonel, but he was never mustered.

Since those troublous times he has dwelt quietly on the farm, always finding time to attend the regular Ninth rennions and to rear his family of five children. In 1886 his fellow citizens thought so well of him that they sent him to Albany to represent eastern Wayne in the Assembly.

To-day, in a green old age he looks back over times of peril and forward to a happy reunion with the many who have preceded him to fame's eternal camping ground. For ages, history has sung the praises of Cincinnatus; America's story has that worthy multiplied by thousands, and in that proud number we include the name of our Butler farmer and lieutenant colonel.

“It is an old belief,
That on some solemn shore
Beyond the sphere of grief,
Dear friends shall meet once more.

“Beyond the sphere of time
And sin and fate's control,
Serene in changeless prime
Of body and of soul.

“That creed I fain would keep;
That faith I'll not forego.
Eternal be the sleep,
If not to waken so.”

CHAPTER XXX.

ROSTER OF THE NINTH NEW YORK HEAVY ARTILLERY.

The basis of the data given is the material, preserved in the office of the adjutant general in Albany, described as transcripts of rolls now in the custody of the War Department, Washington. To insure accuracy, every name should have been compared with the latter collection, but this privilege, though earnestly sought, was unqualifiedly denied. Each company roll, however, has been submitted to the inspection of one or more members of the same; in this way numerous corrections have been made; notwithstanding this, they must still abound in errors. The sole comment in sending out the compilation is that under the circumstances it is the very best possible.

In the record of transferrals to the 2d N. Y. H. A. it is thought unnecessary to name the company to which transferral is made, it being remembered that Company I of the 2d was made up of men from I, B and C of the Ninth; K of those of K, F, E and H; L took the "left overs" of L, A and G, in part, while M had M, D and the remainder of G.

The original 138th N. Y. Infantry, with the exception of Company B and the field and staff, was mustered into the U. S. service Sept. 8, 1862. The exceptions, as above, were mustered in September 9.

In taking data for officers, read the date following promotion as that of Muster-in; the next, or that of rank, explains itself.

For privates and non-commissioned officers the name is followed by age; next date of enlistment and town to which enlistment is ascribed; then date of Muster-in and period if for less than three years (unless otherwise stated the soldier is mustered in as private); next, any incident in service, as wounded, taken prisoner, or promotion; finally date and manner of leaving service, thus:

Doe, John, age 20; enlisted Aug. 22, '62, Galen; mustered in Sept. 8, Corp.; wd. June 1, '64, Cold Harbor; mustered out July 6, '65.

To economize space, abbreviations are used as much as possible. Observance of the following list will facilitate the reading of the rolls: Corp. = Corporal; Sergt. = Sergeant; d. = died; dis. = discharged; k. = killed; wd. = wounded; hosp. = hospital; M. O. = mustered out; trans. = transferred; Vet. or V. R. C. = Veteran Reserve Corps; H. A. = Heavy Artillery.

FIELD AND STAFF.

COLONELS.

- Joseph Welling, 40; Aug. 27, '62, Lyons; Sept. 9; rank from Aug. 27; dis. May 21, '64.
- William H. Seward, Jr., from Lieut. Colonel, May 22, '64; wd. Monocacy, July 9, '64; promoted Brigadier General Sept. 13, '64.
- Edward P. Taft, from Lieut. Colonel, Sept. 15, '64; M. O., July 6, '65.
- James W. Snyder, from Lieut. Colonel, Dec. 27, '64; not mustered.

LIEUTENANT COLONELS.

- William H. Seward, Jr., 24; Aug. 22, '62, Auburn; Sept. 9; rank from Aug. 22; promoted Colonel.
- Edward P. Taft, from Major, May 22, '64; wd. Monocacy, July 9, '64; promoted Colonel.
- James W. Snyder, from Major, Sept. 15, '64; M. O., July 6, '65, Brevet Colonel, U. S. Vols.
- William Wood, from Major, Dec. 27, '64; not mustered.

MAJORS.

- Edward P. Taft, 30; Aug. 24, '62, Lyons; Sept. 9; rank from Aug. 24; promoted Lieut. Colonel.
- James W. Snyder, from Captain, Co. A, Jan. 18, '63; rank from Dec. 30, '62; promoted Lieut. Colonel.
- William R. Wasson, from Adjutant, Dec. 30, '62; dis. June 12, '63.
- Charles Burgess, from Captain, Co. F, March 9, '64; rank from Jan. 8; dismissed Jan. 16, '65.
- Truman Gregory, from Captain, Co. B, June 10, '64; rank from May 21; not mustered; d. June 23 from wounds received at Cold Harbor.
- William Wood, from Captain, Co. G, Sept. 28, '64; rank from June 28; wd. Sailor's Creek April 6, '65; M. O., July 6, '65, Brevet Lieut. Colonel, U. S. Vols.
- Irvin Squyer, from Captain, Co. K, Dec. 15, '64; rank from Sept. 15; dis. May 17, '65.
- Auson S. Wood, from Captain, Co. M, Feb. 9, '65; rank from Nov. 28, '64; dis. May 16, '65, Brevet Lieut. Colonel U. S. Vols.
- Sullivan B. Lamoreaux, from Captain, Co. F, Feb. 28, '65; rank from Feb. 3; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.; M. O., Sept. 29, '65, Brevet Lieut. Colonel, U. S. Vols.



WILLIAM H. SEWARD, JR.,
Brigadier General, Sept. 13, 1864.

ADJUTANTS.

- William R. Wasson, 23; Sept. 3, '62, Auburn; Sept. 9; rank from Sept. 3; promoted Major.
- Anson S. Wood, from 1st Lieut., Co. D, acting from Dec. 25, '62, to March 14, '63; Adjutant to June 5, '63.
- William DeW. Pringle, served as Adjutant for some time, but Albany gives no data.
- William I. Parrish, also acted in the same capacity in the fall of 1864.
- Philip Sturge was acting Adjutant when wounded at Cedar Creek.
- Guy A. Brown was acting Adjutant later, and was succeeded by Vincent A. Kenyon, from Co. E, acting Adjutant, Feb. 3-25, '65; also April 2-May 19, '65; appointed Adjutant in June, '65, and M. O. as Adjutant with the regiment.

QUARTERMASTERS.

- Henry P. Knowles, 33; Aug. 19, '62, Lyons; Sept. 9; rank from Aug. 19; promoted Commissary of Subsistence, U. S. Vols., Sept. 20, '64.
- Lyman C. Comstock, from Co. C; it is possible that Lieut. Comstock filled the interval between Knowles and Barton as acting Quartermaster, but the Albany record has nothing to show for it.
- Lewis Barton, from Co. D, Feb. 18, '65; rank from Feb. 3; M. O., July 6, '65.

SURGEONS.

- Samuel A. Sabin, 31; Aug. 23, '62, Palmyra; Sept. 9; rank from Aug. 23; dis. Jan. 11, '65.
- Dwight S. Chamberlain, from Assistant Surgeon, Jan. 20, '65; M. O., July 6, '65.

ASSISTANT SURGEONS.

- Byron DeWitt, 35; Aug. 28, '62, Auburn; Sept. 9; rank from Aug. 28, '62; dis. Aug. 19, '63.
- Dwight S. Chamberlain, 26; Nov. 22, '62, Lyons; rank from Nov. 5; promoted Surgeon.
- Byron L. Flower, 24; Sept. 19, '63, Washington; rank from Sept. 3; d. at Fort Simmons Oct. 24, '63.
- John W. Brandt, 40; Nov. 12, '63, Ontario; dis. Dec. 15, '64.
- Otto Schultze, 29; April 5, '65, in the field; rank from March 16; M. O., July 6, '65.

CHAPLAINS.

- Warham Mudge, 40; Sept. 9, '62, Palmyra; Sept. 9; dis. Sept. 26, '64.

Stephen T. Devoe, from 1st Sergt., Co. G, Dec. 17, '64; rank from Nov. 17; M. O., July 6, '65.

NON-COMMISSIONED STAFF.

SERGEANT-MAJORS.

Lyman C. Comstock, 24; Aug. 17, '62, Fleming; promoted 2d Lieut., Co. C.

Charles W. Hough, from Sergt., Co. E, March 30, '63; promoted 2d Lieut., Co. B.

Guy A. Brown, from Sergt., Co. M; no dates accessible; promoted 1st Lieut., Co. M.

John E. Dean, from Co. I, Dec. 15, '64; M. O., July 6, '65.

QUARTERMASTER-SERGEANTS.

James H. Ellis, from Co. D, Sept. 8, '62; promoted 2d Lieut., Co. E.

Edward Sincerbeaux, from Co. F, April 20, '64; returned to company May 29, '65.

Lewis Smith, from Co. G, May 30, '65; M. O., July 6, '65.

COMMISSARY-SERGEANTS.

John W. Rice, 23; Aug. 26, '62, Lyons; Sept. 9; promoted 2d Lieut., Co. A.

Josiah T. Crittenden, from Sergt., Co. M, no date; promoted 2d Lieut., Co. B.

William L. Jaquett, from Sergt., Co. E, Feb. 1, '65; M. O., July 6, '65.

HOSPITAL-STEWARDS.

John F. Failing, 22; Aug. 16, '62, Arcadia; Sept. 8; M. O., July 6, '65.

Walter G. Duckett, from Co. K; served with 2d Battalion at Fort Foote; dis. Aug. 10, '64, to be Hospital-Steward, U. S. A.

CHIEF BUGLER.

James Bivins, from Co. K, Sept. 8, '62; M. O., July 6, '65.

CHIEF MUSICIAN.

Jacob Sager, from Co. H, Sept. 8; M. O., July 6, '65.



COMPANY A.

Capt. J. H. Hyde.

Capt. G. W. Brinkerhoff.

Capt. J. W. Snyder, later Major, Lt. Colonel and Colonel.

*Egbert H. Cady. 2nd Lieut. T. S. Harvey. H. H. Wheeler, Jr.

*Killed at Cold Harbor. The first member of the regiment to fall in battle.

COMPANY A.

This company owed its origin largely to the force and energy of its first captain, James W. Snyder, ably supported by Lieutenants Hyde and Campbell. August 6th, 1862, a large meeting of citizens was held in front of the Red Creek Hotel, presided over by Abel Lyon, and the Hon. T. M. Pomeroy of Auburn spoke to nearly 2000 people. He was followed by the future captain and later commander of the regiment, who made an impassioned address. Nearly half the company was raised there and then. Over \$5,000 was subscribed to help on the bounty fund, the ladies contributing liberally. The majority of the men came from that part of the town of Wolcott known as Red Creek. Almost all the others came from Huron and Butler, to which towns Lieutenants Hyde and Campbell, respectively, belonged. Before the company left for the seat of war, admiring fellow citizens gave to Captain Snyder a beautiful sword in testimony of their regard and appreciation.

CAPTAINS.

- James W. Snyder, 32; Wolcott, Sept. 8, '62; date of rank, Aug. 9; promoted Major.
 James H. Hyde, from 1st Lieut., Dec. 30, '62; wounded at Cedar Creek; discharged Dec. 27, 1864.
 George W. Brinkerhoff, from 1st Lieut., Dec. 27, '64; M. O., July 6, 1865; Brev. Major, U. S. Vols.

FIRST LIEUTENANTS.

- James H. Hyde, 34; Huron, Sept. 8, '62; date of rank, Aug. 9; promoted Captain.
 Rufus M. Campbell, from 2d Lieut., Dec. 30, '62; discharged Oct. 4, 1864; wounded at Cold Harbor.
 George W. Brinkerhoff, from 2d Lieut., Oct. 25, '64; promoted Captain.
 John W. Rice, from field and staff, April 15, '64; M. O., July 6, 1865.
 Benjamin F. Barnes, from Co. E, Dec. 27, '64; M. O., July 6, '65.

SECOND LIEUTENANTS.

- Rufus M. Campbell, 37; Savannah, Sept. 8, '62; date of rank, Aug. 9; promoted 1st Lieut.
 Jakeway R. Hoff, from 1st Sergt., Dec. 30, '62; promoted 1st Lieut., Co. E.
 George W. Brinkerhoff, from Sergt., Mar. 1, '64; wounded at Cold Harbor; promoted 1st Lieut.
 Edwin Nash, from Sergt.; not mustered, commission not arriving till after his capture at Cold Harbor; date of rank, April 4, 1864.

- Benson Conklin, from Sergt., Mar. 17, '64; discharged Dec. 28, 1864.
 William J. Hitchcock, 27; enrolled May 12, '65, in Va. from 16th N. Y. H. A.; date of rank, Sept. 12, '64; trans. to 2d N. Y. H. A.
 Henry C. Stern, from Co. G, Dec. 16, '64; discharged Mar. 30, 1865.
 Truman S. Harvey, from 1st Sergt., Feb. 28, '65; resigned June 14, 1865.
 John C. Elmandorf, from 1st Sergt., Feb. 3, '65; M. O., July 6, 1865.

NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS AND PRIVATES.

- Abrams, William H., 24; Aug. 2, '62, Wolcott; Sept. 8; died Jan. 2, 1863, hospital, Washington.
 Ackerman, Josiah, 36; July 28, '62, Wolcott; Sept. 8; Corp. April 17, '65; M. O., July 6, 1865.
 Ackerson, John, 28; April 28, '63, Wolcott; May 6; wounded at Cold Harbor; dis. Mar. 18, 1865, hospital, Alexandria, Va.
 Allen, George W., 18; Feb. 15, '64, Onondaga; Feb. 15; trans. June 27, 1865, 2d N. Y. H. A.
 Armstrong, Thomas J., 42; Dec. 31, '63, Butler; Jan. 4, '64; wd. Cold Harbor; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
 Arne, Fitch M., 18; Sept. 5, '64, Wolcott, 1 year; Sept. 15; M. O., July 6, 1865.
 Arne, Hamilton M., 44; Dec. 21, '63, Wolcott; Dec. 21; dis. June 19, 1865, hospital, Rochester, N. Y.
 Arne, William, 18; Aug. 4, '62, Wolcott; Sept. 8; Corp., Mar. 1, '65; wd. Cold Harbor June 1, '64; M. O., July 6, '65.
 Atwater, Julius, 39; Jan. 4, '64, Genoa; Jan. 5; prisoner, Monocacy, July 9, '64; died Oct. 1, '64, Parole Camp hospital, Annapolis, Md.
 Ayler, Jacob, 24; Aug. 29, '64, Angelica; Sept. 6, 1 year; wd. Cedar Creek Oct. 19, '64; M. O., July 6, 1865.
 Bachman, Augustus, 18; Dec. 30, '63, Venice; Dec. 30; prisoner, Monocacy, July 9, '64; died Oct. 19, Richmond, Va.
 Backman, Renhen, 19; Aug. 12, '64, Fayette; Aug. 12, 1 year; M. O., July 6, 1865.
 Baldwin, Orrison, 27; Sept. 3, '64, Albany, 1 year; Sept. 6; no M. O.
 Ball, Ambrose, 32; Sept. 12, '64, Springtown; 1 year; M. O., July 6, 1865.
 Bancroft, Albert W., 26; Aug. 6, '62, Wolcott; Sept. 8; dis. June 5, 1865.
 Bancroft, Samuel E., 18; Aug. 2, '62, Huron; Sept. 8; M. O., July 6, 1865.
 Barber, George D., 21; July 21, '62, Wolcott; Sept. 8 Corp.; dis. Jan. 20, 1863, on account of accidental wound received in camp.

- Barber, William, 23; Aug. 2, '62, Wolcott; Sept. 8; deserted Aug. 23, 1864.
- Barnes, James, 23; May 14, '63, Palmyra; June 4; k. Cedar Creek Oct. 19, 1864.
- Barnett, Harrison, 21; July 2, '63, Wolcott; July 13; Corp., April 17, '65; M. O., July 6, 1865.
- Barton, Danforth W., 28; Aug. 6, '63, Huron; Sept. 8; Corp., April 25, '63; Sergt., Jan. 1, '65; prisoner, Monocacy, July 9, '64; M. O., July 6, 1865.
- Barton, John S., 22; Sept. 16, '64, Ridgeway, 1 year; Sept. 16; k. Cedar Creek Oct. 19, 1864.
- Barton, John W., 35; Aug. 2, '62, Victory; Sept. 8; d. Feb. 23, 1863, Fort Reno, D. C.
- Barton, Thomas J., 22; Aug. 5, '62, Huron; Sept. 8; prisoner, Monocacy, July 9, '64; M. O., July 6, 1865.
- Barton, William H., 32; Aug. 2, '62, Wolcott; Sept. 8; M. O., July 6, 1865.
- Bates, William E., 25; Dec. 30, '63, Niles; Jan. 4, '64; dis. May 13, 1865, hospital, Baltimore.
- Beadle, Joseph O., 21; Dec. 25, '63, Savannah; Dec. 29; no M. O.
- Becker, James G., 18; Sept. 3, '64, Groton; Sept. 3, 1 year; M. O., July 6, 1865.
- Becker, Jeremiah, 31; Sept. 1, '64, 1 year; Sept. 3; M. O., July 6, 1865.
- Beebe, Barney, 18; Aug. 1, '62, Butler; Sept. 8; M. O., July 6, 1865.
- Bell, Myron A., 21; Dec. 16, '63, Galen; Dec. 29; no M. O.
- Bickley, John, 40; Aug. 30, '64, Conquest; Aug. 30, 1 year; wd. Cedar Creek Oct. 19, '64; M. O., July 6, 1865.
- Biddlecome, Benjamin H., 36; Dec. 22, '63, Oswego; Dec. 22; deserted Sept. 21, 1864.
- Bigelow, Nicholas V., 18; Aug. 2, '62, Wolcott; Sept. 8; M. O., July 6, 1862.
- Billings, John, 40; Dec. 31, '63, Sodus; Jan. 4, '64; wd. Winchester Sept. 19 and Cedar Creek, Oct. 19, '64; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.; absent at time through wounds.
- Black, James, 36; Sept. 3, '63, Galen; Sept. 22; deserted June 5, 1864.
- Black, Nathaniel, 23; Dec. 21, '63, Palmyra; Dec. 21; Corp., Sept. 1, '64; trans. June 27, 1865, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Blakeley, Charles A., 24; Aug. 7, '62, Huron; Sept. 8; dis. Feb. 9, 1863, Washington.
- Blakeley, John R., 21; Aug. 2, '62, Wolcott; Sept. 8, Musician; k. Cold Harbor June 1, 1864.
- Blanchard, Charles W., 26; Dec. 18, Wolcott; Dec. 31; dis. May 26, 1865.
- Blanchard, George W., 28; Dec. 29, Huron; Jan. 2, '64; trans. June 27, 1865, 2d N. Y. H. A.; Corp., Sept. 1, '65.
- Blankman, Henry, 35; Jan. 4, '64, Syracuse; Jan. 4; deserted Sept. 12, 1864.

- Booth, Storrs, 22; Nov. 28, '63, Galen; Dec. 7; dis. April 19, 1864, Fort Baker, D. C.
- Boyse, Peter, 18; Dec. 21, '63, Galen; Dec. 29; no M. O.
- Bracey, Martin, 20; Dec. 16, '63, New Haven; Dec. 16; no M. O.
- Brefford, George A., 26; July 27, '62, Huron; Sept. 8; dis. May 16, 1865, hospital, York, Penn.
- Brink, Reuben, 18; Sept. 1, '64, Huron; Sept. 5, 1 year; M. O., July 6, 1865.
- Brinkerhoff, George W., 23; Aug. 4, '62, Wolcott; Aug. 9, '62, Sergt.; promoted 2d Lient.
- Brown, Edward, 23; Feb. 25, '63, Victory; May 6; deserted June 25, 1864.
- Brown, George, 34; July 6, '63, Palmyra; July 13; trans. June 27, 1865, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Brown, Gilbert, 27; Dec. 16, '63, Marion; Dec. 30; wd. Snicker's Gap July, '64; M. O., July 6, 1865, hospital, Rochester.
- Brown, James S., 22; Aug. 19, '63, Sterling; Sept. 2; deserted July 8, 1864.
- Brown, Oscar, 18; April 18, '63, Victory; May 6; prisoner, Monocacy, July 9, '64; d. Feb. 4, 1865, Danville, Va.
- Browning, Jacob, 42; May 28, '63, Galen; June 4; k. Sept. 19, 1864, Winchester, Va.
- Brunney, John, 36; Aug. 6, '62, Huron; Sept. 8; dis. Dec. 3, 1863, Fort Simmons, D. C.
- Brush, William C., 32; Sept. 1, '64, Huron; 1 year; M. O., July 6, 1865.
- Bull, Albert H., 18; Dec. 9, '63, Marion; Dec. 9; wd. Cedar Creek Oct. 19, '64; dis. June 27, 1865, hospital, Philadelphia.
- Bull, Henry A., 18; Jan. 4, '64, Huron; Jan. 4; trans. June 27, 1865, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Burdell, Lewis, 22; Sept. 7, '63, Galen; Sept. 22; trans. June 31, 1864, Signal Corps.
- Burke, John, 29; Sept. 1, '64, Albany, 1 year; Sept. 3; M. O., July 6, 1865.
- Cady, Egbert H., 18; Aug. 6, '62, Butler; Sept. 8; k. Cold Harbor June 1, 1864.
- Camfield, John M., no data found; prisoner, Monocacy, July 9, '65; d. Dec. 15, 1864, Danville, Va.
- Campbell, William, 23; Dec. 21, Palmyra; Dec. 21; trans. June 27, 1865, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Carnes, Edward L., 19; Dec. 5, '63, Moravia; Dec. 5; trans. June 27, 1865, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Carpenter, Charles S., 42; Jan. 2, '64, Lyons; Jan. 2; dis. April 13, 1865, Washington.
- Carter, George, 21; Jan. 4, '64, Geneva; Jan. 5; trans. June 27, 1865, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Casterline, Joseph B., 23; Aug. 2, '62, Wolcott; Sept. 8; Corp., April 12, '64; wd. Cold Harbor; Sergt., Nov. 1, '64; M. O., July 6, 1865.

- Champion, Henry, 18; Sept. 19, '63, Galen; Sept. 22; trans. June 27, 1865, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Chase, John, 18; Dec. 9, '63, Wolcott; Dec. 9; no M. O.
- Church, Lewis, 34; Sept. 1, '64, Huron; Sept. 5, 1 year; wd. Petersburg April 2, '65; M. O., July 6, 1865, hospital, Rochester, N. Y.
- Clarke, Ichabod, 30; Sept. 3, '64, Groton; Sept. 3, 1 year; M. O., July 6, 1865.
- Cole, Peter W., 34; Aug. 6, '62, Wolcott; Sept. 8; wd. Cold Harbor June 1, '64; deserted July 28, 1864.
- Cole, Robert, 22; Aug. 2, '62, Wolcott; Sept. 8; M. O., July 6, 1865.
- Conklin, Benson, 26; Aug. 14, '62, Wolcott; Aug. 28, '62; Corp., Dec. 23, '62; Sergt., April 12, '64; promoted 2d Lieut.
- Conklin, Morris, 29; Dec. 14, '63, Rose; Dec. 24; trans. June 27, 1865, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Conway, Daniel, 18; Aug. 7, '63, Fair Haven; Aug. 18; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Cooper, George H., 18; Nov. 13, '63, Galen; Nov. 19; trans. June 27, 1865, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Cornell, Alphens P., 42; Dec. 19, '63, Butler; Dec. 21; trans. June 27, 1865, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Cortright, Chester, 20; Aug. 8, '62, Wolcott; Sept. 8; Corp., Nov. 1, '64; wd. April 2, '65, Petersburg; dis. June 26, 1865, hospital, Philadelphia.
- Crawford, Myron H., 23; Aug. 5, '62, Wolcott; Sept. 8; Sergt., Oct. 1, '63; d. Aug. 24, 1864, Frederick, Md., of wounds received at Monocacy July 9.
- Cresswell, William, 28; May 28, '63, Galen; May 28; no M. O.
- Crosby, Michael, 28; Aug. 13, '63, Wolcott; Sept. 2; trans. June 27, 1865, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Curtiss, Horace W., 18; Sept. 19, '64, Albion; 1 year; dis. June 26, 1864, hospital, Philadelphia.
- Dare, William, 30; Aug. 6, '62, Wolcott; Sept. 8; Corp., no date; d. Dec. 20, 1862, Fort Reno, D. C.
- Delong, Thomas E., 21; Jan. 15, '64, Syracuse; dis. June 8, 1864, probably to receive commission in colored regiment.
- Demott, Lewis, 39; Dec. 28, '63, Fayette; Dec. 28; prisoner, Monocacy, July 9, '64; dis. July 15, 1865, Annapolis, Md.
- Derby, Albert, 18; Jan. 4, '64, Huron; Jan. 15; dis. June 9, 1865, hospital, Philadelphia.
- Denel, John W., 32; Sept. 1, '64, Albany; 1 year; dis. May 31, 1865, hospital, Philadelphia.
- Devinney, Newton, 23; Aug. 8, '62, Wolcott; Sept. 8; Corp.; dis. April 6, 1865, Elmira, N. Y.
- Ditton, John, 21; Aug. 5, '62, Wolcott; Sept. 8; deserted Oct. 25, 1862.
- Dorsey, Michael, 34; Aug. 5, '62, Wolcott; Sept. 8; dis. Feb. 4, 1864, Fort Simmons.

- Dudley, Henry, 31; Dec. 26, '63, Huron; Jan. 5, '64; wd. Cold Harbor June 1, '64; dis. Nov. 28, 1864, Alexandria, Va.
- Duffin, William, 44; Dec. 21, '63, Mentz; Dec. 21; no M. O.
- Dusenbery, Cornell, 26; Aug. 7, '62, Butler; Sept. 8; Corp., Mar. 1, '65; Sergt., April 17, '65; M. O., July 6, 1865.
- Dyer, David H., 19; Jan. 11, '64, Troy; Jan. 25; wd. Winchester Sept. 19, '64; dis. Sept. 23, 1865, hospital, Hartford, Conn.
- Easton, Charles A., 26; July 27, '62, Wolcott; Sept. 8; Corp.; dis. April 16, 1864, Fort Baker.
- Easton, David, 18; Jan. 5, '64, Auburn; Jan. 5; trans. Feb. 3, 1865, Co. E. 14 Vet. R. C.
- Eldridge, Benjamin H., 44; Dec. 17, '63, Galen; Jan. 5, '64; prisoner, Monocacy, July 9, '64; dis. Sept. 21, 1865, Rochester, N. Y.
- Ellsworth, George, 26; Jan. 4, '64, Cortland; Jan. 4; Corp., Sept. 1, '64; Sergt., Nov. 1, '64; wd. June 1, Cold Harbor and Monocacy July 9, '64; trans. June 27, 1865, 2d N. Y. H. A. Ellsworth had already served two years in Co. H, 23d N. Y. Infantry.
- Ellsworth, Orson, 43; Jan. 4, '64, Huron; Jan. 4; d. Sept. 21, 1864, Sandy Hook.
- Elmendorf, John C., 24; July 27, '62, Wolcott; Sept. 8; Corp., April 25, '63; Sergt., April 12, '64; 1st Sergt., Aug. 9, '64; promoted 2d Lieut.; wd. Cold Harbor June 1, 1864.
- Elmer, Albert, 21; Aug. 8, '62, Wolcott; Sept. 8; k. Cedar Creek Oct. 19, '64.
- Elmer, John E., 29; July 31, '62, Wolcott; Sept. 8; wd. and prisoner at Monocacy July 9, '64; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Emery, Seward, 21; Aug. 6, '62, Wolcott; Sept. 8; dis. June 29, 1865, hospital, Philadelphia.
- Field, Nathaniel J., 20; Sept. 2, '64, Wolcott; Sept. 5, 1 year; wd. Cedar Creek Oct. 19, '64; dis. July 28, 1865, Elmira.
- Fitch, Allen H., 44; Dec. 26, '63, Butler; Dec. 29; trans. June 27, 1865, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Fitch, Cyrus E., 18; July 26, '62, Wolcott; Sept. 8; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Fitch, George H., 18; Dec. 26, '63, Butler; Dec. 29; dis. June 14, '65, hospital, York, Penn.
- Fitch, Irving L., 18; Dec. 26, '63, Butler; Dec. 29; k. Cedar Creek Oct. 19, '64.
- Foster, John, 25; Dec. 29, '63, Savannah; Jan. 4, '64; prisoner, Monocacy, July 9, '64; dis. June 9, '65, hospital, Baltimore.
- Fox, George D., 37; Dec. 29, '63, Huron; Jan. 2, '64; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Frederick, John D., 26; Jan. 13, '64, Cortland; Jan. 13; Corp., April 17, '65; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Frost, Henry C., 20; Aug. 5, '62, Wolcott; Sept. 8; d. Jan. 14, '63, Fort Reno.

- Frost, Oscar J., 18; Aug. 5, '62, Wolcott; Sept. 8; Corp., April 12, '64; Q. M. Sergt., Sept. 1, '64; 1st Sergt., April 17, '65; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Gage, Barton, 25; Aug. 5, '62, Wolcott; Sept. 8; dis. Aug. 26, '64, Harper's Ferry.
- Gage, John S., 18; Aug. 5, '62, Wolcott; Sept. 8; deserted July 8, '64.
- Gall, William, 31; Jan. 18, '64, Geddes; Jan. 19; k. Monocacy July 9, '64.
- Gardner, George M., 20; July 25, '62, Wolcott; Sept. 8; deserted Feb. 18, '63.
- Gibbs, William H., 38; Aug. 4, '62, Wolcott; trans. Mar. 1, '64, 82d Co., 2d Bat., V. R. C.
- Gould, Grover, 29; Sept. 1, '64, Skaneateles; 1 year; trans. to Co. A, from Co. B, 3d N. Y. H. A.; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Graham, Alfred L., 28; Aug. 6, '62, Wolcott; Sept. 8; Corp., April 12, '64; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Green, Charles, 24; Aug. 5, '62, Wolcott; Sept. 8; deserted Feb. 18, '63.
- Green, Luther, 21; Mar. 4, '63, Victory; Mar. 19; dis. Mar. 29, '64, Fort Baker.
- Gruber, Daniel, 20; Aug. 27, '64, Angelica; Sept. 6, 1 year; d. Feb. 9, '65, in the field.
- Guest, Joseph, 44; Dec. 4, '63, Lyons; Jan. 2, '64; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Guild, Esen Z., 21; Aug. 6, '63, Galen; Aug. 18; dis. Nov. 19, '64, hospital, Washington.
- Hall, Aaron F., 31; Dec. 14, '63, Savannah; Dec. 15; Corp., Nov. 1, '64; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Hall, Andrew S., 28; Jan. 4, '64, Savannah; Jan. 5; prisoner, Monocacy, July 9, '64; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Hall, Melvin, 32; Dec. 16, '63, Rose; Dec. 29; prisoner, Monocacy, July 9, '64; trans. June 27, '64, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Hannon, Mark, 29; Jan. 4, '64, Wolcott; Jan. 5; wd. and prisoner, Monocacy, July 9, '64; wd. Cedar Creek, Va., Oct. 19, '64; dis. Aug. 2, '65, hospital, Rochester, N. Y.
- Harvey, Truman S., 21; July 27, '62, Wolcott; Sept. 8; Corp., June 29, '63; Sergt., April 12, '64; 1st Sergt., Mar. 1, '65; promoted 2d Lieut.
- Hastings, William, 21; Sept. 12, '63, Lyons; Sept. 22; deserted June 3, '64.
- Hazard, Helon, 22; Aug. 5, '62, Wolcott; Sept. 8; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Helmer, Alfred E., 28; Dec. 15, '63, Seneca Falls; prisoner, Monocacy, July 9, '64; d. Oct. 15, '64, Richmond, Va.
- Hermance, Benjamin F., 18; Sept. 3, '64, Groton; 1 year; wd. Cedar Creek Oct. 19, '64; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Higgins, Charles, 18; Dec. 21, '63, Montezuma; Jan. 2, '64; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.

- Hill, Charles S., 25; May 30, '63, Fair Haven; June 23; dis. Jan. 22, '64, Fort Simmons.
- Hinman, Enos, 43; Dec. 15, '63, Wolcott; Dec. 29; no M. O.
- Hoff, Jakeway R., 25; Aug. 2, '62, Wolcott; Sept. 8, 1st Sergt.; promoted 2d Lieut.
- Hoffman, William P., 24; Aug. 5, '62, Wolcott; Sept. 8; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Hollenbeck, Charles B., 17; Feb. 2, '64, Cortland; Feb. 2; dis. June 30, '65, hospital, Washington.
- Hollenbeck, David, 43; Jan. 4, '64, Parma; Jan. 4; no M. O.
- Hollenbeck, Henry, 19; Jan. 4, '64, Cortland; Jan. 4; wd. Petersburg, April 2, '65; dis. July 8, '65, hospital, Washington.
- Hollenbeck, William, 18; Feb. 2, '64, Cortland; Feb. 2; dis. June 30, '65, hospital, Baltimore.
- Hood, Arthur D., 18; Dec. 16, '63, Galen; Dec. 29; Corp., April 17, '65; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Hosmer, Major F., 18; Sept. 13, '64, Groton; Sept. 13, 1 year; wd. Cedar Creek Oct. 19, '64; d. Dec. 9, '64, Cold Water, Mich.
- Howard, Abner, 44; Aug. 30, '64, Albany; 1 year; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Hoyt, Evelyn, 26; Aug. 6, '62, Wolcott; Sept. 8; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Humphrey, Enos, 23; Jan. 1, '64, Wolcott; Jan. 5, '64; dis. June 15, '65, hospital, Washington.
- Hunt, James, 40; Aug. 1, '62, Wolcott; Sept. 8; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Johnson, Horace A., 48; Dec. 28, '63, Wolcott; Dec. 29; d. July 28, '64, Frederick, Md., from wounds received at Monocacy July 9.
- Johnson, Lawrence, 18; Dec. 29, '63, Savannah; Dec. 20; dis. Nov. 9, '64, for promotion 1st Lieut., 8th U. S. Colored H. A.
- Johnson, Morris, 22; Dec. 21, Savannah; Jan. 6, '64; Sergt., no date; prisoner, Monocacy, July 9, '64; dis. June 9, '65, hospital, Baltimore.
- Jones, Edward C., 34; Jan. 4, '64, Wolcott; Jan. 4; wd. June 16, '64; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Junc, Charles, 25; Sept. 3, '64, Lansing; 1 year; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Keeler, James, 22; May 20, '63, Galen; deserted June 15, '64.
- Keeler, Joseph, 44; Aug. 15, '64, Ledyard; 1 year; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Keeslar, Daniel C., 28; Aug. 2, '62, Huron; Sept. 8, Sergt.; dis. as 1st Sergt., April 6, '64, Fort Baker. Vid. Co. E.
- Ketchum, Alvah R., 21; Jan. 2, '64, Galen; Jan. 2; deserted July 5, '64.
- Ketchum, Newton, 19; Sept. 6, '64, Albany; 1 year; M. O., July 6, '65.
- King, George D., 49; July 25, '62, Wolcott; Sept. 8; dis. June 14, '65, Elmira, N. Y.

- Knapp, Andrew, 41; July 27, '62, Wolcott; Sept. 8, Corp.; Sergt., April 12, '64; d. Sept. 22, '64.
- Knapp, Franklin E., 20; Dec. 21, '63, Savannah; Jan. 2, '64; d. Sept. 15, '64, Fort Reno.
- Koon, Alonzo, 23; Aug. 6, '62, Wolcott; Sept. 8; dis. June 30, '65, hospital, Baltimore.
- Lake, John R., 43; Aug. 6, '63, Lyons; Sept. 2; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Lakey, William H., 18; Aug. 2, '62, Wolcott; Sept. 8; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Lawlor, James, 20; Oct. 6, '64, Tarrytown; Oct. 6, 1 year; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Lefavor, James M., 40; Aug. 30, '64, Conquest; Aug. 30, 1 year; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Lefler, Daniel, 36; Dec. 20, '63, Tyre; Dec. 23; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Lemon, William, 35; Dec. 16, '63, Seneca Falls; wd. Cold Harbor June 1, '64; dis. July 13, '65, hospital, Albany, N. Y.
- Leroy, John, 21; Aug. 5, '62, Wolcott; Sept. 8; d. Mar. 13, '64, hospital, Washington.
- Lewis, Joseph, 28; July 11, '63, Galen; July 11; no M. O.
- Longer, Cyrus B., 44; July 27, '62, Wolcott; Sept. 8; artificer, Jan. 1, '65; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Lough, John, 22; Jan. 13, '64, Macedon; Jan. 15; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Lower, Luther, 25; Aug. 2, '64, Wolcott; deserted Feb. 15, '63.
- Lynch, David T., 31; Dec. 25, '63, Auburn; Dec. 26; prisoner, Monocacy, July 9, '64; dis. June 20, '65, Wilmington, Del.
- McCabe, Daniel, 32; Oct. 10, '64, Rochester; Oct. 10, 1 year; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- McCarthy, Edward, 18; Sept. 14, '63, Galen; Sept. 22; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- McCarthy, Timothy, 36; Dec. 31, '63, Brutus; Dec. 31; no M. O.
- McCrary, David H., 28; Dec. 21, '63, Savannah; Dec. 28; no M. O.
- McCune, Peter, 23; April 7, '64, 2d Dist. N. Y.; April 7; deserted May 18, '64.
- McDougall, David, 37; Aug. 8, '62, Wolcott; Sept. 8; Musician; M. O., July 6, '65.
- McElvany, John, 22; Aug. 18, '62, Wolcott; Sept. 8; dis. Sept. 26, '63, Fort Simmons.
- McIntosh, Peter L., 29; Sept. 6, '64, Albany; 1 year; M. O., July 6, '65.
- McNeal, Robert, 28; Dec. 16, '63, New Haven; Dec. 16; wd. Cold Harbor June 1, '64; trans. April 28, '65, 170th Co., 2d Bat., V. R. C.
- McWiggin, Patrick, 27; Aug. 5, '62, Butler; Sept. 8; Corp., Apr. 12, '64; Sergt., Mar. 1, '65; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Maher, Michael, 26; Sept. 1, '64, Albany; 1 year; M. O., July 6, '65.

- Marcellus, Carey, 44; Dec. 21, '63, Butler; Dec. 28; no M. O.
- Marcellus, Lewis, 26; Aug. 2, '62, Wolcott; Sept. 8; prisoner, Monocacy, July 9, '64; d. Feb. 16, '65, Danville, Va.
- Marshall, David, 33; Dec. 29, '63, Geneva; Jan. 4, '64; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Marshall, William M., 22; Aug. 6, '62, Wolcott; Sept. 8; k. April 2, '65, Petersburg.
- Mastin, Michael P., 34; Jan. 11, '64, Cortland; Jan. 11; d. July 16, '64, hospital, Baltimore, from wounds received at Monocacy July 9. He had served two years in Co. H, 23d N. Y. Infantry.
- Mattison, David C., 26; Sept. 12, '64, Springtown; 1 year; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Mead, Joseph H., 18; Sept. 8, '64, Lyons; 1 year; wd. Cedar Creek Oct. 19, '64; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Mead, Judson, 21; Aug. 4, '62, Wolcott; Sept. 8; Corp., April 12, '64; prisoner July 9, '64, Monocacy; d. Feb. 8, '65, Danville, Va.
- Mead, Sanford S., 23; Aug. 18, '63, Syracuse; Sept. 10; wd. June 3, '64, Cold Harbor; dis. May 21, '65, hospital, Rochester, N. Y.
- Meeker, Hiram, 28; Dec. 26, '63, Huron; Jan. 8, '64; dis. July 8, '65, hospital, Baltimore.
- Merrill, Edgar J., 18; Aug. 2, '62, Butler; Sept. 8; dis. Mar. 1, '65, hospital, Albany.
- Merrill, Edward P., 18; July 27, '62, Wolcott; Sept. 8; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Merrill, Wallace, 18; Jan. 10, '64, Wolcott; Jan. 18; k. July 9, '64, Monocacy, Md.
- Merrill, William H., 18; Sept. 3, '64, Camillus, 1 year; dis. June 5, '65, Elmira, N. Y.
- Mitchell, Elias, 23; Aug. 6, '62, Wolcott; Sept. 8; trans. Dec. 29, '63, V. R. C.
- Mitchell, George W., 21; Dec. 21, '63, Sennett; Dec. 30; no M. O.
- Mitchell, William, 23; Dec. 26, '63, Macedon; Dec. 26; wd. Monocacy, July 9, '64; dis. June 14, '65, hospital, Baltimore.
- Moffatt, William, 36; Aug. 8, '62, Wolcott; Sept. 8; Artificer, April 19, '65; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Moore, George C., 18; Sept. 17, '64, Wayne; 1 year; wd. April 6, '65, Sailor's Creek; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Morley, Allen T., 23; Aug. 5, '62, Wolcott; Sept. 8; dis. Mar. 11, '63, hospital, Philadelphia.
- Mullier, George, 43; Feb. 8, '64, 2d Dist. N. Y.; Feb. 8; d. Sept. 16, '64, hospital, Baltimore, Md.
- Murray, Charles A., 19; Aug. 17, '63, Galen; Sept. 22; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Murray, Patrick H., 18; Aug. 4, '62, Butler; Sept. 8; deserted Oct. 25, '62.
- Nash, Edward, 29; July 27, '62, Wolcott; Sept. 8, Corp.; Sergt..

- June 25, '63; prisoner June 1, '64, Cold Harbor; d. Oct. 31, '64, Andersonville.
- Neal, Jonathan, 18; Aug. 8, '63, Wolcott; Sept. 8; wd. Monocacy July 9, '64; dis. May 15, '65, Frederick, Md.
- Newberry, Charles H., 24; Jan. 14, '64, LeRoy; Jan. 14; dis. Sept. 29, '65.
- Nichols, Henry, 21; Sept. 3, '64, Lausing; Sept. 5, 1 year; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Nichols, Jesse B., 44; Sept. 5, '64, Camillus; 1 year; wd. Oct. 19, '64, Cedar Creek; d. Nov. 8, '64, hospital, Baltimore.
- Nichols, Myron B., 26; July 20, '63, Galen; Aug. 5; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- O'Brien, Daniel, 28; Jan. 4, '64, Onondaga; Jan. 4; wd. June 1, '64, Cold Harbor; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- O'Connor, Patrick, 43; July 25, '62, Wolcott; Sept. 8; wd. June 1, '64, Cold Harbor; M. O., July 6, '65.
- O'Neil, Charles, 39; Dec. 12, '63, Seneca Falls; Dec. 15; wd. Cold Harbor; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Orterlipp, Francis, 40; Sept. 2, '63, Galen; Sept. 22; k. June 3, '64, Cold Harbor.
- Owen, Milton, 19; Aug. 5, '62, Wolcott; Sept. 8; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Palmer, Thomas J., 18; Dec. 7, '63, Wolcott; Dec. 7; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Perry, Charles W., 18; Dec. 17, '63, Galen; Dec. 29; Corp., Jan. 1, '65; Sergt., April 17, '65; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.; M. O., 2d Lieut.
- Pettengill, John, 42; Jan. 4, '64, Huron; Jan. 5; dis. May 13, '65, hospital, Philadelphia.
- Pettit, Martin, 19; Aug. 3, '62, Wolcott; Sept. 8; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Phillips, Frederick, 32; Dec. 19, '63, Montezuma; no M. O.
- Phillips, John, 43; Aug. 2, '62, Wolcott; Sept. 8; dis. June 15, '65, Washington.
- Phillips, Virgil J., 18; Aug. 24, '63, Wolcott; Sept. 2; wd. July 9, '64, Monocacy; dis. Aug. 7, '65, hospital, Rochester, N. Y.
- Pitcher, Amos, 24; Aug. 31, '64, Auburn; 1 year; d. April 21, '65, Martinsburg, West Va.
- Porter, Lawson, 26; Aug. 5, '62, Wolcott; Sept. 8; Wagoner, Nov. 1, '64; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Rancier, Lewis, 18; Dec. 2, '63, Mentz; Dec. 24; no M. O.
- Rawson, Abram A., 19; Jan. 14, '64, Troy; Jan. 14; dis. June 26, '65, hospital, Philadelphia.
- Rawson, Charles, 18; Dec. 17, '63, Butler; Dec. 28; prisoner, Monocacy, July 9, '64; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Rawson, Edgar A., 20; Dec. 17, '63, Butler; Dec. 28; prisoner, Monocacy, July 9, '64; dis. Sept. 1, '65, hospital, Rochester, N. Y. He had served two years in Co. G, 3d N. Y. L. A.
- Rhinehart, William H., 23; Sept. 3, '64, Wolcott; Sept. 5, 1 year;

- wd. Cedar Creek Oct. 19, '64; dis. July 12, '65, hospital, Philadelphia. He had served in 19th N. Y. Vols.
- Rhodes, Henry J., 27; Aug. 5, '62, Wolcott; Sept. 8, Sergt.; promoted 2d Lient. Co. G.
- Richardson, Isaac J., 31; Aug. 29, '64, Chenango; Aug. 29, 1 year; k. Oct. 19, '64, Cedar Creek.
- Riggs, Henry, 18; Aug. 4, '62, Wolcott; Sept. 8; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Robershaw, William, 19; Dec. 17, '63, Wellsport; Dec. 17; deserted July 16, '64.
- Roe, Alfred S., 19; Jan. 21, '64, Tully; Jan. 21; prisoner, Monocacy, July 9, '64; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Ryder, Edwin H., 18; Dec. 28, '63, Genoa; Jan. 4, '64; wd. July 9, '64, Monocacy; d. from wounds Aug. 17, '64, Frederick, Md.
- Sampson, Edward F., 20; Aug. 25, '64, Venice; Aug. 26, 1 year; wd. Oct. 19, '64, Cedar Creek; dis. May 20, '65, Albany.
- Sanborn, Orsemus, 26; Dec. 8, '63, Sterling; Dec. 22; deserted May 9, '64.
- Schemerhorn, Stephen S., 29; Sept. 5, '64, Albany; Sept. 5, 1 year; dis. Aug. 30, '65, Albany.
- Scott, Benjamin, 37; Dec. 30, '63, Venice; Dec. 31; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Scott, Carmi, 18; Jan. 4, '64, Huron; Jan. 4; wd. June 1, '64, Cold Harbor; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Searles, Fidelus, 26; Dec. 29, '63, Savannah; Dec. 29; wd. July 9, '64, Monocacy; dis. June 10, '65, Frederick, Md.
- Searles, Lucien A., 38; Sept. 15, '64, Jamaica; Sept. 15; d. Feb. 22, '65, in the field.
- Secor, Charles, 19; Aug. 31, '64, Albany; Aug. 31, 1 year; dis. June 23, '65, hospital, Baltimore.
- Secor, John S., 19; Sept. 8, '64, Albany; Sept. 8, 1 year; wd. Oct. 19, '64, Cedar Creek; dis. June 27, '65, hospital, New York.
- Seeber, Smith, 25; Sept. 5, '64, Huron; Sept. 5, 1 year; d. Nov. 3, '64, hospital, Martinsburg, West Va.
- Shafer, David, 42; Mar. 28, '63, Victory; May 6; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Shafer, William, 36; Feb. 18, '64, 2d Dist. N. Y.; Feb. 18; deserted May 14, '64.
- Shaft, Milton, 30; Aug. 5, '62, Wolcott; Sept. 8; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Sheldon, William H., 42; Sept. 22, '64, Lockport; 1 year; dis. June 15, '65, hospital, Philadelphia.
- Sherman, Charles H., 28; Dec. 31, '63, Galen; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Sloan, Edward S., 25; Jan. 1, '64, Galen; Jan. 2; dis. Aug. 6, '65, Washington.
- Smith, Amos, 26; Aug. 5, '62, Wolcott; Sept. 8; wd. July 9, '64, Monocacy; dis. Mar. 31, '65, hospital, Philadelphia.
- Smith, James E., 22; July 25, '63, Galen; Aug. 5; prisoner, Mo-

- nocacy, July 9, '64; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A. Had been in the regular army.
- Smith, Mortimer F., 20; July 25, '62, Wolcott; Sept. 8; dis. Jan. 24, '64, for promotion 2d Lieut. Co. E, 20th U. S. Colored Troops.
- Smocker, Frederick, 28; Aug. 2, '62, Wolcott; Sept. 8, Sergt.; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Snow, Samuel, 25; Jan. 4, '64, Wolcott; Jan. 5; dis. June 30, '65, Washington.
- Snyder, Paul, 38; Dec. 17, '63, Galen; Dec. 29; dis. June 16, '65, Washington.
- Sours, Jacob C., 28; Aug. 6, '62, Wolcott; Sept. 8; k. Sept. 19, '64, Winchester, Va.
- Sprague, Alfred J., 19; Aug. 5, '62, Wolcott; Sept. 8; dis. Mar. 6, '63, Washington.
- Sprague, Frank, 23; Aug. 5, '62, Wolcott; Sept. 8; dis. April 6, '64, Fort Baker.
- Sprague, Lewis B., 22; Aug. 6, '62, Butler; Sept. 8; d. Jan. 22, '63, hospital, Philadelphia.
- Stafford, Horatio G., 28; July 13, '63, Palmyra; Aug. 5; Corp., April 12, '64; wd. Oct. 19, '64, Cedar Creek; dis. July 6, '65, Washington.
- Stafford, William A., 20; July 3, '63, Palmyra; Aug. 5; wd. Oct. 19, '64; dis. July 12, '65, Elmira, N. Y.
- Stinard, Andrew L., 25; Aug. 1, '62, Wolcott; Sept. 8; Corp., Dec. 30, '62; dis. Mar. 30, '64, Fort Baker.
- Streeter, Melvin, 25; Sept. 1, '64, Huron; Sept. 5, 1 year; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Strickland, George, 38; Dec. 17, '63, Galen; Dec. 17; wd. Monocacy, July 9; d. July 11, '64, hospital, Baltimore.
- Struble, Samuel, 26; Jan. 4, '64, Wolcott; Jan. 4; no record after his return to duty from Stone Hospital Sept. 1, '64.
- Stubbs, Wesley K., 27; Aug. 6, '62, Wolcott; Sept. 8, Corp.; Sergt., April 25, '63; 1st Sergt., April 12, '64; d. Dec. 24, '64, from wounds received Oct. 19 at Cedar Creek.
- Stubbs, William R., 18; Jan. 4, '64, Wolcott; Jan. 4; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Swinder, Henry, 22; Aug. 27, '64, Angelica; Sept. 6; wd. Oct. 19, '64, Cedar Creek; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Taylor, Charles H., 25; Jan. 4, '64, Butler; Jan. 4; dis. June 16, '65, Washington.
- Taylor, Judah N., 20; Aug. 12, '63, Galen; Aug. 18; Corp., April 12, '64; Sergt., Sept. 1, '64; trans. June 27, '65, Co. I, 2d N. Y. H. A.; M. O. as 1st Sergt.; Vet. Co. A, 3d N. Y. A.
- Thomas, Philip, 38; Sept. 1, '64, Huron; Sept. 1, 1 year; dis. June 15, '65, Washington.
- Thompson, William, 20; Sept. 3, '64, Lansing; Sept. 3, 1 year; dis. June 9, '65, hospital, Philadelphia.
- Tompkins, Francis M., 26; Sept. 3, '64, Lansing; Sept. 3, 1 year; M. O., July 6, '65.

- Townsend, David, 18; Dec. 19, '63, Huron; Jan. 2, '64; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Tupper, William S., 44; Dec. 21, '63, Montezuma; Dec. 30; no M. O.
- Ullrich, Charles, 33; Aug. 6, '62, Wolcott; Sept. 8; Corp., Sept. 1, '64; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Vanalstine, Isaac, 41; July 5, '63, Wolcott; Aug. 5; trans. April 21, '64, 82 Co., 2d Bat., V. R. C.; Vet. 3d N. Y. A.
- Vanderberg, James, 23; Sept. 1, '64, Huron; Sept. 19, 1 year; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Vanderberg, Martin, 28; Oct. 5, '64, Nunda; Oct. 6, 1 year; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Van Horn, John, 30; Aug. 5, '62, Wolcott; Sept. 8; Wagoner; dis. Mar. 29, '63, Fort Simmons.
- Van Ostrand, Charles, 21; Dec. 19, '63, Marion; wd. June 1, '64, Cold Harbor; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Van Rensselaer, John, 44; Jan. 16, '64, Cortland; Jan. 19; dis. May 13, '65, hospital, Philadelphia.
- Van Tassel, John, 34; Sept. 3, '64, Lansing; Sept. 3, 1 year; dis. June 16, '65, Washington.
- Veeley, Lewis, 19; Sept. 1, '64, Huron; Sept. 3, 1 year; dis. June 29, '65, hospital, Philadelphia.
- Wagner, Francis, 26; Sept. 1, '64, Albany; Sept. 1, 1 year; wd. Oct. 19, '64, Cedar Creek; dis. June 15, '65, hospital, Philadelphia.
- Waldron, Benjamin, 24; Sept. 2, '64, Wolcott; Sept. 5, 1 year; dis. Jan. 17, '65, York, Pa.
- Walker, James W., 28; Aug. 2, '62, Butler; Sept. 8; dis. May 2, '64, Fort Baker.
- Walters, George L., 19; Jan. 2, '64, Cortland; Jan. 3; wd. Cold Harbor; trans. Jan. 12, '65, 59th Co., 2d Bat., V. R. C.
- Watkins, Carlton, 28; Sept. 1, '64, Huron; Sept. 5, 1 year; dis. June 22, '65, hospital, Philadelphia.
- Weeks, DeWitt M., 20; Aug. 17, '63, Galen; Aug. 17; no M. O.
- Welch, William A., 16; Sept. 1, '64, Malone; Sept. 1, 1 year; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Wellington, Benjamin, 28; July 28, '62, Wolcott; Sept. 8; d. July 28, '64, hospital, New York city.
- Wendover, Henry C., 19; Mar. 2, '63, Auburn; Mar. 5; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Wendover, James, 18; Aug. 6, '63, Wolcott; Aug. 9; wd. July 9, '64, Monocacy; dis. May 31, '65, hospital, Rochester, N. Y.
- Wendover, William C., 37; Jan. 4, '64, Wolcott; Jan. 5; wd. Cold Harbor; trans. Mar. 17, '65, Co. A, 22d V. R. C.
- Wheeler, H. Hill, Jr., 18; Jan. 4, '64, Butler; Jan. 4; Corp., Jan. 11, '65; promoted 2d Lieut. Co. E.
- Whitbeck, George H., 19; enlisted in Co. B, Aug. 19, '63, Galen; trans. Mar. 19, '64, to Co. A; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.

- Whitbeck, John W., 18; Sept. 12, '63, Galen; Sept. 22; dis. May 13, '65, Rochester, N. Y.
- Whiting, Foster, 22; Jan. 4, '64, Huron; Jan. 5; d. Sept. 22, '64, from wounds received Sept. 19 at Winchester, Va.
- Whiting, John F., 27; Aug. 2, '62, Wolcott; Sept. 8; promoted Corp., April 12, '64; wd. Cedar Creek; M. O., July 6, '65; d. at Syracuse before regiment left for home.
- Whitlock, Newton V., 18; Aug. 8, '62, Wolcott; Sept. 8; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Wilson, Edward H., 38; Dec. 18, '63, Butler; Dec. 29; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Wilson, Israel S., 18; Aug. 8, '62, Wolcott; Sept. 8; d. July 21, '64, hospital, New York city.
- Wood, Ira, 45; Aug. 2, '62, Wolcott; Sept. 8; d. July 28, '64, hospital, New York city.
- Worden, William, 22; Dec. 16, '63, Galen; Dec. 16; no M. O.

COMPANY B.

This company came from the western part of Wayne. July 31st the Rev. Truman Gregory of Ontario began raising men for a company and enrolled A. J. Atwood, Anthony Cooman, J. C. Hoxie, Jesse Gage and C. P. Patterson. August 4th he added John Watson and John Ruffle. The first public meeting was in the Baptist Church, Ontario Centre, August 8th, when twenty-one more were enrolled. This meeting was attended by D. F. Strickland of Walworth and Chauncey Fish of Williamson, and an arrangement was made whereby Walworth was to furnish twenty men for the company and have the 1st lieutenancy; Williamson, fifteen, and to have the 2d lieutenancy. By the 12th there were names enough added to warrant going to Auburn, where on the 14th of August ninety-six men were successfully passed. Of this number, Ontario had sixty-one, including Rice of Sodus and Reeves of Marion; Walworth had twenty-one and Williamson fourteen. August 15 Strickland added one and on the 31st five, making his aggregate twenty-eight, and August 20 Gregory took one more, making for the company a total of 104.

The agreement as to officers was not exactly complied with, but the whirligig of time made that all right, and Williamson had her innings.

CAPTAINS.

- Truman Gregory, 41; Aug. 6, '62, Ontario; Sept. 9; date of rank, Aug. 14; promoted Major May 13, '64, not mustered; wd. June 1, '64, Cold Harbor; d. of wounds June 22, '64, at his home.
- Nelson F. Strickland, promoted from 1st Lieut. Feb. 16, '64; dis. Nov. 28, '64.

Chauncey Fish, from 1st Lieut. Nov. 28, '64; M. O., July 6, '65;
Brevet Major U. S. Vols.

FIRST LIEUTENANTS.

Nelson F. Strickland, 25; Aug. 11, '62, Walworth; Sept. 9; date
of rank, Aug. 14; promoted Captain.
William E. Greenwood, from 2d Lieut., Jan. 29, '64; wd. June
1, '64, Cold Harbor; dis. Sept. 12, '64.
Chauncey Fish, from 2d Lieut., Sept. 12, '64; wd. Sept. 19, '64,
Winchester, and Oct. 19, '64, Cedar Creek; promoted Capt.
Josiah T. Crittenden, from 2d Lieut., Feb. 18, '65; dis. May 15,
'65.

SECOND LIEUTENANTS.

William E. Greenwood, 32; Aug. 14, '62, Ontario; Sept. 9; date
of rank, Aug. 14; promoted 1st Lieut.
Chauncey Fish, from 1st Sergt., Feb. 6, '64; promoted 1st Lieut.
Charles W. Hough, from Sergt. Major; date of rank, Feb. 15,
'64; promoted 1st Lieut., Co. F.
Reuben Burton, trans. from Co. I, May 30, '64; prisoner, Mo-
nocoacy, July 9, '64; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.; M.
O. as 1st Lieut.
Josiah T. Crittenden, from Co. M, Nov. 28, '64; promoted 1st
Lieut.
Arthur W. Marshall, from Co. G, Dec. 30, '64; served for the
most part in the 67th Penn.; M. O., July 6, '65.
Francis J. Hoag, from 1st Sergt., Feb. 18, '65; dis. June 14, '65.

NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS AND PRIVATES.

Allen, Alonzo H., 24; Aug. 11, '62, Ontario; Sept. 9, Corp.;
Sergt., Nov. 17, '63; M. O., July 6, '65.
Allen, Calvin H., 19; Sept. 19, Rochester; Sept. 19, 1 year; M.
O., July 6, '65.
Andrew, Alvin, 30; Aug. 8, '62, Ontario; Sept. 9; wd. Sept. 19,
'64, Winchester; d. of wounds Sept. 21, '64.
Arney, Samuel, 25; Aug. 11, '62, Walworth; Sept. 9; M. O., July
6, '65.
Atwood, Alvah J., 44; July 31, '62, Ontario; Sept. 9; Musician;
trans. June 22, '64, unassigned detachment, V. R. C.
Babbitt, Francis, 23; Aug. 11, '62, Williamson; Sept. 9; M. O.,
July 6, '65.
Beard, George A., 23; Aug. 12, '62, Ontario; Sept. 9; wd. Oct.
19, '64, Cedar Creek; M. O., July 6, '65.
Bettys, Lafayette L., 18; Dec. 12, '63, Ontario; Dec. 29; trans.
June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
Birdsall, William, 26; Aug. 8, '62, Ontario; Sept. 9; M. O., July
6, '65.
Bishop, Edwin A., 28; Aug. 8, '62, Ontario; Sept. 9; Sergt., no
date; M. O., July 6, '65.

- Blythe, Jabez A., 23; Dec. 21, '63, Macedon; Dec. 29; Corp., Feb. 19, '64; wd. Sept. 19, '64, Winchester; dis. June 15, '65, hospital, Philadelphia.
- Bostwick, J. Benson, 22; Aug. 15, '62, Walworth; Sept. 9, Corp.; dis. Nov. 20, '63, for promotion 1st Lieut. 10th U. S. C. T.
- Bradley, Augustus B., 20; Sept. 5, '64, Lyons; 1 year; wd. Oct. 19, '64, Cedar Creek; d. of wounds Nov. 1, '64, hospital, Philadelphia.
- Bradley, Herman J., 23; Sept. 15, '64, Moravia; 1 year; M. O., July 6, '65; Vet. Co. 1, 17th N. Y. Infantry.
- Brock, Charles J., 30; Aug. 8, '62, Ontario; Sept. 9; Corp., Aug. 11, '63; Sergt., April 11, '64; wd. June 1, '64, Cold Harbor; dis. May 31, '65, hospital, Rochester, N. Y.
- Bronson, Oscar H., 23; Dec. 7, '63, Walworth; Dec. 29; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Brown, Jacob B., 31; Aug. 12, '62, Ontario; Sept. 9; d. Dec. 19, '64, at home.
- Brown, Rensselaer, 29; Aug. 29, '62, Walworth; Sept. 9; Corp., Mar. 10, '65; wd. Oct. 19, Cedar Creek; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Buck, James W., 26; Dec. 5, '63, Ontario; Dec. 29; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Calhoun, Daniel D., 13; April 13, '63, Galen; dis. May 12, '64, Fort Richardson, Va.
- Carey, Orin, 18; April 25, '63, Ontario; May 8; prisoner, July 9, '64, Monocacy; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Carr, Micajah, 44; Dec. 18, '63, Walworth; Dec. 25; dis. March 28, '64, Fort Baker.
- Case, Edwin, 27; Dec. 14, '63, Walworth; Dec. 29; wd. Sept. 19, '64, Winchester; dis. July 6, '65, hospital, Rochester, N. Y.
- Chapman, Grosvenor E., 19; Aug. 8, '62, Williamson; Sept. 9; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Chapman, Ralph D., 29; Dec. 10, '63, Walworth; Dec. 29; accidentally injured in camp; dis. Oct. 22, '64.
- Chapman, Washington, 42; Dec. 17, '63, Ontario; Dec. 29; d. July 12, '64, on U. S. hospital ship, Atlantic.
- Cheney, Jerome B., 21; Dec. 26, '63, Rochester; Dec. 26; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Christman, George H., 35; Sept. 1, '64, Lansing; 1 year; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Church, George M., 18; Dec. 3, '63, Ontario; Dec. 12; d. March 20, '64, Fort Mansfield.
- Clark, James E., 24; Aug. 12, '62, Ontario; Sept. 9; M. O., July 9, '65.
- Clark, Lorenzo D., 38; Dec. 21, '63, Walworth; dis. Jan. 31, '64, Fort Simmons; rejected recruit.
- Clum, Edward F., 18; Dec. 7, '63, Walworth; Dec. 29; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Conger, Daniel, 44; Sept. 2, '64, Walworth; 1 year; trans. April 29, '65, V. R. C.

- Cooman, Anthony, 30; July 31, '62, Ontario; Sept. 9; wd. July 9, '64, Monacaey; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Copping, Thomas J., 18; Dec. 20, '63, Ontario; Dec. 29; Corp., June 1, '65; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Cordon, Isaac, 30; enlisted in Co. I, Dec. 26, '63, Venice; Jan. 6, '64; trans. May 17, '64, to Co. B; wd. June 1, '64, Cold Harbor; dis. April 15, '65, hospital, Germantown, Pa.
- Davis, Allen B., 30; Aug. 8, '62, Ontario; Sept. 9; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Dempsey, Milton, 18; Sept. 5, '64, Wolcott; Sept. 5, 1 year; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Denney, Loren, 27; Aug. 9, '62, Williamson; Sept. 9; Corp., June 22, '65; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Dietrick, Edwin, 35; Sept. 2, '64, Lansing; Sept. 2, 1 year; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Diver, Frank H., 19; trans. Nov. 11, '64, to Co. B from Co. I, 76th N. Y., in which he had enlisted, July 24, '63; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Diver, Jerome B., 25; Aug. 12, '62, Ontario; Sept. 9; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Dulan, John, 18; Aug. 25, '64, Oakfield; wd. April 2, '65, Petersburg; dis. June 14, '65, Washington.
- Dunlap, John H., 32; Aug. 8, '62, Walworth; Sept. 9; dis. July 6, '65, Fort Stevens.
- Dwight, Lewis, 34; April 1, '64, Trenton; April 1; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Dwyer, James, 39; Jan. 5, '64, in Co. I, Auburn; Jan. 5; trans. to Co. B May 17, '64; trans. April 13, '65, Co. G, 20th V. R. C.
- Ellsworth, George, 21; Sept. 23, '64, Tarrytown; Sept. 23, 1 year; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Elmer, Francis M., 20; Aug. 7, '62, Walworth; Sept. 9; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Elmer, Reuben, 44; Aug. 8, '62, Walworth; Sept. 9; dis. April 24, '63, Fort Simmons.
- Fenner, Nelson A., 24; Dec. 3, '63, Ontario; Dec. 29; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Fish, Chauncey, 39; Aug. 1, '62, Williamson; Sept. 9; 1st Sergt.; promoted 2d Lieut.
- Fish, John J., 18; Mar. 30, '64, Williamson; Mar. 30; dis. June 14, '65, hospital, Washington.
- Fish, Myron M., 20; Mar. 26, '64, Williamson; Mar. 30; k. Sept. 19, '64, Winchester.
- Fitts, Nelson A., 33; Aug. 1, '62, Walworth; Sept. 9; captured at Monacaey and escaped, July 18; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Fleischer, Henry, 36; Dec. 26, '63, Rochester; Dec. 26; deserted Aug. 20, '64.
- Foote, Harvey M., 25; Aug. 1, '62, Ontario; Sept. 9, Sergt.; dis. Nov. 20, '63, for promotion 1st Lieut., Co. C, 10th U. S. C. T.
- Franklin, Benjamin, 19; Aug. 14, '62, Ontario; Sept. 9; wd. Cold

- Harbor; became bugler; M. O., July 6, '65. Had served in Co. D, 13th N. Y. Infantry.
- Franklin, Joshua, 26; Aug. 13, '62, Ontario; Sept. 9, Corp.; dis. April 17, '63; re-enlisted Dec. 14, '63, Ontario; dis. Jan. 31, '64, Fort Simmons; rejected recruit.
- Freer, John, 20; Dec. 14, '63, Walworth; Dec. 29; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Fries, Edmund, 22; Aug. 12, '62, Williamson; Sept. 9; Corp., Jan. 21, '65; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Fries, Gilbert, 21; Aug. 11, '62, Williamson; Sept. 9; k. Oct. 19, '64, Cedar Creek.
- Frost, Lewis B., 21; Dec. 26, '63, Penfield; Dec. 29; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Gage, Jesse, 3d. 43; July 31, '62, Ontario; Sept. 9; dis. Aug. 12, '65, Washington.
- Gamble, David P., 16; Dec. 16, '63, Palmyra; Dec. 26; dis. June 26, '65, hospital, Philadelphia.
- Gardiner, Lewis G., 24; Dec. 5, '63, Ontario; Dec. 29; wd. Sept. 19, '64, Winchester; dis. June 19, '65, Frederick, Md.
- Gilbert, George W., 21; Aug. 11, '62, Walworth; Sept. 9; Corp., Oct. 11, '63; wd. June 1, '64, Cold Harbor; dis. Feb. 16, '65.
- Gilno, Ezra, 29; Aug. 8, '62, Ontario; Sept. 9; wd. June 1, '64, Cold Harbor; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Golden, Thomas, 36; Aug. 12, '62, Walworth; Sept. 9; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Greenman, Matthew C., 18; Dec. 14, '63, Rochester; Dec. 16; d. Nov. 5, '64, hospital, Philadelphia.
- Greenman, Wesley A., 20; Dec. 14, '63, Rochester; Dec. 14; dis. May 13, '65, hospital, Philadelphia.
- Greenman, William H., 19; Dec. 14, '63, Rochester; Dec. 14; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Gregory, Lyman, 18; Aug. 14, '62, Ontario; Sept. 9, Corp.; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Grey, Henry G., 24; Dec. 30, '64, Troy; Dec. 31; deserted April 23, '65, on march to Danville.
- Grippen, David G., 28; Aug. 11, '62, Ontario; Sept. 9; dis., as bugler, Mar. 28, '64, Fort Baker.
- Hall, John, 25; Aug. 31, '62, Walworth; Sept. 9; wd. Sept. 19, '64, Winchester; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Harkness, Edson J., 19; Aug. 8, '62, Ontario; Sept. 9, Corp.; dis. Sept. 19, '63, for promotion Captain, 6th U. S. C. T.; M. O., Brevet Major.
- Hazzard, William F., 18; Nov. 7, '63, Rochester; Nov. 12; trans. May 4, '65, 69th Co., 2d Bat., V. R. C.
- Hibbard, Calvin C., 21; Dec. 16, '63, Ontario; Dec. 20; d. June 5, '64, Yorktown, Va., of wounds received June 1 at Cold Harbor.
- Hiller, Jacob, 36; Aug. 11, '62, Ontario; Sept. 9; wd. June 3, '64, Cold Harbor; M. O., July 6, '65.

- Hoag, Francis J., 21; Aug. 11, '62, Walworth; Sept. 9; Corp., Nov. 17, '63; Sergt., Jan. 19, '64; 1st Sergt., Jan. 8, '65; promoted 2d Lieut.
- Hoag, Hiram C., 43; Dec. 7, '63, Walworth; Dec. 29; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Hoag, J. Murray, 19; Aug. 11, '62, Walworth; Sept. 9; Corp., May 4, '63; dis. Aug. 29, '63, for promotion 2d Lieut. 4th U. S. Colored Troops; lost an arm in the service.
- Hodges, William H., 31; Dec. 14, '63, Walworth; Dec. 29; deserted Feb. 23, '65.
- Holdridge, Daniel H., 21; Dec. 21, '63, Penfield; Dec. 26; drowned, June 17, '65, while bathing in Georgetown canal, near Fort Simmons.
- Holdridge, William, 18; Aug. 26, '64, Middleburg; wd. Mar. 25, '65; dis. June 15, '65.
- Holtom, Frank B., 18; Aug. 12, '62, Ontario; Sept. 9; wd. June 1, '64, Cold Harbor, and Sept. 19, '64; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Hopkins, Cassius C., 19; Aug. 20, '62, Ontario; Sept. 9; Corp., April 1, '64; trans. May 6, '64, U. S. Navy.
- Howell, Vernon R., 19; Jan. 15, '64, Marion; Jan. 20; dis. June 22, hospital, Philadelphia.
- Howser, Charles L., 19; Sept. 3, '64, Dayton; 1 year; d. Nov. 4, '64, hospital, Baltimore, of wounds received at Cedar Creek.
- Hoxie, John C., 19; Aug. 8, '62, Ontario; Sept. 9; Wagoner; Corp., April 1, '64; trans. Mar. 15, '65, Signal Corps.
- Jagger, Daniel E., 18; Dec. 16, '63, Palmyra; Dec. 26; d. June 15, '64, hospital, David's Island, N. Y., from wounds received June 8, Cold Harbor.
- Jones, Stephen, 21; Aug. 8, '62, Ontario; Sept. 9; M. O., July 6, '65.
- King, John H., 19; Aug. 9, '62, Ontario; Sept. 9; Corp. and Sergt., no dates; wd. June 1, Cold Harbor; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Ladd, Francis, 40; Aug. 12, '62, Ontario; Sept. 9; d. June 26, '64, hospital, City Point, Va.
- Lavarne, Daniel, 18; Dec. 21, '64; 1 year; wd. April 2, '65, Petersburg; dis. July 14, '65, hospital, Washington.
- Leighton, Lewis B., 24; Sept. 8, '64, Syracuse; Sept. 8, 1 year; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Lent, Charles D., 32; Aug. 12, '62, Walworth; Sept. 9, Sergt.; promoted 2d Lieut., Co. H.
- Lewis, Dwight, *vide* Dwight, Lewis.
- Loomis, Francis M., 21; Dec. 21, '63, Walworth; Dec. 29; dis. June 7, '65, Baltimore.
- Loveless, Hamilton, 18; Mar. 23, '63, Rose; Mar. 26; k. June 1, '64, Cold Harbor.
- McCarthy, Daniel, 38; Dec. 10, '63, Ontario; Dec. 29; wd. June 1, '64, Cold Harbor; dis. Nov. 19, '64, hospital, Washington.
- McCartin, Laughlin, 44; Jan. 5, '64, Auburn; Jan. 5; in Co. I;

- trans. Co. B May 17, '64; prisoner June 1, '64, Cold Harbor; d. Sept. 2, '64, Andersonville.
- McClure, James, 22; Sept. 1, '64, Huron; Sept. 5, 1 year; wd. Oct. 19, '64, Cedar Creek; dis. July 27, '65, Syracuse.
- McConnell, Irving, 18; Dec. 25, '63, Galen; Dec. 29; in Co. G; trans. Co. B May 17, '64; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- McCumber, William H., 21; Dec. 26, '63, Rochester; Dec. 26; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Mack, Daniel, 18; Jan. 21, '64, Lansing; Jan. 21; in Co. I; trans. Co. B May 17, '64; prisoner July 9, '64, Monocacy; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Mack, David S., 21; Aug. 13, '62, Williamson; Sept. 9, Sergt.; dis. Oct. 4, '63, for promotion 1st Lieut., 7th U. S. C. T.
- Mack, Samuel R., 26; Aug. 14, '62, Ontario; Sept. 9; prisoner July 9, '64, Monocacy; M. O., July 6, '65.
- McKowen, Edwin, 25; Sept. 19, '64, Sodus; Sept. 19, 1 year; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Manchester, Charles F., 25; Aug. 12, '62, Ontario; Sept. 9; dis. April 8, '64, Fort Baker.
- Mason, James O., 23; Dec. 14, '63, Walworth; Dec. 29; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Merrick, Joseph S., 20; Aug. 8, '62, Ontario; Sept. 9; dis. June 11, '63, hospital, Rochester.
- Metzgar, Dana, 20; Aug. 30, '64, Groton; Sept. 5, 1 year; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Miller, Charles A., 21; Aug. 11, '62, Walworth; Sept. 9; d. Aug. 2, '64, hospital, Washington.
- Miller, William H., 18; Dec. 7, '63, Walworth; Dec. 29; dis. Jan. 25, '65, Washington.
- Munson, Charles H., 29; Dec. 18, '63, Marion; Dec. 20; in Co. G; trans. Co. B May 17, '64; k. April 2, '65, Petersburg.
- Myers, Frederick, 18; Dec. 14, '63, Walworth; Dec. 29; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Myers, Samuel, 41; Aug. 11, '62, Walworth; Sept. 9; k. Sept. 19, '64, Winchester.
- Nash, Josiah E., 23; Aug. 11, '62, Walworth; Sept. 9; d. Aug. 7, '64, hospital, Annapolis, of wounds received July 9 at Monocacy.
- Negus, John, 38; Feb. 24, '64, Rochester; Feb. 25; prisoner, Monocacy, July 9, '64; dis. June 29, '65, Rochester.
- Niles, Edwin D., 18; Aug. 12, '62, Ontario; Sept. 9; wd. Oct. 19, '64, Cedar Creek; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Niles, Egbert, 19; Aug. 8, '62, Ontario; Sept. 9; M. O., July 6, '65.
- O'Flynn, Thomas D., 22; Dec. 7, '63, Walworth; Dec. 29; wd. Sept. 19, '64, Winchester; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- O'Flynn, William H., 18; Dec. 29, '63, Walworth; Dec. 29; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Page, Ebenezer, 42; Aug. 2, Ontario; Sept. 9, Corp.; M. O., July 6, '65.

- Painter, George, 26; Aug. 4, '62, Ontario; Sept. 9; disabled in line of march; dis. May 17, '65, hospital, Philadelphia.
- Palan, Robert D., 25; Dec. 26, '63, Penfield; Dec. 26; wd. June 8, '64, Cold Harbor; dis. Jan. 20, '66, hospital, David's Island, N. Y.
- Parker, James E., 22; Dec. 16, '63, Walworth; Dec. 29; dis. July 23, '64, for promotion 1st Lieut., 12th U. S. C. T.
- Parkhill, Robert F., 26; Aug. 13, '62, Williamson; Sept. 9; d. Nov. 12, '64, Rochester, from wounds received Oct. 19 Cedar Creek. Had served in 17th N. Y. Infantry.
- Patterson, Charles P., 25; July 31, '62, Ontario; Sept. 9; promoted 2d Lieut., Co. F.
- Patterson, James N., 25; Aug. 31, '62, Walworth; Sept. 9; wd. June 1, '64, Cold Harbor; dis. Jan. 28, '65, hospital, Philadelphia.
- Payne, Alexander, 37; Dec. 10, '63, Ontario; Dec. 29; d. Sept. 20, '64, from wounds received the day before at Winchester.
- Peacock, Harrison F., 26; Dec. 19, '63, Macedon; Dec. 29; Corp., Feb. 23, '64; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.; M. O. as sergeant.
- Peacock, Oscar F., 21; Aug. 29, '62, Walworth; Sept. 9; dis. May 15, '65, hospital, Philadelphia.
- Pease, Charles W., 25; Aug. 14, '62, Ontario; Sept. 9; dis. Nov. 20, '63, for promotion 2d Lieut., 10th U. S. Colored Troops.
- Perrin, Edwin B., 18; Dec. 7, '63, Walworth; Dec. 26; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Pierce, Samuel, 27; May 19, '63, Palmyra; June 4; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Pierson, John, 30; Aug. 31, Walworth; Aug. 31; Corp., July 13, '63; d. June 20, '64, hospital, Philadelphia, from wounds received June 1 at Cold Harbor.
- Potter, Elias, 31; Aug. 12, '62, Walworth; Sept. 9; promoted artificer; wd. Oct. 19, '64, Cedar Creek; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Pratt, Almon J., 26; July 31, '62, Ontario; Sept. 9, Sergt.; dis. Nov. 20, '63, for promotion 1st Lieut., 10th U. S. C. T.
- Prentiss, James D., 19; Dec. 20, '63, Williamson; Dec. 29; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Prey, David H., 42; Dec. 24, '63, Hannibal, in Co. G, thence to B May 17, '64; Dec. 29; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A. Had served in Co. G, 5th Wisconsin Infantry.
- Pryor, John, 18; Dec. 21, '63, Palmyra; Dec. 29; dis. June 20, '65, Washington.
- Raynor, Andrew J., 24; Aug. 12, '62, Ontario; Sept. 9; dis. Dec. 11, '63, for promotion 2d Lieut., 19th U. S. Colored Troops.
- Reed, John L., 27; Aug. 13, '62, Ontario; Sept. 9; Corp., no date; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Reed, Nathan R., 22; Aug. 11, '62, Walworth; Sept. 9; Corp., Nov. 18, '62; Sergt., Nov. 17, '63; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Reeves, Stephen, 37; Aug. 8, '62, Marion; Sept. 9; promoted artificer; M. O., July 6, '65.

- Rice, John F., 31; May 19, '63, Palmyra; June 4; k. Sept. 19, '64, Winchester.
- Rice, Lewis B., 28; Aug. 8, '62, Sodus; Sept. 9; dis. July 8, '63, for promotion 2d Lieut., Co. K, 1st U. S. Colored Troops.
- Richmond, George H., 20; Aug. 14, '62, Ontario; Sept. 9; dis. July 8, '65, Harper's Ferry.
- Rifenburg, Walter L., 21; Aug. 8, '62, Ontario; Sept. 9; wd. June 1, '64, Cold Harbor, and Oct. 19, Cedar Creek; dis. as Corp., July 17, '65, Elmira.
- Risley, Charles M., 21; Feb. 25, '64, Rochester; Feb. 25; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Rogers, Eugene O., 21; Aug. 12, '62, Walworth; Sept. 9; Corp., Nov. 17, '63; dis. as Sergt. June 26, '65.
- Rogers, William, 41; Sept. 2, '64, Wolcott; Sept. 2, 1 year; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Rouch, Max, 37; Aug. 8, '62, Ontario; Sept. 9; trans. June 24, '65, Co. A, 11th Regt., V. R. C.
- Roys, Gains M., 27; Aug. 12, '62, Williamson; Sept. 9; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Ruffle, John, 44; Aug. 1, '62, Ontario; Sept. 9; d. July 13, '63, Fort Mansfield.
- Russell, Elon, 32; Dec. 16, '63, Walworth; Dec. 29; dis. June 23, '65, Washington.
- Sage, James, 39; Dec. 3, '63, Ontario; Dec. 29; d. Oct. 20, '64, of wounds received the day before at Cedar Creek.
- Sage, Joseph, 30; Aug. 12, '62, Ontario; Sept. 9; wd. Sept. 19, '64, Winchester; dis. April 28, '65, Rochester.
- Sanders, Eugene, 23; Aug. 9, '62, Williamson; Sept. 9; Corp., June 20, '64; Sergt., Jan. 21, '65; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Sharp, Emmet W., 22; Aug. 9, '62, Ontario; Sept. 9; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Shipman, John, 18; Sept. 5, '64, Groton; 1 year; dis. June 21, '65, Washington.
- Sipperly, Philip E., 44; Dec. 9, '63, Wolcott; Dec. 29; wd. Oct. 19, '64, Cedar Creek; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Smith, Albert L., 21; Aug. 11, '62, Walworth; Sept. 9; dis. Aug. 1, '65, Washington.
- Smith, Edwin B., 20; Sept. 5, '64, Lyons; Sept. 5, 1 year; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Smith, Henry, 21; Sept. 9, '64, Sodus; Sept. 9, 1 year; wd. March 25, '65, Petersburg; dis. July 6, '65, Washington.
- Smith, Jarvis L., 29; Dec. 10, '63, Ontario; Dec. 29; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Smith, Morris M., 21; Aug. 13, '62, Ontario; Sept. 9; Corp., Mar. 10, '65; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Smith, Walter S., 38; Aug. 8, '62, Ontario; Sept. 9; Musician; dis. June 20, '65, Washington.
- Soper, John H., 18; Dec. 18, '63, Marion; Dec. 20 in Co. G, thence trans. B, May 17, '64; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.

- Sova, Alfred N., 18; Dec. 19, '63, Walworth; Dec. 29; dis. June 16, '65, Washington.
- Speller, James W., 24; Aug. 13, '62, Ontario; Sept. 9; Aug. 26; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Stanford, Daniel J., 25; Aug. 11, '62, Ontario; Sept. 9; Corp., June 13, '63; Sergt., Jan. 19, '64; wd. Oct. 19, '64, Cedar Creek; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Sterling, Wallace M., 23; July 1, '63, Fort Mansfield; July 2; dis. Aug. 21, '63, for promotion 1st Lieut., 1st U. S. Colored Troops. Had served in Co. D, 28th N. Y. Infantry.
- Strickland, Thomas A., 20; Aug. 11, '62, Walworth; Sept. 9; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Stumpf, William, 21; Dec. 14, '63, Walworth; Dec. 29; d. June 4, '64, Sixth Corps hospital, from wounds received June 1 at Cold Harbor.
- Taylor, Sylvester D., 19; Feb. 25, '64, Rochester; Feb. 25; trans. as musician June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Terwilliger, Albert E., 18; Aug. 14, '62, Ontario; Sept. 9; Corp., Aug. 1, '64; wd. Sept. 19, '64, Winchester; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Thatcher, James H., 21; Aug. 8, '62, Ontario; Corp., Feb. 12, '64; Sergt., Jan. 21, '65; 1st Sergt., Mar. 10, '65; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Thomas, Charles, 18; Aug. 8, '62, Walworth; Sept. 9; k. Sept. 19, '64, Winchester.
- Travis, Edwin L., 21; Dec. 16, '63, Ontario; Dec. 29; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Tucker, William H., 21; Aug. 31, '64, Groton; Aug. 31; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.; Vet. Co. C, 76th N. Y. Vols.
- Vandewarker, Abial, 18; Dec. 3, '63, Ontario; Dec. 29; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Vandewarker, Samuel, 21; May 3, '63, Palmyra; June 4; wd. Sept. 19, '64; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Wall, Alonzo H., 21; Aug. 8, '62, Ontario; Sept. 9; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Warland, George L., 18; Dec. 22, '63, Rochester; Dec. 22; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Warland, Henry C., 21; July 1, '63, Fort Mansfield; July 2; Corp., July 1, '64; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Warren, Charles, 20; Dec. 18, '63, Ontario; Dec. 29; dis. July 5, '65, Washington.
- Warren, Edwin, 18; Dec. 18, '63, Ontario; Dec. 29; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Warren, Jerome, 20; Aug. 12, '62, Ontario; Sept. 9; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Warren, Robert, 37; Dec. 10, '63, Ontario; Dec. 29; dis. June 12, '65, hospital, Rochester.
- Watson, John W., 25; Aug. 1, '62, Ontario; Sept. 9; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Westbrook, Manley, 19; Sept. 14, '64, Sodus; 1 year; d. Dec. 18, '64, in field hospital, Winchester, from wounds received Oct. 19 at Cedar Creek.

- Whitcomb, Charles D., 35; Aug. 9, '62, Ontario; dis. Jan. 15, '64, Fort Simmons.
- White, Artemus T., 21; Aug. 11, '62, Walworth; Sept. 9; dis. April 3, '63, Fort Simmons.
- White, John J., 24; Dec. 14, '63, Walworth; Dec. 29; Corp., Aug. 1, '64; dis. June 16, '65, hospital, Baltimore.
- Whitman, Henry, 29; Dec. 7, '63, Walworth; Dec. 29; trans. Oct. 10, '64, Co. B, 10th Regt., V. R. C.
- Whitmer, John, 21; Dec. 21, '63, Walworth; Dec. 29; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Willis, Charles, 18; Aug. 31, '64, Geneva; Sept. 2, 1 year; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Wilson, John, 18; Aug. 8, '62, Ontario; Sept. 9; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Woodard, Orlando, 18; Dec. 16, '63, Ontario; Dec. 29; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Woodhams, Henry, 28; Dec. 17, '63, Ontario; Dec. 29; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Woodruff, Edgar W., 27; Aug. 12, '62, Ontario; Sept. 9, Corp.; dis. Feb. 4, '64, Fort Simmons.
- Wooster, Milton, 18; Dec. 10, '63, Ontario; Dec. 29; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Wooster, Seymour W., 25; Aug. 1, '62, Ontario; Sept. 9; d. Sept. 22, '64, in field hospital, Winchester, from wounds received the 19th.
- Wooster, William E., 21; Aug. 13, '62, Ontario; Sept. 9; k. June 3, '64, Cold Harbor.
- Wyman, Abel R., 26; Aug. 11, '62, Walworth; Sept. 9; d. July 10, '64, hospital, Washington, from wounds received June 22 at Petersburg.
- Wyman, William M., 33; Dec. 14, '63, Walworth; Dec. 27; d. March 25, '65, hospital, Washington.

COMPANY C.

This was a Cayuga county company exclusively. Some of the names of towns in our section of the state are very peculiar, and the stranger might smile at the thought of Cato, Conquest and Victory supplying the soldiers who were mustered in on that 8th of September, 1862. These men were reared in townships suggestive of warfare, and of triumph, too. Cato, whether the older or the younger, was a warrior, and his name was given to this particular portion of the state because the township was a part of the military purchase, as were Conquest and Victory also. Men from such starting places could do no less than win. The credit of raising the company belonged largely to Captain Alden and Lieutenants Follett and Burke.

If the roster, as published by the state in 1868 may be believed, the first name enrolled for the company was that of

Robert H. Haver of Conquest July 21. Then came, on the 23d, from the town of Cato, O. G. Burke, David Edminster, Squire Fuller, Chester Hooker, W. H. Lockwood and J. J. Putnam. The list was full in August.

CAPTAINS.

Loyal W. Alden, 32; Aug. 25, '62, Cato; Sept. 8; date of rank, Aug. 14; resigned Feb. 10, '63.
 Harvey W. Follett, from 1st Lieut., Feb. 10, '63; dis. Oct. 8, '64.
 Marshall B. Burke, from 1st Lieut., Sept. 12, '64; M. O., July 6, '65.

FIRST LIEUTENANTS.

Harvey W. Follett, 34; Aug. 27, '62, Auburn; Sept. 8; date of rank, Aug. 14; promoted Captain.
 Marshall B. Burke, from 2d Lieut., Feb. 10, '63; wd. July 9, '64, Monocacy; promoted Captain.
 Asabel M. Abbey, from Co. M, March 17, '64; dis. Sept. 28, '64.
 John B. Baker, from private, Nov. 3, '64; dis. Jan. 31, '65.
 William W. Sinclair, from 2d Lieut., Co. L, Oct. 9, '64; rank from Sept. 12; trans. back to L March 15, '65.
 Charles Cowell, from 1st Sergt., Feb. 17, '65; M. O., July 6, '65.
 James D. Knapp, from Co. H, Feb. 17, '65; M. O., July 6, '65.

SECOND LIEUTENANTS.

Marshall B. Burke, 23; Aug. 26, '62, Auburn; Sept. 8; date of rank, Aug. 14; promoted 1st Lieut.
 Lyman C. Comstock, from field and staff, Feb. 10, '63; promoted 1st Lieut. Co. 1.
 James W. Tift, from 1st Sergt., Mar. 10, '64; wd. July 9, '64, Monocacy; dis. Nov. 28, '64.
 George E. Chapel, 27; May 11, '64, Butler; date of rank, March 17; dis. Dec. 5, '64.
 John M. Allen, from private, March 24, '64; dis. Feb. 28, '65.
 Michael McNulty, from private, Sept. 12, '64; dis. Feb. 28, '65.
 Gilbert Conklin, from Co. G, Nov. 28, '64; M. O., July 6, '65.
 William H. McIntyre, from Co. H, Feb. 3, '65; M. O., July 6, '65. Had served two years in Co. B, 27th N. Y. Infantry,
 Cyrus Acker, from Sergt., Nov. 28, '64; not mustered.

NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS AND PRIVATES.

Abrams, Edwin H., 18; Sept. 1, Auburn; Sept. 1, 1 year; M. O., July 6, '65.
 Acker, Cyrus, 27; Aug. 25, '62, Cato; Sept. 9, Sergt.; promoted 2d Lieut.; wd. June 1, '64, Cold Harbor; dis. April 3, '65, hospital, Rochester.
 Allen, Andrew J., 45; Jan. 7, '64, Onondaga; Jan. 7; prisoner July 9, '64, Monocacy; d. Danville Sept. 28, '64.



COMPANY C.

1st Lieut. J. D. Knapp. Stephen Reeves (B). 1st Lieut. H. W. Follett.
 Capt. Loyal W Alden.
2nd Lieut. M. McNulty. Lewis B. Rice (B). Sergt. Cyrus Acker.

- Allen, John M., 27; Jan. 5, '64, Ira; Jan. 5; promoted 2d Lieut.
- Arnevine, William, 36; Sept. 6, '64, New York; Sept. 6, 1 year; d. Nov. 2, '64, in the field.
- Baker, John B., 44; Dec. 22, '63, Onondaga; Dec. 22; promoted 1st Lieut.
- Baldwin, Jonathan, 22; Aug. 14, '62, Cato; Sept. 8; d. accidental poisoning Jan. 26, '63, Fort Gaines, D. C.
- Baldwin, Lyman, 20; Aug. 4, '62, Cato; Sept. 8; d. Jan. 10, '63, hospital, Fort Gaines.
- Ball, John C., 19; July 29, '62, Cato; Sept. 8; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Barnard, Riverous E., 26; Jan. 2, '64, Hannibal; Jan. 2; prisoner July 9, '64, Monocacy; d. Nov. 19, '64, Danville.
- Bartles, Henry, 32; Dec. 28, '63, Fayette; Dec. 29; prisoner Sept. 19, '64, Winchester; dis. June 24, '65.
- Bass, Henry, 32; Aug. 31, Conquest; Aug. 31; d. Nov. 10, '64, hospital, Baltimore.
- Bates, Milton, 22; Sept. 5, '64, Elbridge; Sept. 5, 1 year; M. O., July 5, '65.
- Bates, Oliver, 21; Dec. 16, '63, Waterloo; Dec. 18; Corp., June 13, '65; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.; M. O. as Sergt.
- Beal, Seth, Jr., 36; Sept. 4, '64, Manchester; Sept. 13, 1 year; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Bench, George, 23; July 28, '62, Conquest; Sept. 8; Corp., April 6, '64; k. Oct. 19, '64, Cedar Creek.
- Benton, William, 31; Sept. 8, '64, Albany; Sept. 20, 1 year; wd. Oct. 19, '64, Cedar Creek; not heard from after going to hospital.
- Bessy, Nelson H., 30; Sept. 1, '64, Conquest; Sept. 1, 1 year; wd. Oct. 19, '64, Cedar Creek; dis. May 15, '65.
- Betts, Robert D., 31; Aug. 11, '62, Conquest; Sept. 8; Corp., April 6, '64; Sergt., Aug. 1, '64; 1st Sergt., March 8, '65; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Bevier, James H., 18; Aug. 11, '62, Conquest; Sept. 8; k. June 1, '64, Cold Harbor.
- Bills, Stephen L., 33; Jan. 13, '64, Macedon; Jan. 13; dis. June 24, '65, Washington.
- Bishop, Henry, 27; Dec. 25, '63, Hannibal; Dec. 25; k. June 1, '64, Cold Harbor.
- Blakeman, Hiram, 23; July 24, '62, Conquest; Sept. 8; dis. June 26, '64, hospital, Philadelphia.
- Blakeman, Horace, 21; July 30, '62, Conquest; Sept. 8; prisoner July 9, '64, Monocacy; d. Mar. 7, '65, Parole Camp, Annapolis, Md.
- Blakeman, Sidney S., 26; Sept. 1, '64, Conquest; Sept. 1; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Blass, Michael, 36; Jan. 4, '64, Conquest; Jan. 4; dis. May 31, '65, hospital, Philadelphia.
- Blass, Walter, 21; Aug. 23, '64, Conquest; Aug. 23, 1 year; M. O., July 6, '65.

- Boyle, Lawrence, 19; Dec. 24, '63, Tyre; Dec. 24; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Brett, Joseph, 28; Dec. 22, '63, Syracuse; Dec. 22; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.; Vet. Co. B, 7th U. S.
- Brooks, Bela S., 39; July 28, '62, Conquest; Sept. 8, Sergt.; dis. March 27, '63, Fort Simmons.
- Brooks, George L., 21; July 28, '62, Conquest; Sept. 8; d. Aug. 24, '64, hospital, Baltimore.
- Brooks, William G., 18; Aug. 2, '62, Conquest; Sept. 8; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Brown, Charles S.; dis. Oct. 2, '63, Fort Mausfield. Register gives nothing further.
- Brown, Jesse S., 30; Jan. 2, '64, Hannibal; Jan. 24; dis. May 31, '65, hospital, Philadelphia.
- Bunn, George, 23; Dec. 22, '63, Sennett; Jan. 4; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Burgess, Almond, 43; Sept. 2, '64, Sempronius; 1 year; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Burk, Giles O., 27; July 23, '62, Cato; Sept. 8, Corp.; Sergt., April 6, '64; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Burns, John, 18; Aug. 9, '64, Tarrytown; Aug. 9, 1 year; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Campbell, Christopher, 21; Nov. 9, '64, New York; Nov. 9; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Carl, William, 32; Sept. 13, '64, New York; 1 year; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Carncross, David M., 21; Jan. 2, '64, Lysander; Jan. 2; prisoner July 9, '64, Monocacy; d. Nov. 19, '64, Danville, Va.
- Carroll, James, 36; Dec. 15, '63, Seneca Falls; Dec. 16; d. July 12, '64, hospital, Frederick, Md., from wounds received on the 9th at Monocacy.
- Carey, Joseph, 28; Dec. 29, '63, Macedon; Jan. 2, '64; d. July 10, '64, hospital, White House, Va.
- Chapman, Addison G., 24; Aug. 11, '62, Conquest; Sept. 8; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Chapman, Elon, 24; Aug. 11, '62, Conquest; Sept. 8; Corp., April 6, '64; k. July 9, '64, Monocacy, Md.
- Chappell, Harvey, 18; Feb. 7, '64, Auburn; Feb. 9; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Chase, Lewis, 32; Sept. 6, '64, Tyrone; Sept. 7, 1 year; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Chase, Orin, 18; Dec. 28, '63, Oswego; Dec. 28; prisoner July 9, '64, Monocacy; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Clark, Ezra, 18; Dec. 15, '63, Waterloo; Dec. 15; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Clark, George P., 21; Sept. 2, '64, Sempronius; Sept. 3, 1 year; dis. June 15, '65, hospital, Washington.
- Clevenger, Samuel B., 21; Jan. 5, '64, Macedon; Jan. 5; prisoner July 9, '64, Monocacy; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A. Had served in 33d N. Y.

- Colburn, John F., 18; Feb. 24, '64, Phelps; March 7; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Cole, Barton D., 23; July 28, '62, Conquest; Sept. 8, Corp.; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Cole, John H., 21; Aug. 4, '62, Conquest; Sept. 8; prisoner July 9, '64, Monocacy; d. Sept. 6, '64, Camp Parole, Annapolis, Md.
- Collins, Isaac, 24; Aug. 4, '62, Cato; Sept. 8; wd. June 1, '64, Cold Harbor; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Costello, William, 21; Jan. 20, '64, Syracuse; Jan. 21; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Cowan, John, 18; Dec. 20, '63, Macedon; Dec. 28; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Cowell, Charles, 26; Aug. 11, '62, Conquest; Sept. 8; Corp., Nov. 13, '62; Sergt., April 6, '64; wd. Cold Harbor; 1st Sergt., Nov. 19, '64; promoted 1st Lieut.
- Cox, James W., 29; Sept. 19, '64, Barre; 1 year; d. Oct. 19, '64. The record does not state where.
- Craver, Charles, 30; Sept. 5, '64, Elbridge; 1 year; dis. July 2, '65, hospital, Frederick, Md.
- Crosby, Isaac M., 27; Sept. 3, '64, Rochester; 1 year; wd. April 2, '65, Petersburg; dis. July 5, '65, hospital, Washington.
- Crounse, David, 21; July 22, '62, Conquest; Sept. 8; Corp., April 6, '64; Sergt., Jan. 24, '65; wd. June 1, '64, Cold Harbor; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Crounse, David J., 22; Aug. 11, '62, Conquest; Sept. 8; Corp., Nov. 19, '63; prisoner July 9, '64, Monocacy; dis. June 27, '65.
- Crounse, Hiram, 39; Aug. 30, '64, Conquest; 1 year; wd. April 2, '65, Petersburg; dis. July 27, '65, hospital, Rochester.
- Crounse, Jacob, 18; Feb. 2, '64, Conquest; Feb. 6; wd. June 1, '64, Cold Harbor; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Dakneft, Frank, 25; July 28, '62, Conquest; Aug. 6; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Demass, Martin, 18; Aug. 6, '62, Cato; Sept. 8; Corp., April 6, '64; wd. Cold Harbor; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Demott, Park, 18; Oct. 19, '63, Sterling; Nov. 19; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Dewitt, James A., 40; Aug. 14, '62, Conquest; Sept. 8, Corp.; wd. Cedar Creek; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Dewitt, John M., 18; July 28, '62, Conquest; Sept. 8; prisoner July 9, '65, Monocacy; d. Feb. 12, '65, Danville, Va.
- Dewitt, Russell M., 14; Aug. 30, '64, Auburn; Aug. 30, 1 year; dis. July 12, '65.
- Dodd, Edward, 39; Sept. 8, '64, Tyrone; Sept. 8, 1 year; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Donnelly, John, 21; Dec. 17, '63, Auburn; Dec. 21, '63; wd. Sept. 19, '64; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Donovan, Jeremiah, 18; Jan. 20, '64, Oswego; prisoner July 9, '64; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.

- Earley, Charles, 27; July 30, '62, Conquest; Sept. 8; prisoner July 9, '64, Monocacy; M. O., Sept. 22, '65, Elmira, N. Y.
- Edminster, David, 23; Aug. 11, '62, Cato; Sept. 8, Corp.; Sergt., April 6, '64; promoted Bugler Jan. 24, '65; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Emerick, Levi, 22; Jan. 4, '64, Wolcott; Jan. 5; prisoner July 9, '64, Monocacy; d. Nov. 24, '64, Danville, Va.
- Fiero, Isaac M., 24; Aug. 2, '62, Conquest; Sept. 8; wd. June 1, '64, Cold Harbor; dis. May 6, '65, hospital, Rochester.
- Finnacy, Richard, 28; Aug. 5, '62, Conquest; Sept. 8; d. June 24, '64, hospital, Washington, from wounds received June 5 at Cold Harbor.
- Finney, William, 21; July 29, '62, Conquest; Sept. 8; wd. Sept. 19, '64; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Fisher, George, 37; Dec. 30, '63, Skaneateles; Dec. 30; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Flint, Clark R., 44; Sept. 4, Sempronius; Sept. 21, 1 year; d. May 26, '65, hospital, Washington.
- Follett, Alanson H., 24; July 28, '62, Conquest; Sept. 8, Sergt.; 1st Sergt., April 6, '64; k. June 5, '64, Cold Harbor.
- Foster, Lewis M., 18; Sept. 1, '62, Conquest; Sept. 8; Corp., Nov. 18, '64; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Fuller, David N., 27; July 23, '62, Cato; Sept. 8; record for this name obscure, appears to have been dropped.
- Fuller, Henry, 21; Aug. 11, '62, Conquest; Sept. 8; dis. June 13, '65.
- Fuller, Silas, 36; Aug. 6, '62, Cato; Sept. 8; Corp., Nov. 18, '64; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Fuller, Squire, 21; July 23, '62, Cato; Sept. 8; d. Jan. 14, '63, hospital, Washington.
- Fuller, William, 18; July 28, '62, Cato; Sept. 8; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Gardner, Turner, 27; Aug. 11, '62, Cato; Sept. 8; dis. April 22, '64, Fort Foote, Md.
- Garity, Frank, 18; Aug. 30, '62, Conquest; Sept. 8; Corp., April 6, '64; Sergt., Nov. 18, '64; wd. June 1, '64, Cold Harbor, and Oct. 19 Cedar Creek; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Gerard, Joseph J., 24; Dec. 14, '63, Albany; Dec. 14; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A. Veteran.
- Gerow, William, 21; Jan. 4, '64, Hannibal; Jan. 4; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Gifford, Eugene, 18; Aug. 5, '62, Cato; Sept. 8; d. Nov. 11, '63, Fort Foote, Md.
- Gilbert, Spencer C., 19; July 25, '62, Cato; Sept. 8; Corp., Nov. 18, '64; wd. June 1, '64, Cold Harbor; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Grant, Charles, 44; Dec. 21, '63; Sennett; Dec. 30; k. July 9, '64, Monocacy.
- Grimes, Stephen, 40; July 30, '62, Conquest; Sept. 8; dis. June 13, '65, Washington.
- Hale, James, 21; Aug. 2, '62, Victory; Sept. 8, Corp.; dis. Feb. 2, '63, Fort Gaines.

- Hammond, Elias G., 31; Aug. 28, '62, Conquest; Sept. 8, Corp.; Sergt., Nov. 25, '62; dis. May 7, '64; second enlistment, Aug. 23, '64; Aug. 23, 1 year; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Hand, Nathan B., 29; Jan. 1, '64, Rose; Jan. 2; wd. June 1, '64, Cold Harbor; dis. May 15, '65, in the field; had served in the 111th N. Y.
- Haver, Robert H., 21; July 21, '62, Conquest; Sept. 8; in V. R. C. from April 18 to Nov. 25, '64; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Hay, William, 36; Dec. 22, '63, Macedon; Dec. 28; d. Sept. 30, '63, Fort Simmons.
- Heater, John, 20; March 16, '64, Phelps; March 17; k. July 9, '64, Monocacy.
- Hitchcock, George, 47; Jan. 4, '64, Macedon; Jan. 4; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Holcomb, Almon, 18; Aug. 8, '62, Conquest; Sept. 8, Corp.; wd. June 1, '64, Cold Harbor; promoted 2d Lieut. Co. E.
- Holcomb, Horace, 19; Aug. 13, '62, Conquest; Sept. 8; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Hooker, Francis E., 25; Sept. 12, '64, Manchester; Sept. 13, 1 year; dis. June 13, '65, hospital, Washington.
- Hooker, Joseph C., 18; July 23, '62, Cato; Sept. 8; wd. Sept. 19, '64; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Hunt, Ralph, 24; Sept. 3, '64, Dewitt; Sept. 5, 1 year; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Hunter, Irving, 20; Aug. 8, '62, Conquest; Sept. 8, Musician; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Ingraham, Oliver, 26; Dec. 23, '63, Preble; Dec. 24; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.; Vet. Co. G, 3d N. Y. A.
- Isler, Benjamin, 27; Jan. 22, '64, Macedon; Jan. 24; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- James, Job, 18; Feb. 12, '64, Syracuse; Feb. 12; wd. Oct. 19, '64, Cedar Creek; dis. Dec. 31, '65, hospital, Albany.
- Jayne, Jotham, 34; Sept. 2, '64, Sempronius; 1 year; k. Oct. 19, '64, Cedar Creek.
- Jayne, Seneca, 42; Aug. 27, '64, Sempronius; Sept. 3, 1 year; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Jetty, Frank, 19; Aug. 22, '62, Conquest; Sept. 8; dis. June 16, '65, Washington.
- Jordan, Chester A., 31; Sept. 7, '64, Tyrone; Sept. 7, 1 year; wd. Sept. 19, '64, Winchester; dis. June 19, '65, Frederick, Md.
- Kain, John, 44; Jan. 3, '64, Geddes; Jan. 14; dis. Feb. 16, '65, on account of wounds received June 1, '64, at Cold Harbor.
- Kain, Morris, 19; Jan. 5, '64, Geddes; Jan. 5; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Keefe, Lawrence O., 20; Dec. 12, '63, Oswego; Dec. 30; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Kilmer, George, 21; Aug. 11, '62, Cato; Sept. 8; dis. July 15, '65, hospital, York, Penn.
- Lake, Albert W., 18; Aug. 11, '62, Cato; Sept. 8; d. Dec. 8, '63, Fort Foote.

- Lamphear, Franklin A., 18; Aug. 5, '62, Cato; Sept. 8; Corp., Nov. 18, '64; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Lapham, Ira B., 32; Dec. 30, '63, Macedon; Dec. 30; wd. June 3, '64, Cold Harbor; d. June 27, '64, hospital, Alexandria.
- Lashier, John B., 44; Dec. 19, '63, Covert; Dec. 26; prisoner July 9, '64, Monocacy; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Lewis, Simeon, 21; Dec. 28, '63, Oswego; Dec. 28; d. July 12, '64, hospital, Frederick Md., of wounds received on the 9th at Monocacy.
- Livingston, George M., 33; Jan. 4, '64, Bolivar; Jan. 4; prisoner July 9, '64, Monocacy; dis. Oct. 22, '64, from hospital, Annapolis, Md.; no further record.
- Lockwood, William H., 20; July 23, '62, Cato; Sept. 8; Corp., April 6, '64; Sergt., Nov. 18, '64; M. O., July 6, '65.
- London, John, 23; Jan. 4, '64, Cortland; Jan. 19; prisoner July 9, '64, Monocacy; d. Dec. 20, '64, Danville.
- Lovell, Chester P., 26; Aug. 11, '62, Conquest; Sept. 8; Artificer, April 1, '64; M. O., July 6, '65.
- McDaniels, Cribean, 24; Aug. 2, '62, Victory; Sept. 8; M. O., July 6, '65.
- McGarr, Daniel, 19; Aug. 7, '62, Cato; Sept. 8; d. Nov. 29, '62, Fort Mansfield.
- McGrain, John, 18; Jan. 11, '64, Elmira; Jan. 11; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- McGuire, Frank, 20; Dec. 18, '63, Seneca Falls; Dec. 21; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- McNamara, Dennis, 36; Dec. 30, '63, Lyons; Jan. 4, '64; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- McNett, Alonzo, 36; Aug. 14, '62, Cato; Sept. 8; dis. May 16, '65, York, Penn.
- McNulty, Michael, 26; Dec. 24, '63, Onondaga; Dec. 24; wd. June 1, '64, Cold Harbor; promoted 2d Lieut.
- Manigan, Timothy, 21; Aug. 14, '62, Cato; Sept. 8; k. June 2, '64, Cold Harbor.
- Meade, Jacob, 22; Dec. 29, '63, Oswego; Dec. 29; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Mickle, Andrew H., 28; Aug. 4, '62, Conquest; Sept. 8; deserted Feb. 15, '63.
- Miller, Austin, 35; Jan. 2, '64, Butler; Jan. 4; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Miller, Charles W., 18; Nov. 24, '63, Auburn; Dec. 2; d. Aug. 22, '64, hospital, Washington.
- Miller, George, 21; July 30, '62, Victory; Sept. 8; Corp., April 6, '64; d. June 12, hospital, Alexandria, from wounds received June 6 at Cold Harbor.
- Miller, James, 31; Sept. 9, '64, Syracuse; 1 year; dis. June 16, '65, Washington.
- Miller, Murray H.; Aug. 11, '62, Conquest; Sept. 8; M. O., July 6, '65.

- Miller, Peter, 22; Aug. 4, '62, Cato; Aug. 5; dis. as Sergt. June 13, '65, Washington.
- Mills, Matthew, 19; Jan. 9, '64, Macedon; Jan. 11; k. June 1, '64, Cold Harbor.
- Montgomery, George, 18; Feb. 15, '64, Syracuse; Feb. 15; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Moore, John, 18; Jan. 8, '64, Macedon; Jan. 11; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Morrison, Isaac, 18; Jan. 4, '64, Marion; Jan. 5; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Morton, Franklin, 21; Dec. 25, '63, Mexico; Dec. 25; dis. June 28, '65, Philadelphia.
- Myers, Nicholas, 18; July 4, '63, Sterling; July 13; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Northrop, David, 18; Aug. 6, '62, Cato; Sept. 8; Corp., Nov. 19, '64; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Paulston, John, 23; Jan. 11, '64, Cortland; Jan. 19; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Peck, Eli, 23; Aug. 12, '62, Conquest; Sept. 8; d. Feb. 4, '64, Fort Foote.
- Petty, Dudley B., 18; Aug. 31, '64, Conquest; Sept. 1, 1 year; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Pierce, Willard, 19; Sept. 1, '64, Skaneateles; 1 year; wd. Oct. 19, '64, Cedar Creek; dis. Aug. 31, '65.
- Porter, Robert, 29; Dec. 5, '63, Auburn; Dec. 30; wd. Cold Harbor; d. June 3, '65, hospital, Washington.
- Putnam, Jacob J., 22; July 23, '63, Cato; trans. April 18, '64, V. R. C.
- Richardson, James, 20; Dec. 29, '63, Huron; Jan. 2, '64; d., no date, on ship Thomas A. Morgan; body brought to Fort Monroe July 4, '64.
- Richardson, Richard, 44; July 30, '62, Conquest; Sept. 8, Corp.; prisoner July 9, '64, Monocacy; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Rifenberg, Melvin, 23; Jan. 2, '64, Macedon; Jan. 2; no M. O.
- Roe, Thomas, 21; Dec. 16, '63, Seneca Falls; Dec. 16; prisoner July 9, '64, Monocacy; d. Nov. 19, '64, Danville.
- Ryan, Thomas, 21; June 27, '63, Elmira; July 13; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Sabin, Francis, 18; July 1, '63, Hannibal; July 13; d. Nov. 12, '63, Fort Foote.
- Sattler, Peter, 40; Jan. 13, '64, Syracuse; Jan. 13; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.; Vet. Co. H, 12th N. Y. Vols.
- Sawyer, William E., 18; Dec. 30, '63, New York; Dec. 30; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Schlienger, Clement H., 35; Aug. 23, '64, Cato; Aug. 23, 1 year; wd. April 2, '64, Petersburg; dis. June 22, '65, hospital, Washington.
- Schuller, Michael, 21; Sept. 10, '64, Rochester; 1 year; wd., no date; trans. April 1, '65, V. R. C.

- Seely, Thomas, 28; Dec. 16, '64, New York; Dec. 16; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Servoss, Jay C., 29; Jan. 4, '64, Auburn; Jan. 4; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Setright, Patrick, 29; Sept. 1, '64, Cato; Sept. 2, 1 year; wd. Oct. 19, '64, Cedar Creek; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Sherman, Stephen E., 22; July 28, '62, Conquest; Sept. 8; d. Dec. 13, '63, Fort Foote.
- Sidman, John, 18; Feb. 2, '64, Conquest; Feb. 6; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Sidman, Jonas, 18; Aug. 31, '64, Conquest; Sept. 2, 1 year; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Sigsbee, Nicholas, 18; Oct. 22, '63, Sterling; Nov. 19; prisoner July 9, '64, Monocacy; d. Aug. 9, '64, Staunton, Va., on his way to rebel prison.
- Sisson, Benjamin, 23; Jan. 1, '64, Bolivar; Jan. 1; wd. June 1, '64; Cold Harbor; dis. Sept. 7, '65, hospital, Philadelphia; Vet. Co. I, 85th N. Y. Vols.
- Skinner, Byron J., 20; Dec. 19, '63, Marion; Dec. 29; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Skinner, Jeremiah, 23; Dec. 5, '63, Auburn; Dec. 5; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Sleyton, Burton H., 18; Aug. 12, '62, Conquest; Sept. 8; Corp., Dec. 26, '63; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Sly, William S., 18; Feb. 12, '64, Dewitt; Feb. 12; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Smith, Edmund S., 28; Aug. 27, '62, Conquest; Sept. 8, Sergt.; k. June 1, '64, Cold Harbor.
- Smith, George W., 40; Aug. 13, '62, Conquest; Sept. 8; deserted Aug. 14, '63, Fort Gaines.
- Smith, Lemuel, 25; Nov. 9, '64, New York; Nov. 9; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Smith, Serenus L., 45; Feb. 10, '64, Geddes; Feb. 10; dis. July 18, '65, Syracuse.
- Smith, Wellington, 24; Dec. 29, '63, Macedon; Dec. 29; prisoner July 9, '64, Monocacy; dis. Aug. 15, '65, Rochester.
- Snyder, Walter, 21; Aug. 30, '64, Auburn; Aug. 30, 1 year; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Sours, William, 32; Dec. 27, '63, Macedon; Dec. 27; d. July 14, '64, Frederick, Md., from wounds received July 9 at Monocacy.
- Southwick, Allen, 20; Aug. 13, '62, Cato; Sept. 8; dis. March 27, '63, Fort Simmons.
- Southwick, Benjamin, 20; Aug. 13, '62, Cato; Sept. 8; deserted Feb. 15, '63, Fort Gaines.
- Spinning, William M., 27; Aug. 11, '62, Cato; Sept. 8, Wagoner; Bugler, Jan. 1, '64; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Stevenson, David, 21; June 26, '63, Auburn; Jan. 26, '63; Corp., Nov. 18, '64; Sergt., March 8, '65; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.; M. O. as Sergt.

- Strickland, Leander, 21; Aug. 7, '62, Cato; Sept. 8; Corp., March 8, '64; wd. Cold Harbor; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Switzer, Henry, 20; July 28, '64, Conquest; Aug. 6; trans. April 18, '64, V. R. C.
- Thompson, John N., 26; Aug. 13, '62, Conquest; Sept. 8; dis. May 15, '65, in the field.
- Tibbits, Henry A., 21; July 8, '63, Elmira; July 13; wd. Cold Harbor; dis. June 29, '65, Philadelphia.
- Tift, James W., 23; Aug. 6, '62, Conquest; Sept. 8, 1st Sergt.; promoted 2d Lient.
- Timerson, Oscar F., 18; Jan. 8, '64, Lebanon; Jan. 18; d. Nov. 11, '64, Frederick, Md.
- Todd, William, 38; Dec. 26, '63, Macedon; Dec. 28; wd. July 9, '64, Monocacy; trans. Jan. 20, '65, Co. K, 11th Regt., V. R. C.
- Town, Joel, 23; Aug. 4, '62, Conquest; Sept. 8; deserted Feb. 18, '63, Fort Gaines.
- Townsend, Smith, 22; Aug. 30, '64, Conquest; Sept. 3, 1 year; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Trotter, Henry, 18; Dec. 28, '63, Macedon; Feb. 6, '64; prisoner July 9, '64, Monocacy; dis. Aug. 8, '65, hospital, Rochester.
- Trumbull, Charles W., 18; Dec. 26, '63, Marion; Dec. 29; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Tucker, James, 43; Dec. 16, '63, Covert; Dec. 22; prisoner July 9, '64, Monocacy; d. Jan. 28, '65, Danville, Va.
- Utter, Thomas D., 42; Jan. 4, '64, Bolivar; Jan. 4; wd. April 2, '65, Petersburg; dis. Aug. 12, '65, hospital, Elmira.
- Vandervoort, Martin L., 19; Jan. 4, '64, Geddes; Jan. 5; wd. Oct. 19, '64, Cedar Creek; dis. May 15 in the field.
- Vanhee, Adrian, 21; Jan. 4, '64, Marion; Jan. 5; d. June 25, '64, hospital, Washington.
- Van Horn, Henry H., 22; July 24, '62, Cato; Sept. 8; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Van Vleck, Granger, 18; Jan. 1, '64, Auburn; Jan. 5; wd. June 10, '64, Cold Harbor, and July 9, '64, Monocacy; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Van Vleck, Henry, 42; Aug. 11, '62, Conquest; Sept. 8; d. June 14, '65, from wounds received April 2 at Petersburg.
- Walker, James H., 23; Sept. 6, '64, Albany; Sept. 6, 1 year; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Watson, Elisha, 22; Aug. 13, '62, Conquest; Sept. 8; Corp., April 6, '64; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Weaver, Andrus, 45; July 24, '62, Conquest; Sept. 8; trans. Feb. 3, '65, 4th Co., 2d Bat., V. R. C.
- Westfall, Sidney J., 19; Sept. 3, '64, Auburn; 1 year; lost right arm Oct. 19, '64, Cedar Creek; dis. Aug. 18, '65, hospital, Albany.
- Wheaden, Lucius, 45; Dec. 10, '63, Auburn; no M. O.
- Wheeler, William H., 30; Dec. 15, '63, Seneca Falls; Dec. 15; prisoner July 9, '64, Monocacy; dis. Aug. 5, '65, Rochester.

- Whiting, Bronson, 18; Dec. 22, '63, Brutus; Jan. 4, '64; wd. June 3, '64, Cold Harbor; dis. July 14, '65, hospital, Rochester.
- Whiting, Joel S., 18; Dec. 13, '63, Hannibal; Dec. 31; wd. Cold Harbor; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Wilkes, Samuel, 23; July 31, '62, Victory; Sept. 8; Corp., April 6, '64; k. Oct. 19, '64, Cedar Creek.
- Wilkins, Charles, 30; Jan. 25, '64, Syracuse; Jan. 25; prisoner July 9, '64, Monocacy; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Wood, George W., 44; Dec. 31, '63, Clay; Dec. 31; wd. June 1, '64, Cold Harbor; dis. March 17, '65, hospital, Washington.
- Worden, Culver, 22; Aug. 23, '64, New York; Aug. 23, 1 year; d. Dec. 17, '64, Harper's Ferry.

COMPANY D.

This came pretty near being, exclusively, a Lyons company. The commissioned officers were from that town, and with few exceptions the men were also. The earliest name enrolled as given by the adjutant general was that of Corporal John L. Snyder, Aug. 8; then there is a break till we reach the 11th with John Albaugh, Charles E. Knox and Albert J. Snyder. After that enlistments were brisk to the 26th, when apparently the polls were closed, the company being full. As the dates are given, it would seem that the work was practically all done in about ten days, an exceedingly creditable piece of work to those who engineered it.

While Lyons furnished the majority of the men, the neighboring towns of Sodus, Huron, Rose and Galen contributed a few members.

CAPTAINS.

- Charles L. Lyon, 29; Aug. 19, '62, Lyons; Sept. 8; date of rank, Aug. 22; dis. Feb. 16, '64.
- George W. Bacon, from Co. F, Jan. 8, '64; dis. Aug. 15, '64.
- John F. Stewart, from 1st Lieut., Feb. 18, '65; rank from Feb. 3; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Lewis D. Williams, from 1st Lieut., Sept. 28, '64; rank from Aug. 15; not mustered; dis. Nov. 28, '64.

FIRST LIEUTENANTS.

- Anson S. Wood, 27; Aug. 19, '62, Lyons; Sept. 8, 1st Lieut.; rank from Aug. 22; acting Adjutant after Dec. 25, '62; Adjutant, March 14, '63; trans. June 5, '63, to Co. M as Captain.
- Samuel C. Redgrave, from 2d Lieut., June 6, '63; rank from April 14; dis. April 1, '64.
- Lewis D. Williams, from 1st Sergt., May 2, '64; rank from April 4; wd. at Monocacy; promoted Captain.



COMPANY D.

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| Capt. Geo. W. Bacon. | Capt. Chas. L. Lyon. | Wm. Burt. |
| 1st Lieut. J. H. Ellis (E). | 1st Lieut. S. C. Regrave. | Byzant Luckas. |
| Chas. McDowell. | E. W. Newberry. | Sergt. N. G. York. |
| | | Sergt. H. L. Munn. |

Orrin B. Carpenter, from 2d Lieut., Sept. 28; rank from Aug. 15, '64; k. Oct. 19, '64. Cedar Creek.
 John F. Stewart, from 2d Lieut., Nov. 14, '64; promoted Capt.
 George R. Watson, from Co. I, Dec. 27, '64; resigned June 1, '65.
 Lewis Barton, from 2d Lieut. and Quartermaster, Feb. 3, '65;
 M. O., July 6, '65.

SECOND LIEUTENANTS.

Samuel C. Redgrave, 25; Aug. 19, '62, Lyons; Sept. 8; rank from Aug. 22; promoted 1st Lieut.
 Orrin B. Carpenter, from 1st Sergt., June 5, '63; rank from April 14; promoted 1st Lieut.
 Samuel W. Lape, from Sergt., April 7, '64; rank from Feb. 17; dismissed Sept. 12, '64.
 Lewis Barton, from Sergt., Nov. 14, '64; promoted 1st Lieut.
 John F. Stewart, from Co. G, Oct. 16, '64; date of rank, Sept. 28; promoted 1st Lieut.
 George B. Voorhies, from Sergt., Feb. 11, '65; rank from Jan. 4; M. O., July 6, '65.
 Benjamin F. Hoffman, from Co. G, March 2, '65; rank from Nov. 12, '64; M. O., July 6, '65.

NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS AND PRIVATES.

Adams, George, 41; Aug. 13, '62, Lyons; Sept. 8; dis. Jan. 17, '64, Fort Simmons.
 Albaugh, James, 21; Aug. 15, '62, Lyons; Sept. 8; d. Nov. 29, '62, Fort Simmons.
 Albaugh, John, 1st, 27; Aug. 11, '62, Lyons; Sept. 8; dis. Oct. 10, '63, hospital, Washington.
 Albaugh, John, 2d, 21; Aug. 21, '62, Lyons; Sept. 8; d. Dec. 7, '62, Fort Simmons.
 Allen, Levi F., 31; Aug. 14, '62, Lyons; Sept. 8, Corp.; Sergt., April 10, '63; d. Sept. 16, '63, hospital, Washington.
 Allen, Willard T., 20; Jan. 1, '64, Lyons; Jan. 4; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.; had served two years in Co. B, 27th N. Y.
 Andrews, Henry F., 23; Dec. 25, '63, Sodus; Dec. 25; dis. May 8, '64, to enter U. S. Navy.
 Angel, Eben H., 22; Jan. 5, '64, Otisco; Jan. 5; dis. June 17, '65, hospital, Fortress Monroe.
 Anson, William, 18; Dec. 16, '63, Huron; Dec. 21; k. July 9, '64, Monocaey.
 Armstrong, Thomas, 32; Aug. 16, '62, Lyons; Sept. 8; M. O., July 6, '65.
 Baker, Hudson T., 18; Aug. 12, '62, Lyons; Sept. 8; trans. April 18, '64, V. R. C.
 Baker, Tallman P., 43; Aug. 14, '62, Lyons; Sept. 8; dis. July 15, '65, hospital, Rochester.

- Barton, Lewis, 26; Aug. 12, '62, Lyons; Sept. 8, Sergt.; promoted 2d Lieut.
- Berkley, Frederick, 24; Aug. 19, '62, Lyons; Sept. 8; wd. June 1, '64, Cold Harbor; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Billings, Silas H., 20; Jan. 25, '64, Lafayette; Jan. 25; wd. Sept. 19, '64; dis. Jan. 26, '65, hospital, Philadelphia.
- Poland, Andrew, 33; Oct. 29, '64, New York; Oct. 29, 1 year; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Boss, George, 33; Jan. 3, '64, Lyons; Jan. 11; prisoner July 9, '64, Monocacy; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Bostwick, Joseph L., 35; Jan. 5, '64, Onondaga; Jan. 5; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Bourne, Joseph, 23; Aug. 14, '62, Lyons; Sept. 8; dis. March 7, '64, Fort Foote.
- Boyer, William H., 24; Sept. 10, '64, Lockport; Sept. 12, 1 year; dis. Aug. 28, '65, Elmira.
- Boyst, John, 21; Aug. 14, '62, Lyons; Sept. 8; Corp., Feb. 19, '65; wd. April 6, '65, Petersburg; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Bremer, William, 18; Dec. 28, '63, Galen; Dec. 29; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Bridenbaker, Jacob, 40; Jan. 6, '64, Brunswick; Jan. 8; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Brown, Byron, 18; Aug. 12, '62, Lyons; Sept. 8; dis. June 26, '65, Annapolis.
- Brundage, Samuel W., 23; Sept. 8, '64, Sodus; Sept. 12, 1 year; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Bullock, Nathan, 25; Aug. 13, '62, Lyons; Sept. 8; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Burke, Michael, 42; Aug. 15, '62, Lyons; Sept. 8; dis. Feb. 6, '64, Camp Distribution, Va.
- Burns, George E., 19; Dec. 14, '63, Rose; Dec. 29; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Burns, James W., 19; Aug. 19, '62, Rose; Sept. 8; Corp., July 6, '63; Sergt., April 18, '65; wd. June 3, '64, Cold Harbor; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Burt, William, 41; Aug. 19, '62, Lyons; Sept. 8; wd. Oct. 19, '64, Cedar Creek; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Bush, Kellogg C., 21; Jan. 28, '64, Lafayette; Jan. 28; wd. July 9, '64, Monocacy; dis. May 15, '65, in the field.
- Button, Elliott H., 28; Jan. 5, '64, Syracuse; Jan. 5; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Button, Sanford E., 21; Jan. 4, '64, Clay; Jan. 4; dis. Dec. 12, '64, hospital, Washington; Vet. Co. H, 149th N. Y. Vols.
- Butts, Luke A., 18; Jan. 14, '64, Phelps; Jan. 28; deserted Dec. 4, '64.
- Carothers, Robert, 25; Sept. 3, '64, Scipio; Sept. 3, 1 year; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Carpenter, Orrin B., 35; Aug. 18, '62, Lyons; Sept. 8, 1st Sergt.; promoted 2d Lieut.

- Christian, Marcus, 20; Jan. 5, '64, Syracuse; Jan. 5; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Clapp, Henry R., 18; Sept. 5, Wolcott; Sept. 6; dis. May 22, '65, Baltimore.
- Clark, Dwight C., 18; Dec. 17, '63, Galen; Dec. 29; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Clark, George, 18; April 1, '63, Lyons; deserted Dec. 16, '63.
- Clark, James, 14; Dec. 19, '62, Dist. Columbia; Dec. 19, Musician; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Clark, John, 19; Dec. 17, '63, Galen; Dec. 29; d. Dec. 14, '64, in front of Petersburg.
- Clark, Joseph, 24; Sept. 17, '64, Albany; 1 year; dis. Sept. 7, '65, Elmira.
- Clark, Lewis H., 2d, 23; Dec. 28, '63, Sodus; wd. July 9, '64, Monocacy; dis. Oct. 3, '64.
- Clark, Merriek, 21; Dec. 18, Lyons; Dec. 29; prisoner Aug. 17, '64, Winchester; dis. June 27, '65, Annapolis.
- Clark, Vincent E., 31; Dec. 31, '63, Spafford; Dec. 31; prisoner July 9, '64, Monocacy; dis. June 26, '65, Annapolis.
- Cobb, John G., 22; Jan. 4, '64, Cortland; Jan. 4; prisoner July 9, '64, Monocacy; d. Oct. 14 on cars between Danville and Richmond.
- Comstock, John L., 21; Jan. 18, '64, Syracuse; Jan. 25; wd. July 9, '64, Monocacy; trans. Jan. 28, '65, Co. C, 21st Regt., V. R. C.
- Conklin, John, 18; Dec. 18, '63, Elbridge; Jan. 5; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Cook, James, 18; Jan. 20, '64, Camillus; Jan. 20; dis. May 15, '65, in the field.
- Coventry, Marcus A., 21; Aug. 13, '62, Lyons; Sept. 8; dis. May 13, '65, hospital, Rochester.
- Crowfoot, Charles, 20; Dec. 19, '63, Dewitt; Dec. 19; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Darling, Martin, 24; Feb. 1, '64, Syracuse; Feb. 2; dis. June 8, '65, hospital, York, Penn.
- Darling, Philip E., 20; Dec. 30, '63, Savannah; Jan. 4; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Davenport, Franklin W., 24; Aug. 13, '62, Huron; Sept. 8; d. Oct. 4, '63, Fort Foote.
- Davis, Edwin G., 18; Aug. 13, '62, Lyons; Sept. 8; wd. July 9, '64, Monocacy; trans. Jan. 16, '65, Co. H, 3d Regt., V. R. C.
- Dayton, Wilson J., 35; Jan. 4, '64, Cortland; Jan. 4; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Dean, John, 23; Aug. 12, '62, Lyons; Sept. 8; k. June 8, '64, Cold Harbor.
- Dean, Joseph M., Jr., 19; Dec. 19, '63, Lyons; Dec. 29; no M. O.
- Deming, Marvin K., 33; Dec. 12, '63, Galen; Dec. 12; trans. Jan. 31, '65, V. R. C.
- Dennis, John, 44; Dec. 19, '63, Phelps; Dec. 19; k. June 7, '64, Cold Harbor.

- Denel, Walter, 40; Dec. 24, Galen; Dec. 29; wd., no data; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Drake, Benson, 18; Aug. 14, '62, Arcadia; Sept. 8; Corp., Nov. 18, '64; Sergt., June 25, '65; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Dunbar, Levi H., 29; Aug. 14, Lyons; Sept. 8, Corp.; prisoner July 9, '64, Monocacy; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Dunn, Harrison, 21; Aug. 26, '62, Lyons; Sept. 8; trans. April 18, '64, V. R. C.
- Dunn, Homer C., 18; Aug. 16, Lyons; Sept. 8; detailed to serve as sharpshooter Oct., '64; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Dunning, Edwin P., 30; Aug. 13, '62, Lyons; Sept. 8; Corp., March 19, '64; prisoner July 9, '64, Monocacy; dis. July 15, '65, Annapolis.
- Ehart, Michael, 22; Dec. 18, '63, Lyons; Dec. 29; wd. Cold Harbor; dis. July 6, '65, hospital, Rochester.
- Ellis, James H., 19; Aug. 15, '62, Lyons; Sept. 8, Sergt.; promoted Quartermaster Sergt., Non-com. Staff, Sept. 8, '62.
- Ellis, John L., 33; Dec. 30, '63, Lyons; Jan. 4; trans. Oct. 14, '64, V. R. C.
- Everhart, Joseph J., 19; Aug. 20, '62, Lyons; Sept. 8; dis. Feb. 8, '64, Fort Foote.
- Falch, Charles F., 27; Dec. 28, '63, Lafayette; Dec. 28; wd. Sept. 19, '64, Winchester; dis. July 6, '65, hospital, Philadelphia.
- Filoon, John W., 24; Aug. 12, '62, Lyons; Sept. 8; Corp., June 26, '63; k. Sept. 19, '64, Winchester.
- Finch, John T., 21; Aug. 22, '62, Lyons; Sept. 8; dis. May 8, '64, to enlist in U. S. Navy.
- Fish, David, 29; Aug. 13, '62, Lyons; Sept. 8; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Fitzgerald, Edward, 42; Aug. 15, '62, Lyons; Sept. 8; dis. Nov. 17, '63, New York.
- Fleming, Joseph, 30; Sept. 2, '64, China; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Fleming, Melvin, 18; Jan. 11, '64, Sodus; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Fuchs, Philip F., 20; Aug. 19, '62, Lyons; Sept. 8; Sergt., Dec. 18, '64; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Gardner, Marcus, 33; Dec. 31, '63, Otisco; Dec. 31; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Gavin, William, 22; Aug. 23, '64, Wheatfield; Aug. 23; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.; thence, Aug. 5, '65, to 52d N. Y. Vols.
- Geer, Harvey, Jr., 19; Aug. 18, '62, Lyons; Sept. 8; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Geiger, Frederick, 37; Oct. 7, '64, Kingston; Oct. 7; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Genthner, Jacob F., 18; Sept. 8, '64, Sodus; Sept. 12, 1 year; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Genthner, John, 19; Sept. 6, '64, Marcellus; Sept. 6, 1 year; M. O., July 6, '65.

- Genthner, Rudolph, 18; Aug. 12, '62, Lyons; Sept. 8; dis. June 26, '65, hospital, Philadelphia.
- Gilkie, Giles, 20; Aug. 12, '62, Lyons; Sept. 8; wd. in camp Jan. 12, '64; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Golding, William, 21; Feb. 12, '63, Lyons; Feb. 12; dis. April 18, '64, to enlist in U. S. Navy.
- Goodman, Francis O., 33; Jan. 5, '64, Onondaga; Jan. 5; M. O., July 7, '65, hospital, Washington.
- Goseline, Joseph M., 21; April 29, '63, Lyons; April 29; wd. Sept. 19, '64; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Gunther, Charles, 25; Sept. 22, '64, Wilson; Sept. 22, 1 year; dis. June 14, hospital, York, Penn.
- Hall, Charles K., 23; Dec. 19, '63, Lafayette; Dec. 19; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Hall, Hamilton, 21; Aug. 30, Mentz; Aug. 30, 1 year; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Hanna, James P., 25; Aug. 21, '62, Lyons; Sept. 8; Corp., April 10, '63; Sergt., Feb. 19, '65; wd. Sept. 19, Winchester; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Harrington, Frederick, 43; Aug. 18, '64, Auburn; Aug. 18, 1 year; k. Oct. 19, '64, Cedar Creek.
- Harris, Wallace, 19; Aug. 30, '64, Mentz; Aug. 30, 1 year; dis. May 12, '65, hospital, Philadelphia.
- Hart, John W., 18; Oct. 14, '63, Lyons; Aug. 14; dis. May 31, '65, Washington.
- Haskell, Darius, 39; Aug. 22, '62, Lyons; Sept. 8; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Hasselbaek, Simon, 23; Dec. 18, '63, Lyons; Dec. 21; wd. Sept. 19, '64; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Havens, Dewitt, 32; Dec. 31, Spafford; Dec. 31; prisoner July 9, '64, Monocacy; d. Oct. 26, '64, Danville.
- Heck, William, 21; Aug. 19, '62, Lyons; Sept. 8; Corp., June 23, '65; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Herrick, William, 18; Dec. 18, '63, Elbridge; Jan. 4; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Hilliard, Thomas, 44; Dec. 16, '63, Lyons; Dec. 21; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.; had served in 27th N. Y. Vols.
- Hodges, William, 21; Aug. 13, '62, Lyons; Sept. 8; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Hoeltzel, George, 24; Aug. 12, '62, Lyons; Sept. 8; dis. May 30, '65, hospital, York, Penn.
- Hoeltzel, Henry, 27; Aug. 13, '62, Sodus; Sept. 8; dis. May 28, '63, Washington.
- Hotaling, Guy T., 17; Jan. 20, '64, Dewitt; Jan. 20; d. July 22, '64, hospital, Baltimore.
- Houghkirk, Garrett, 37; Jan. 20, '64, Dewitt; Jan. 26; wd., no date; dis. June 20, '65, hospital, Philadelphia.
- Houghkirk, Silas H., 19; Jan. 16, '64, Dewitt; Jan. 19; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.

- Howe, Eland, 28; Jan. 4, '64, Manlius; Jan. 4; k. June 4, '64, Cold Harbor.
- Hudson, Enos, 44; Aug. 14, '62, Lyons; Sept. 8; prisoner June 1, '64, Cold Harbor; dis. June 19, '65, Annapolis.
- Jeffers, Benjamin, 23; Jan. 18, '64, Syracuse; Jan. 18; prisoner on march to Cold Harbor, June, '64; d. July 26, '64, Andersonville.
- Johnson, Mark P., 29; Aug. 13, '62, Sodus; Sept. 8; trans. to 24th V. R. C.
- Jones, David, 21; Feb. 24, '63, Lyons; Feb. 24; dis. April 16, '63, Fort Simmons.
- Judd, James H., 27; June 27, '63, Galen; June 27; deserted Mar. 25, '64, Fort Foote.
- Kelly, John, 21; June 3, '63, Elmira; June 3; deserted July 10, '63, Fort Thayer.
- Kelly, John, 40; Jan. 4, '64, Onondaga; Jan. 5; trans. Jan. 1, '65, V. R. C.
- King, William H., 25; Sept. 5, '64, Walworth; Sept. 5, 1 year; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Kinney, Irving, 21; Dec. 19, '63, Dewitt; Dec. 19; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Kirnagen, John, 18; Sept. 5, '64, Onondaga; Sept. 5, 1 year; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Klumpp, George, 1st, 19; Feb. 20, '64, Lyons; Feb. 20; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Klumpp, George, 2d, 35; Sept. 6, '64, Elbridge; Sept. 6, 1 year; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Knapp, Hiram M., 36; Aug. 13, '62, Lyons; Sept. 8; dis. May 15, '65, Washington.
- Knox, Charles E., 24; Aug. 11, '62, Rose; Sept. 8; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Kurtz, Andrew, 29; Dec. 17, '63, Auburn; Jan. 2, '64; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Kurtz, John J., 31; Dec. 17, '63, Auburn; Jan. 2; d. Nov. 2, '64, hospital, Annapolis; had been a prisoner of war.
- Lafaver, Henry, 18; June 8, '63, Galen; June 8; deserted Dec. 16, '63.
- Lape, Samuel W., 32; Aug. 13, '62, Sodus; Sept. 8, Sergt; promoted 2d Lieut.
- Latimer, Charles W., 18; Dec. 30, '63, Lyons; Jan. 2, '65; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Lemmon, Elias S., 23; Aug. 12, '62, Lyons; Sept. 8; dis. Aug. 10, '63, Fort Simmons.
- Leroy, Isaac, 18; Aug. 12, '62, Lyons; Sept. 8; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Loomis, Henry, 18; Jan. 25, '64, Syracuse; Jan. 25; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Lovett, Charles, 22; Sept. 5, '64, Lyons; Sept. 5, 1 year; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Low, John F., 18; Dec. 18, '64, New York; 1 year; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.

- Lowe, William, 19; Aug. 14, '62, Lyons; Sept. 8; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Luckas, Byzant, 21; Aug. 15, '62, Galen; Sept. 8; d. June 12, '64, hospital, Washington, from wounds received at Cold Harbor.
- McCarthy, Dennis, 18; Jan. 14, '64, Dewitt; Jan. 14; dis. May 15, '65, in the field.
- McDaniels, William, 20; Aug. 12, '62, Lyons; Sept. 8; deserted July 6, '63.
- McDowell, Charles, 25; Aug. 14, '62, Lyons; Sept. 8; M. O., July 6, '65.
- McDowell, David, 21; Aug. 22, '62, Lyons; Sept. 8; M. O., July 6, '65.
- McMnilen, Daniel, 44; Dec. 28, '63, Sodus; Dec. 28; d. Aug. 26, '64, hospital, New York.
- Marigold, Frederick, 18; Sept. 3, '64, Ontario; Sept. 5, 1 year; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Marr, Daniel, 18; Feb. 19, '64, Canandaigua; Feb. 19; k. June 10, '64, Cold Harbor.
- Mastin, Theodore D., 24; Aug. 20, '62, Lyons; Sept. 8; deserted Nov. 24, '62.
- Miller, Jacob, 22; Sept. 6, '64, Elbridge; Sept. 6, 1 year; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Munn, Hiram L., 21; Aug. 13, '62, Lyons; Sept. 8. Corp.; Sergt., March 19, '64; prisoner July 9, '64, Monocacy; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Myers, Valentine, 37; Sept. 5, '64, Onondaga; 1 year; wd. Oct. 19, '64, Cedar Creek; dis. June 28, '65, hospital, York, Penn.
- Newbury, Eben W., 21; Aug. 20, '62, Lyons; Sept. 8; prisoner July 9, '64, Monocacy; dis. June 25, '65, hospital, York, Pa.
- Norton, James R., 22; Sept. 14, '64, Sodus; Sept. 14, 1 year; dis. June 10, '65, hospital, Washington.
- Odell, Lorenzo, 18; Feb. 7, '63, Lyons; Feb. 23; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Ost, John, 22; Aug. 12, '62, Lyons; Sept. 8; d. April 2, '64, Fort Foote.
- Owen, Thomas, 18; Feb. 19, '64, Canandaigua; Feb. 19; Corp., June 6, '65; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Parrish, Norman A., 20; Aug. 14, '62, Lyons; Sept. 8; Corp., March 19, '64; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Peck, Hiram, 41; Jan. 5, '64, Syracuse; Jan. 5; prisoner July 9, '64, Monocacy; d. Feb. 2, '65, Danville, Va.
- Perkins, John L., 23; Aug. 19, '62, Lyons; Sept. 8; prisoner July 9, '64, Monocacy; d. Aug. 18, '64, Danville, Va.
- Pflug, Jacob, 19; Feb. 8, '64, Lyons; Feb. 11; Corp., April 18, '65; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Phillips, Charles A., 28; Aug. 15, '62, Lyons; Sept. 8; dis. Feb. 8, '64, Fort Foote.
- Pierce, Orville, 19; Sept. 3, '64, Scipio; Sept. 3, 1 year; M. O., July 6, '65.

- Pomeroy, George P., 33; Jan. 5, '64, Onondaga; Jan. 5; prisoner July 9, '64, Monocacy; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Porter, Henry, 21; Aug. 22, '62, Lyons; Sept. 8; k. June 6, '64, Cold Harbor.
- Pudney, Richard D., 21; Sept. 8, '64, Sodus; Sept. 9, 1 year; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Quinn, John, 22; Jan. 22, '63, Lyons; Jan. 22; deserted Oct. 8, '63.
- Randall, Marion A., 20; June 20, '63, Galen; June 22; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Rannische, William, 29; Jan. 20, '64, Farmington; Jan. 23; dis. July 8, '65.
- Reynolds, Aaron I., 21; Aug. 21, '62, Lyons; Sept. 8, Musician; d. April 23, '64, Fort Foote.
- Reynolds, John, 25; Aug. 20, '62, Lyons; Sept. 8; Corp., Nov. 18, '64; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Rhodes, William, 19; Jan. 14, '64, Dewitt; Jan. 14; dis. Nov. 5, '64, hospital, Washington.
- Riggs, Levi, 18; Aug. 13, '62, Lyons; Sept. 8; Corp., March 19, '64; prisoner July 9, '64; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Rinehart, Andrew, 42; Aug. 20, '62, Lyons; Sept. 8; k. Sept. 19, '64, Winchester.
- Rooker, George, 19; Jan. 4, '64, Sennett; Jan. 4; Corp., May 4, '64; dis. July 6, '65, Washington.
- Rooker, Henry, 22; Jan. 1, '64, Lyons; Jan. 4; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.; had served in 27th N. Y. Vols.
- Rooker, John, 23; Aug. 14, '62, Lyons; Sept. 8, Corp.; prisoner Dec. 12, '62, Dumfries, Va.; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Roys, Daniel W., 18; Aug. 12, '62, Lyons; Sept. 8; prisoner July 9, '64, Monocacy; d. Feb. 6, '65, Danville, Va.
- Roys, James S., 20; Aug. 18, '62, Lyons; Sept. 8, Wagoner; Corp., May 19, '64; Sergt., Nov. 18, '64; 1st Sergt., March 3, '65; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Rudd, James H., 20; Sept. 3, '64, Geneva; Sept. 3, 1 year; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Ryan, Edward E., 44; Aug. 18, '62, Lyons; Sept. 8; trans. Jan. 1, '65, V. R. C.
- Schnatterback, Joseph, 37; Jan. 1, '64, Cortland; Jan. 1; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Schofield, Ewart, 19; Jan. 11, '64, Dewitt; Jan. 11; deserted Sept. 14, '64.
- Scott, Cornelius, 19; Dec. 11, '63, Farmington; Dec. 16, Co. K; trans. to Co. D March 6, '64; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Scott, Cyrus, 41; July 13, '63, Auburn; in Co. K; trans. March 8, '64, to Co. D; dis. April 20, '64, Fort Baker.
- Seager, Asher W., 20; Aug. 21, '62, Lyons; Sept. 8; Corp., Nov. 18, '64; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Seager, Benjamin, 23; Aug. 19, '62, Lyons; Sept. 8, Corp.; Sergt., March 19, '64; M. O., July 6, '65.

- Sedore, David, 18; Dec. 24, '63, Galen; Dec. 29, Co. H; trans. to Co. D Jan. 29, '64; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Seeley, Milton, 41; Dec. 21, '63, Sodus; Dec. 28; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Shane, Pearse, 22; Sept. 3, '64, Syracuse; Sept. 5, 1 year; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Shannon, Samuel L., 23; Aug. 14, '62, Huron; Sept. 8; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Shaw, John P., 24; Aug. 20, '62, Lyons; Sept. 8; Corp., April 10, '63; Sergt., Aug. 6, '63; dis. Feb. 8, '63, Fort Foote.
- Shean, George, 32; Aug. 22, '62, Lyons; Sept. 8; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Shean, Theodore, 24; June 19, '63, Galen; June 19; trans. April 18, '64, V. R. C.
- Siebert, George, 20; Sept. 1, '64, Huron; Sept. 5, 1 year; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Snitzel, John C., 19; Sept. 6, '64, Elbridge; Sept. 6, 1 year; dis. July 15, '65, Albany.
- Snitzel, John H., 20; Aug. 29, '64, Auburn; Aug. 29, 1 year; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Snyder, Albert J., 21; Aug. 11, '62, Sodus; Sept. 8; trans. April 18, '64, V. R. C.
- Snyder, John L., 26; Aug. 8, '62, Lyons; Sept. 8, Corp.; dis. June 25, '64, in the field.
- Spahr, Caspar, 27; Aug. 26, '62, Lyons; Sept. 8; dis. Feb. 8, '64, Fort Foote.
- Spahr, George, 21; Aug. 22, '62, Lyons; Sept. 8; Corp., March 19, '64; d. Aug. 11, '64, Frederick, Md., from wounds received July 9 at Monocacy.
- Spencer, Albert, 20; Jan. 1, '64, Dewitt; Jan. 11; wd. Cold Harbor; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.; Vet. Co. K, 101st N. Y. Vols.
- Staats, Charles, 20; Sept. 2, '64, Wilson; Sept. 2, 1 year; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Stebbins, Fred, 36; April 8, '63, Lyons; April 8; Chief Bugler, April, '63; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Stell, Frederick, 24; Aug. 19, '62, Lyons; Sept. 8; prisoner July 9, '64, Monocacy; dis. Sept. 25, '65, hospital, Rochester.
- Storrs, Leonard H., 18; Jan. 19, '64, South Bristol; Feb. 2, '64; dis. Sept. 20, '65, Elmira.
- Taft, James N., 20; Sept. 3, '64, Genoa; Sept. 3, 1 year; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Talhurst, Amos, 43; Aug. 18, '62, Lyons; Sept. 8; dis. June 23, '65, Harper's Ferry.
- Taylor, Henry, 18; Jan. 10, '64, Phelps; Jan. 29; dis. July 2, '65.
- Taylor, James K., 18; Jan. 1, '64, Otisco; Jan. 1; dis. May 19, '65, hospital, Annapolis.
- Tice, John, 39; April 27, '63, Lyons; April 27; dis. Feb. 8, '64, Fort Foote.

- Tindall, Myron P., 32; Aug. 19, '62, Lyons; Sept. 8; dis. Feb. 8, '64, Fort Foote.
- Tinney, James A., 19; Sept. 3, '64, Ontario; 1 year; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Traverse, William, 18; June 17, '63, Galen; June 17; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Tryan, Jay H., 32; Dec. 22, '63, Lyons; Dec. 28; k. July 9, '64, Monocacy.
- Tuttle, Abel G., 44; Jan. 4, '64, Cortland; Jan. 4; dis. Jan. 13, '65, Washington.
- Van Derbilt, Abram H., 27; Aug. 22, '62, Lyons; Sept. 8; Corp., March 19, '64; wd. June 1, '64, Cold Harbor; dis. Jan. 30, '65, hospital, Washington.
- Van Inwagen, Littleton, 20; Aug. 18, '62, Lyons; Sept. 8; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Vickery, Jonathan W., 19; Aug. 15, '62, Lyons; Sept. 8; Corp., Feb. 19, '65; Sergt., June 6, '65; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Voorhees, George B., 18; Aug. 21, '62, Lyons; Sept. 8; Sergt., April 4, '64; promoted 2d Lieut.
- Wager, William, 23; Aug. 14, '62, Galen; Sept. 8; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Walls, William, 36; Dec. 11, '62, Galen; Dec. 29; dis. May 23, '65, hospital, Philadelphia.
- Walmsley, Albert, 18; Jan. 18, '64, Syracuse; Jan. 18; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Walmsley, Henry, 18; Dec. 23, '63, Galen; Dec. 29, in Co. H; trans. to Co. D Jan. 29, '64; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Warn, Charles S., 21; Aug. 14, '62, Lyons; Sept. 8; Corp., Feb. 18, '63; 1st Sergt., May 19, '64; dis. April 25, '65, for promotion 1st Lieut., 13th U. S. Colored Troops.
- Way, David, 26; Aug. 14, '62, Lyons; Sept. 8; prisoner about June 14, '64, near Chickahominy river; confined in Richmond June 16; later sent to Andersonville, and not heard from afterward.
- Wells, Elisha D., 23; Aug. 15, '62, Galen; Sept. 8; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Wesley, Hartman, 44; March 17, '63, Lyons; March 17; dis. June 14, '65, Washington.
- Westbrook, Charles, 34; Aug. 15, '62, Lyons; Sept. 8; dis. June 21, '65, hospital, York, Penn.
- Williams, Joseph L., 31; Jan. 12, Verona; Jan. 20; trans. Oct. 15, '64, V. R. C.
- Williams, Lewis D., 35; Aug. 13, '62, Lyons; Sept. 8, '62, Corp.; Sergt., Sept. 15, '62; 1st Sergt., June 26, '63; wd. July 9, '64, Monocacy; promoted 1st Lieut.
- Wilson, Thomas, 24; Dec. 21, '63, Otisco; Dec. 21; wd. July 9, '64, Monocacy; dis. May 31, hospital, Rochester; Vet. Co. I, 3d N. Y. A.

- Wimmensfolder, William C., 32; Sept. 18, '64, Montezuma; Sept. 20, 1 year; wd. Oct. 19, '64, Cedar Creek; dis. June 7, '65, hospital, Philadelphia.
- Woodard, David, 21; Aug. 21, '62, Lyons; Sept. 8, Musician; deserted Nov. 24, '64.
- Woodruff, Isaac, 21; Aug. 19, '62, Lyons; Sept. 8; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Wooley, Charles M., 19; Sept. 2, '64, Montezuma; Sept. 2; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Worden, John V., 21; Jan. 18, '64, Syracuse; Jan. 18; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- York, Norman G., 27; Aug. 13, '62, Huron; Sept. 8, Corp.; Sergt., March 19, '64; prisoner July 9, '64, Monocacy; d. Dec. 25, '64, Danville, Va.
- York, Thomas, 30; Aug. 14, '62, Lyons; Sept. 8, Sergt.; dis. June 6, '65, Frederick, Md.
- Zwilling, William, 23; Aug. 14, '62, Lyons; Sept. 8; dis. April 27, '64, Fort Baker.

COMPANY E.

The genesis of a company of soldiers is an exceedingly interesting subject. Sometimes the men come entirely from one town or city; again they are the mergings of several localities with some one place as the centre. Company E was peculiarly a southern Cayuga organization. As originally constituted there may have been a few from Auburn, but by far the majority came from the south. Captain Cornwell of Scipio and Lieutenant Stoyell of Moravia did a large part of the recruiting, with Lieutenant S. F. Swift in Auburn looking after his vicinage. Daniel Manchester of Scipio put down his name the 9th day of August, and enlistment followed till September 5th. Practically all the towns south of Auburn were interested, with a frequent recurrence of Scipio, Venice and Moravia.

The burden of the enlisting was borne in the latter part of August; only six names appear as added in September.

CAPTAINS.

- Selah Cornwell, 36; Aug. 25, '62, Scipio; Sept. 8, Captain; rank from Aug. 22; d. Nov. 1, '62, near Tennallytown, Md.
- Henry Roessle, from Co. I, 29th N. Y. Vols., Dec. 16, '62; promoted Major 15th N. Y. Cav. March 17, '64; M. O. as Lieut. Col. at the close of the war. His record before joining the Ninth: enlisted, age 20, May 18, '61, Albany; 2d Lieut., Dec. 2, '61; 1st Lieut., Oct. 2, '62.
- William Hawley, from Co. G, May 28, '64; rank from March 16; wd. July 9, '64, Monocacy; resigned Sept. 14, '64.
- Orson Howard, from Co. I, Sept. 28, '64; k. Oct. 19, '64, Cedar Creek.

John Tift, from 1st Lieut., Dec. 16, '64, rank from Nov. 14; M. O., July 6, '65.

FIRST LIEUTENANTS.

Seth F. Swift, 38; Aug. 25, '62, Auburn; Sept. 8, 1st Lieut.; rank from Aug. 24; resigned Feb. 23, '64.
 Jakeway R. Hoff, from Co. A, March 1, '64; resigned Oct. 3, '64.
 James H. Ellis, from 2d Lieut., May 28, '64; rank from March 17; k. July 9, '64, Monocacy.
 John Tift, from 2d Lieut., Sept. 28, '64; rank from July 9; promoted Captain.
 Almon Holecomb, from 2d Lieut., Jan. 13, '65; rank from Nov. 29, '64; M. O., July 6, '65.
 Vincent A. Kenyon, from 2d Lieut., March 1, '65; rank from Feb. 3; M. O. as Adjutant, July 6, '65.

SECOND LIEUTENANTS.

George C. Stoyell, 22; Aug. 25, '62; Sept. 8, 2d Lieut.; rank from Aug. 24; d. June 21, '63, Georgetown.
 John Tift, from 1st Sergt., Feb. 16, '63; rank from Jan. 21; promoted 1st Lieut.
 James H. Ellis, from field and staff, April 8, '64; rank from Feb. 15; promoted 1st Lieut.
 Almon Holecomb, from Corp., Co. C, Oct. 16, '64; rank from April 4; promoted 1st Lieut.
 Vincent A. Kenyon, from 1st Sergt., Dec. 16, '64; rank from Nov. 14; promoted 1st Lieut.
 Hiland H. Wheeler, Jr., from Co. A, Feb. 24, '65; trans. July 6, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.; M. O. as 1st Lieut.
 Robert L. Daniels, from 11th N. Y. Battery, Jan. 18, '65; trans. July 6, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A. He had enlisted, age 20. Dec. 23, '61, Albany, as private; re-enlisted, Jan. 23, '64, Brandy Station.

NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS AND PRIVATES.

Ackles, Frank, 20; in Co. L, Oct. 23, '63, Syracuse; Nov. 12; trans., Feb. 26, Co. E; d. July 12, '64, Frederick, Md., from wounds received July 9 at Monocacy.
 Ackles, Henry, 19; in Co. L, Oct. 30, '63, Syracuse; Nov. 12; trans., Feb. 26, Co. E; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
 Agard, Charles, 37; Sept. 1, '64, Skaneateles; 1 year; M. O., July 6, '65.
 Allen, Frederick S., 33; Aug. 15, '62, Auburn; Sept. 8; Corp., April 7, '63; d. Sept. 8, '63, Fort Foote.
 Arnold, Benjamin A., 20; Aug. 15, '62, Auburn; Sept. 8, Corp.; Sergt., April 7, '63; 1st Sergt., July 21, '63; dis. May 4, '64.
 Arnold, Thomas, 28; Aug. 18, '62, Auburn; Sept. 8; deserted April 27, '63.



2d LIEUT. G. C. STOYELL,
CAPTAIN SELAH CORNWELL, 1st LIEUT. S. F. SWIFT.
COMPANY E.

- Aspinwall, Nathaniel, 44; Aug. 18, '62, Auburn; Sept. 8; d. July 4, '65, Fort Sumner.
- Austin, Ansel P., 18; Dec. 30, '63, Covert; Dec. 30; dis. May 15, '65, hospital.
- Austin, Henry K., Jr., 33; Aug. 15, '62, Auburn; Sept. 8; Corp., '63; Sergt., April 6, '64; 1st Sergt., May 16, '64; d. July 3, '64, of wounds received June 1 at Cold Harbor.
- Baker, George, 22; Jan. 9, '64, Scipio; Jan. 9; dis. July 2, '65.
- Barber, Sylvester, 25; Sept. 8, '64, Farmington; Sept. 9, 1 year; d. Oct. 27, '64, Baltimore, of wounds received, probably, at Cedar Creek.
- Barnes, Benjamin F., 31; Aug. 12, '62, Scipio; Aug. 25, Corp.; Sergt., Sept. 25, '63; 1st Sergt., Dec. 16, '64; promoted 1st Lieut., Co. A.
- Bassett, Joseph, 33; Sept. 1, '64, Skaneateles; Sept. 1, 1 year; dis. May 17, '63, hospital.
- Bassett, Thomas, 30; Aug. 26, '64, Skaneateles; Aug. 26; dis. May 17, '65, hospital.
- Bennett, John, 42; Aug. 27, '62, Auburn; Sept. 8; dis. Aug. 19, '63.
- Benson, Eleazer, 34; Sept. 22, '64, Rochester; Sept. 24; dis. June 30, '65.
- Benson, Stephen H., 24; Oct. 17, '64, New York; Oct. 17; sun struck, June 8, '65; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Bigelow, Henry L., 18; Dec. 24, '63, Caneadea; Dec. 24; k. July 9, '64, Monacaey.
- Bradley, Schuyler, 28; Aug. 15, '62, Moravia; Sept. 8; dis. Dec. 31, '63.
- Breed, Chauncey, 28; Dec. 21, Venice; Jan. 8, '64; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Breed, Frank F., 18; July 31, '63, Venice; Aug. 4; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Breed, George, 18; July 31, '63, Venice; Aug. 4; dis. May 23, '63.
- Breed, Harrison H., 24; Feb. 8, '64, Venice; dis. April 20, '64; rejected recruit.
- Brewster, James, 22; Sept. 5, '64, Lyons; Sept. 5, 1 year; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Bronson, Frank O., 19; Jan. 18, '64, Groton; Jan. 18; dis. May 15, '65, hospital.
- Brooks, George W., 34; Aug. 13, '62, Scipio; Sept. 8; Corp., Dec. 13, '64; dis. May 15, '65.
- Brown, Dwight, 17; Dec. 1, '63, Auburn; Dec. 9; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Brown, Emmett J., 24; Sept. 1, '64, Auburn; Sept. 7, 1 year; Corp., Oct. 18, '64; wd. April 2, '65; M. O., July 6, '65; Vet. 149th N. Y.
- Buckley, Benjamin F., 24; Aug. 15, '62, Summer Hill; Sept. 8, Sergt.; 1st Sergt., Jan. 15, '63; dis. July 20, '63; promoted 2d Lieut., 3d U. S. Colored Troops; had served in 44th N. Y. Infantry.

- Burke, Thomas, 26; Aug. 21, '62, Scipio; Sept. 8; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Bush, Charles, 25; Jan. 18, '64, Lodi; Jan. 20; dis. May 15, '65.
- Bush, Julius, 28; Aug. 14, '62, Moravia; Sept. 8; dis. Jan. 20, '64, hospital.
- Caine, Charles R., 25; Aug. 18, '62, Auburn; Sept. 8; dis. March 13, '63.
- Caine, Ira, 24; Aug. 18, '62, Venice; Sept. 8; Corp., Sept. 1, '64; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Cannon, Edwin J., 26; Aug. 19, '62, Scipio; Sept. 8; trans. April 18, '64, V. R. C.
- Casler, Henry, 21; Aug. 15, '62, Scipio; Sept. 8; wd. June, '64, Cold Harbor; trans. Jan. 10, '65, V. R. C.
- Casler, Jacob, 18; Aug. 15, '62, Scipio; Sept. 8; k. June 3, '64, Cold Harbor.
- Casler, John, 24; Aug. 15, '62, Venice; Sept. 8; deserted Nov. 9, '62.
- Casler, Oliver M., 27; Aug. 15, '62, Scipio; Sept. 8; d. Jan. 28, '65, in the field.
- Cater, Charles, 18; Aug. 21, '62, Auburn; Sept. 8; Corp., May 16, '64; prisoner July 9, '64, Monocacy; dis. June 9, '65, hospital.
- Caton, Hugh, 32; Feb. 22, '64, Harford; Feb. 22; wd. Cold Harbor; dis. June 5, '65, hospital.
- Chaffee, James, 18; Dec. 19, '63, Fabius; Dec. 19; Corp., March 4, '65; prisoner April 2, '65, Petersburg; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Chambers, Jeremiah, 31; Aug. 31, '64, Schenectady; Aug. 31, 1 year; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Chaplain, Isaac, 42; Sept. 12, '64, Macedon; Sept. 12, 1 year; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Clark, Thomas, 32; Aug. 20, '62, Auburn; Sept. 8; Corp., July 21, '63; d. Sept. 27, '63, Fort Foote.
- Clemons, Julius E., 18; Sept. 6, '64, Conesus; Sept. 7, 1 year; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Clemons, Royal R., 21; Sept. 6, '64, Conesus; Sept. 7, 1 year; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Cobb, Alton E., 19; Dec. 31, '63, Montgomery; Dec. 31; prisoner July 9, '64, Monocacy; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Condon, Isaac, 30; Dec. 26, '63, Venice; Dec. 26; no M. O.
- Conroy, Henry, 29; Aug. 20, '62, Auburn; Sept. 8, Corp.; Sergt., April 7, '63; k. July 9, '64, Monocacy.
- Cook, Darius M., 44; Sept. 5, '64, Ledyard; Sept. 5, 1 year; k. Oct. 19, '64, Cedar Creek.
- Corbett, John, 21; Oct. 29, '63, Syraeuse; Nov. 5, '63; deserted June 16, '65.
- Corcoran, Stephen, 42; Aug. 29, '62, Auburn; Sept. 8; d. July 1, '65, hospital, Washington.
- Corlies, Charles M., 24; Aug. 15, '62, Venice; Sept. 8; Corp., Oct. 3, '63; M. O., July 6, '65.

- Covey, Edwin, 18; Nov. 26, '63, Moravia; Dec. 2; trans. Nov. 2, '64, V. R. C.
- Covey, Silas M., 43; Dec. 31, '63, Venice; Dec. 31; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Cowan, Ephraim W., 40; Aug. 22, '62, Ledyard; Sept. 8; trans. April 18, '64, V. R. C.
- Coy, Edwin G., 23; Aug. 11, '62, Scipio; Sept. 8; d. Sept. 27, '64, Fort Reno.
- Crowfoot, Charles F., 19; Aug. 13, '62, Scipio; Sept. 8; dis. Aug. 29, '64.
- Culver, Francis M., 28; Aug. 12, '62, Scipio; Sept. 8; dis. Feb. 10, '64.
- Cutler, Dorr, 25; Aug. 14, '62; Moravia; Sept. 8, Corp.; dis. Jan. 11, '63.
- Defendorf, Edwin, 21; Aug. 17, '62, Niles; Sept. 8; Corp., Oct. 18, '64; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Dennis, Daniel D., 34; Sept. 14, '64, Victor; Sept. 15, 1 year; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Dickenson, Christopher, 18; Dec. 21, '63, Galen; Dec. 21; dis. July 15, '65, hospital, Rochester.
- Dodd, Elias, 30; Aug. 15, '62, Venice; Sept. 8; Artificer, March 15, '65; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Dolson, Cornelius, 21; Dec. 29, '63, Genoa; Jan. 9; dis. May 25, '65, hospital.
- Donohue, Daniel, 33; July 22, '63, Scipio; Sept. 3; wd. Cold Harbor; dis. March 11, '65, hospital, Albany.
- Dorsey, Michael, 44; Aug. 25, '62, Aurelius; Sept. 8; wd. July 9, '64, Monocacy; trans. Feb. 2, '65, V. R. C.
- Douglass, David, 29; Jan. 17, '64, Harford; Jan. 28; d. July 31, '64, of wounds received at Cold Harbor.
- Doyle, James, 35; Sept. 4, '62, Auburn; Sept. 8; d. Jan. 10, '64, Fort Foote.
- Doyle, Michael, 40; Dec. 31, '63, Scipio; Dec. 31; dis. Nov. 25, '64.
- Doyle, Terrance, 26; Aug. 27, '61, Auburn; Sept. 8; dis. Jan. 14, '63.
- Dunham, George, 34; Dec. 21, '63, Caneadea; Dec. 30; d. June 29, '64, of wounds received at Cold Harbor.
- Dunn, John, 30; Sept. 10, '64, Albany; Sept. 19, 1 year; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Eaton, Augustus, 22; Aug. 15, '62, Summer Hill; Sept. 8; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Emerson, Lewis, 28; Dec. 30, '63, Scipio; Dec. 30; trans. May 7, '64, to U. S. Navy.
- Evans, William J., 21; Aug. 13, '62, Moravia; Sept. 8; dis. Mar. 27, '63.
- Everett, James, 18; Dec. 23, '63, Neversink; Dec. 23; no M. O.
- Fales, Anthony, 23; Dec. 23, '63, Sodus; Dec. 29; d. Aug. 13, '64, from wounds received July 9, '64, Monocacy.
- Falvey, Patrick, 32; Aug. 31, '64, Niles; 1 year; k. Oct. 19, '64, Cedar Creek.

- Finney, Frederick H., 18; Jan. 4, '64, Groton; Jan. 8; trans June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Flynn, Francis, 18; Aug. 13, '62, Scipio; Sept. 8; Corp., April 6, '64; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Fobes, Sylvester, 36; Sept. 3, '64, Macedon; Sept. 12, 1 year; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Fordyce, John H., 28; Aug. 21, '62, Scipio; Sept. 8; d. Nov. 14, '62, Georgetown.
- Foreman, Amos, 26; Aug. 13, '62, Anburn; Sept. 8; wd. Cold Harbor; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Foster, John, 20; Aug. 25, '62, Fleming; Sept. 8; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Foster, Sylvester, 20; Feb. 10, '64, Harford; Feb. 11; dis. June 27, '65, hospital, Rochester.
- Fox, Lloyd, 23; Jan. 21, '64, Venice; Jan. 21; d. Nov. 15, '64, Venice.
- Frair, Austin, 21; Sept. 1, '64, Skaneateles; Sept. 1, 1 year; k. Oct. 19, '64, Cedar Creek.
- Frank, Roland C., 16; Dec. 22, '63, Virgil; Dec. 22; d. Aug. 7, '64, hospital, New York.
- Freeborn, Milford D., 25; Dec. 21, '63, Canadea; Dec. 21; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Fritts, George, 45; Aug. 27, '62, Scipio; Sept. 8; trans. April 18, '64, V. R. C.
- Fry, Hiram, 21; Aug. 13, '64, Ledyard; 1 year; dis. June 8, '65, hospital.
- Ferguson, Thomas, 35; Aug. 11, '62, Niles; Sept. 8; dis. June 23, '65, hospital, Washington.
- Gale, Edwin, 20; Sept. 1, '64, Skaneateles; Sept. 1, 1 year; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Gannon, Michael, 27; Dec. 27, '63, Galen; Dec. 29; d. June 26, '65, hospital.
- Gleason, James, 19; Jan. 6, '64, Anburn; Jan. 15; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Goodrich, Addison, 33; Dec. 30, '63, Sempronius; Jan. 4, '64; k. Sept. 19, '64, Winchester.
- Goodridge, Heman W., 27; Nov. 19, '63, Syracuse; Dec.; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Green, Andrew M., 30; enlisted in Co. L Dec. 14, '63, Onondaga; Dec. 15; trans. to Co. E, date not given; dis. June 23, '65, Washington.
- Green, Edward, 28; Dec. 28, '63, Venice; Jan. 4, '64; Corp., June 10, '65; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Hardy, George, 25; Sept. 14, '64, Victor; 1 year; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Hardy, Simeon, 18; Feb. 12, '64, Jasper; Feb. 14; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Hardy, William, 23; Sept. 3, '64, Jasper; Sept. 12, 1 year; wd. Cedar Creek; dis. Aug. 19, '65, hospital, Washington.

- Hartigan, Daniel, 24; Nov. 7, '63, Oswego, in Co. L; trans. to E Feb. 3, '64; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Hartnett, James, 45; Jan. 1, '64, Scipio; Jan. 1; prisoner; July 9, '64, Monocacy; dis. June 6, '65, hospital, Washington.
- Haskell, Josephus, 19; Dec. 30, '63, Harford; Dec. 30; d. April 20, '65, Harford.
- Hayden, Lawrence, 37; Sept. 1, '64, Niles; Sept. 1, 1 year; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Heath, Jerome, 21; Nov. 28, '63, Skaneateles; Dec. 9 in Co. L; trans. to E, no date; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Henry, William, 16; Jan. 11, '64, Fort Foote; Jan. 11, Musician; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Hitchcock, Daniel, 41; Aug. 30, '62, Fleming; Sept. 8, Musician; deserted Nov. 11, '62.
- Hogan, Michael, 20; came to company Aug. 19, '64, as a substitute; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Hough, Charles W., 26; Aug. 15, '62, Venice; Sept. 8; Corp., Sept. 22, '62; Sergt., Jan. 14, '63; trans. March 30, '63, field and staff.
- Howell, John, 32; Sept. 4, '62, Auburn; Sept. 8; d. Sept. 14, '63, Fort Foote.
- Huff, Edgar R., 18; Jan. 9, '64 Caneadea; Jan. 9; Corp., Oct. 18, '64; Sergt., Feb. 1, '65; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Hutchinson, Alpheus, 18; July 3, '63, Venice; Aug. 4; wd. June 6, '64, Cold Harbor; Corp., March 4, '65; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Hutchinson, John, 21; Aug. 21, '62, Venice; Sept. 8; Corp., Sept. 25, '63; Sergt., Dec. 17, '64; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Jaquett, Benjamin, 42; Dec. 21, '63, Fleming; Jan. 4; dis. June 5, '65.
- Jaquett, William L., 28; Aug. 21, '62, Auburn; Sept. 8; Corp., Jan. 14, '63; Sergt., Nov. 26, '63; trans. Feb. 1, '65, field and staff.
- Jones, Amos S., 27; Aug. 15, '62, Venice; Sept. 8; Corp., April 23, '63; Sergt., May 16, '64; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Jones, Gilbert, 20; Aug. 11, '64, Auburn; Aug. 11, 1 year; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Jones, Jacob, 20; Aug. 20, '62, Niles; Sept. 8; d. Dec. 5, '64, Kelloggsville.
- Jonesbury, William, 19; Sept. 7, '63, Elbridge; Nov. 5, '63; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Keech, Isaac E., 21; Jan. 4, '64, Harford; Jan. 4; dis. July 8, '65, Washington.
- Keeslar, Daniel, 30; Sept. 3, '64, Camillus; 1 year; d. April 4, '65, of wounds received April 2 at Petersburg. (See also Co. A.)
- Keeslar, Simeon, 21; Sept. 3, '64, Camillus; Sept. 3, 1 year; d. April 18, '65, from wounds received April 2 at Petersburg.
- Kenyon, Vincent A., 20; Aug. 21, '62, Sempronius; Sept. 8;

- Corp., April 7, '63; Q. M. Sergt., April 6, '64; 1st Sergt., July 30, '64; promoted 2d Lieut.
- Kilbourn, George A., 39; Dec. 21, '63, Canadea; Corp., July 20, '64; d. Feb. 2, '65, Canadea.
- Kimball, Robert, 28; Aug. 22, '62, Venice; Sept. 8; prisoner July 9, '64, Monocacy; d. Nov. 24, '64, Danville, Va.
- King, William E., 18; Aug. 18, '62, Auburn; Sept. 8; Corp., April 6, '64; k. Oct. 19, '64, Cedar Creek.
- Kingsley, John L., 32; Feb. 20, '64, Throop; Feb. 20; wd. Cold Harbor; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Kirby, Patrick E., 22; Sept. 5, '62, Auburn; Sept. 8; d. July 21, '64, from wounds received July 9 at Monocacy.
- Ladue, Ambrose, 20; Dec. 18, '63, Montezuma; Dec. 31; d. prisoner of war in Andersonville Oct., '64.
- Lamb, Reuben P., 22; Aug. 31, '64, Macedon; Sept. 3, 1 year; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Landin, Henry, 25; Dec. 26, '63, Venice; Jan. 4; wd. July 9, '64, Monocacy; dis. June 19, '65, hospital, Annapolis.
- Lansdown, John, 18; Oct. 30, '63, Syracuse; Nov. 12; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Lavens, Louis, 35; Nov. 18, '63, Oswego; Nov. 24; wd. Cold Harbor; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Lavin, John, 18; Jan. 5, '64, Auburn; Jan. 5; no M. O.
- Lavin, Patrick, 43; Aug. 15, '62, Moravia; Sept. 8; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Lawrence, Norman, 29; Aug. 13, '62, Scipio; Sept. 8; k. July 9, '64, Monocacy, while helping Col. Seward from the field.
- Leavenworth, Henry, *vide* Maygold.
- Lee, Charles H., 18; Aug. 13, '62, Niles; Sept. 8; Corp., May 16, '63; Sergt., April 6, '64; 1st Sergt., March 4, '65; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Lee, John E., 18; Aug. 18, '64, Skaneateles; 1 year; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Leonard, Elijah T., 19; Aug. 14, '62, Auburn; Sept. 8; Corp., Oct. 3, '63; Sergt., July 30, '64; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Leonard, Isaac, 20; Aug. 5, '64, Groton; Aug. 5, 1 year; d. Oct. 28, '64, from wounds received Oct. 19 at Cedar Creek.
- Lewis, Stephen, 44; Jan. 15, '64, Onondaga; Jan. 15; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Litchard, Almanzo, 23; Sept. 6, '64, Conesus; Sept. 7, 1 year; dis. June 16, '65, hospital; Vet. Co. D, 86th N. Y. Vols.
- Loveland, George, 18; Sept. 2, '64, Skaneateles; Sept. 2, 1 year; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Lyons, John, 31; Sept. 1, '62, Aurelius; Sept. 8; trans. April 18, '64, V. R. C.
- McCabe, Dennis, 28; Dec. 21, '63, Oswego; Dec. 21, in Co. L; trans. to E, no date; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- McConnell, Levi, 20; Dec. 22, '63, Montezuma; Jan. 4, '64; prisoner June, '64, Cold Harbor; d. Dec. 1, '64, Andersonville.



COMPANY E

Lieut. V. A. Kenyon.

Lieut. H. H. Wheeler, Jr.

Capt. Orson Howard.

H. K. Austin.

F. L. Royce.

Frank Tallman.

- McGee, David, 18; Jan. 11, '64, Caneadea; Jan. 11; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- McMicken, Wirtz, 21; Oct. 22, '63, Auburn; Nov. 5, '63; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Mahoney, Timothy, 37; Aug. 30, '64, Niles; Sept. 1, 1 year; wd. Cedar Creek; dis. Sept. 4, '65, Elmira.
- Maine, William F., 21; Dec. 22, '63, Genoa; Jan. 5; said to have deserted to the enemy July 9, '64, at Monocacy.
- Manchester, Daniel H., 31; Aug. 9, '62, Scipio; Sept. 8, Sergt.; dis. Feb. 14, '63.
- Marshall, Arthur W., 40; Aug. 29, '64, Venice; Sept. 1, 1 year; promoted 2d Lieut., Co. G, Nov. 14, '64; had been 2d Lieut., Co. I, 111th N. Y.
- Marshall, William, 23; Sept. 1, '64, Skaneateles; Sept. 1, 1 year; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Martin, Jefferson L., 20; Aug. 14, '62, Mentz; Sept. 8, Corp.; Sergt., July 21, '63; k. June 3, '64, Cold Harbor.
- Maur, John, 27; Aug. 27, '62, Auburn; Sept. 8; Corp., Nov. 26, '63; dis. March 21, '65.
- Maygold (Leavenworth), Henry, 18; Dec. 9, '63, Seneca Falls; Dec. 2; wd. Cold Harbor; Corp., May 24, '65; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Mehan, Edward, 25; March 31, '64, New York; March 31; no M. O.
- Merical, Taylor, 17; Feb. 8, '64, Harford; Feb. 8; d. July 27, '64, Washington.
- Merrett, John E., 18; Dec. 28, '63, Genoa; Jan. 4, '64; wd. Cedar Creek; dis. May 26, '65, hospital.
- Meyers, John, 30; Sept. 30, '64, Bennington; Sept. 30, 1 year; dis. May 18, '65.
- Moore, James, 26; Dec. 2, '63, Auburn; Dec. 24; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Moore, William F., 21; Dec. 11, '63, Virgil; Dec. 22; Corp., Oct. 18, '64; Sergt., March 3, '65; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.; Vet.
- Morehouse, Anson, 19; Dec. 30, '63, Covert; Dec. 30; M. O., May 3, '65.
- Mosier, Edward, 23; Dec. 18, '63, Montezuma; Dec. 31; d. Nov. —, '64, a prisoner in Andersonville.
- Muldoon, John, 31; Dec. 31, '63, Venice; Dec. 31; dis. Mar. 1, '65.
- Murney, Cornelius, 28; Dec. 16, '63, New Haven; Dec. 16; dis. Jan. 16, '65.
- Musselman, George F., 40; Dec. 16, '63, Marion; Dec. 26; dis. June 16, '65; Vet. of Mexican War.
- Myers, Horace, 28; Sept. 2, '62, Auburn; Sept. 8; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Neff, Alexander, 19; Jan. 4, '64, Cortland; Jan. 4; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Neff, Joseph, 28; Feb. 6, '64, Harford; Feb. 20; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.

- Niles, Delos, 20; Aug. 15, '62, Venice; Sept. 8; Corp., April 6, '64; Sergt., Sept. 1, '64; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Norris, Charles, 18; Sept. 3, '64, Camillus; Sept. 3, 1 year; k. Oct. 19, '64, Cedar Creek.
- Norris, Silas, 20; Sept. 2, '64, Wolcott; Sept. 2, 1 year; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Olin, Jonathan, 44; Aug. 16, '62, Auburn; Sept. 8; trans. June 6, '63, V. R. C.
- Olin, Russell, 18; Aug. 16, '62, Auburn; Sept. 8; d. Sept. 11, '63, Fort Foote.
- O'Neal, John, 36; Aug. 31, '64, Niles; Sept. 1, 1 year; k. Oct. 19, '64, Cedar Creek.
- Osier, Charles, 25; Nov. 11, '64, New York; Nov. 11; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Osier, David, 26; Aug. 13, '62, Auburn; Sept. 8; wd. Cold Harbor; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Parker, Hiram H., 29; Dec. 30, '63, Caneadea; Dec. 30; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Parker, Joseph C., 42; Sept. 3, '64, Cato; Sept. 12, 1 year; wd. Cedar Creek; dis. March 3, '65.
- Perkins, James M., 38; Aug. 23, '64, Macedon; Aug. 29, 1 year; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Perry, Dixon, 44; Jan. 4, '64, Scipio; Jan. 4; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Perry, Myron H., 18; Aug. 15, '62, Venice; Sept. 8; M. O. as Musician July 6, '65.
- Pickens, Warren R., 19; Aug. 14, '62, Scipio; Sept. 8; Corp., Dec. 16, '64; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Powell, William, 18; Dec. 16, '63, Galen; Dec. 29; d. Dec. 10, '64, Winchester, Va.
- Richardson, Henry H., 23; Sept. 3, '64, Camillus; Sept. 6, 1 year; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Rigby, John, 22; Aug. 26, '64, Lockport; Sept. 1; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Riggs, Burritt, 32; Dec. 21, '63, Venice; Jan. 8, '64; d. Aug. 4, '64, Baltimore, of wounds received July 9 at Monocacy.
- Robinson, John, 44; Dec. 30, '63, Caneadea; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.; Vet. Co. I, 27th N. Y. Vols.
- Rogers, Adelbert, 22; Aug. 14, '62, Moravia; Sept. 8; Corp., Nov. 23, '64; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Ross, James, 38; Jan. 4, '64, Scipio; Jan. 4; wd. Cold Harbor; trans. as Corp. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Royce, Frank L., 19; Aug. 11, '62, Moravia; Sept. 8; Corp., May 16, '64; Sergt., Sept. 1, '64; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Ryckman, David, 40; Sept. 5, '64, Wolcott; Sept. 5, 1 year; dis. June 12, '65, hospital.
- Scott, Wesley, 35; Aug. 28, '62, Scipio; Sept. 8; dis. June 19, '65, hospital.
- Seeley, Seth M., 33; Sept. 8, '64, Geddes; 1 year; M. O., July 6, '65.

- Shaw, John H., 17; Dec. 3, '63, Moravia; Dec. 3, in Co. L; trans. to E, Feb. 26, '64; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Shaw, Stephen, 21; Sept. 21, '64, Skaneateles; Sept. 1, 1 year; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Sherman, Alexander, 40; Aug. 5, '62, Auburn; Sept. 8; dis. June 15, '65.
- Sherman, James, 21; Dec. 1, '63, Auburn; Dec. 9, in Co. L; trans. to E, Feb. 26, '64; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Sherman, Joseph, 18; Dec. 28, '63, Groton; Dec. 28; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Sherman, Rufus, 18; Dec. 18, '63, Auburn; Jan. 4, '64; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Shevalier, John, 21; Aug. 25, '62, Fleming; Sept. 8; Corp., Dec. 13, '64; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Shorey, John, 28; Dec. 12, '63, Syracuse; Dec. 15, in Co. L; trans. to Co. E, no date; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Shorkley, Pardon T., 28; Aug. 11, '62, Scipio; Sept. 8, Corp.; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Slade, Reuben, 18; Aug. 12, '62, Venice; Sept. 8; dis. Sept. 13, '64. (This on Albany records; good authority says he deserted in Sept., '62.)
- Smith, Emory, 45; Feb. 10, '64, Geddes; Feb. 10; d. July 23, '64, from wounds, hospital, New York harbor.
- Smith, Francis, 19; Aug. 25, '62, Fleming; Sept. 8; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Smith, James, 26; Aug. 21, '62, Aurelius; Sept. 8; deserted Sept. 14, '62.
- Smith, John F., 22; Sept. 11, '64, Skaneateles; 1 year; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Smith, Ralph, 18; Aug. 30, '62, Auburn; Sept. 8; deserted Oct. 27, '62.
- Snow, Henry, 38; Aug. 26, '64, Sennett; Aug. 26, 1 year; dis. July 19, '65, hospital, Rochester.
- Snow, William, 44; Aug. 17, '64, Skaneateles; Aug. 24, 1 year; d. Oct. 20, '64, Martinsburg, from wounds received Oct. 19 at Cedar Creek.
- Stephens, Isaac, 37; Sept. 3, '64, Ovid; Sept. 5, 1 year; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Stoddard, Simeon, 27; Aug. 14, '62, Moravia; Sept. 8; Corp., April 6, '64; d. July 3, '64, City Point.
- Strong, Philip, 33; Aug. 15, '62, Scipio; Sept. 8, Sergt.; dis. May 16, '64.
- Suddick, Richard, 33; Dec. 30, '63, Caneadea; Dec. 30; wd. April 2, '65, Petersburg; dis. July 22, '65.
- Swift, Edward B., 21; Jan. 14, '64, Syracuse; Jan. 19; d. Aug. 18, '64, Frederick, Md.
- Tallman, Frank, 18; Jan. 2, '64, Scipio; Jan. 2; prisoner July 9, '64, Monocacy; dis. June 26, '64, hospital, Annapolis.
- Tallman, Frederick A., 18; Sept. 3, '62, Moravia; Sept. 8, Musician; M. O., July 6, '65.

- Tallman, Thomas C., 20; Aug. 13, '62, Scipio; Sept. 8; Bugler, Feb. 14, '63; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Tanner, George L., 28; Jan. 4, '64, Niles; Jan. 4; dis. May 18, '65, hospital.
- Terwilliger, Ira, 22; Aug. 25, '63, Auburn; Dec. 2; deserted April 25, '65; Vet. Co. E, 3d N. Y. A.
- Thoma, Fredolin, 39; Jan. 14, '64, Syracuse; Jan. 15; prisoner July 9, '64, Monocacy; dis. Aug. 28, '65, hospital, Baltimore.
- Thompson, George, 18; Dec. 22, '63, Montezuma; Dec. 30; dis. July 19, '65.
- Thompson, Orson, 21; Dec. 28, '63, Springport; Dec. 30; wd. Cold Harbor; dis. May 6, '65, hospital.
- Thorn, Joseph, 21; Aug. 15, '62, Scipio; Sept. 8; Corp., April 7, '63; dis. Aug. 11, '63.
- Tibbetts, George W., 22; Aug. 13, '62, Venice; Sept. 8; Corp., April 6, '64; Sergt., Jan. 17, '65; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Tibbetts, Lansing, 18; Aug. 21, '62, Venice; Sept. 8; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Tidd, John M., 26; Aug. 16, '62, Scipio; Sept. 8; Artificer, March 15, '65; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Tidd, Milton, 24; Dec. 23, '63, Tyre; Dec. 24; dis. May 26, '65, hospital.
- Tift, John, 24; Aug. 18, '62, Venice; Sept. 8, 1st Sergt.; promoted 2d Lieut.
- Turner, John M., 38; Aug. 23, '64, Macedon; Aug. 29, 1 year; dis. May 31, '65, hospital.
- Valentine, Nelson, 18; Aug. 17, '64, no place given, joined as substitute; d. Jan. 12, '65, in the field.
- Van Camp, Ransom, 18; Sept. 1, '64, Skaneateles; Sept. 1, 1 year; dis. May 15, '65.
- Vandergrief, George, 33; Dec. 30, '63, Caneadea; Dec. 30; dis. May 13, '65, hospital, Philadelphia; Vet. Co. F, 6th Ohio Vols.
- Van Liew, John, 31; Aug. 11, '62, Scipio; Sept. 8, Corp.; Musician in Regimental Band, April 4, '63; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Van Marter, Abram, 22; Dec. 29, '63, Ledyard; Jan. 4, '64; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Veeder, Peter, 25; Dec. 21, '63, Fleming; Jan. 4, '64; k. July 9, '64, Monocacy.
- Vincent, John B., 29; Sept. 6, '64, Conesus; Sept. 7, 1 year; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Waldron, David, 35; Sept. 1, '64, Skaneateles; Sept. 1, 1 year; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Walker, John H., 39; Aug. 13, '62, Scipio; Sept. 8; dis. Dec. 10, '63.
- Warwick, Robert, 34; Aug. 17, '62, Fleming; Sept. 8, Sergt.; dis. Jan. 3, '64.
- Waters, James, 21; Aug. 14, '62, Montezuma; Sept. 8; M. O., July 6, '65.

- Westfall, Christopher, 21; Sept. 5, '64, Lyons; Sept. 5, 1 year; M. O., July 6, '65.
- White, George A., 18; Feb. 16, '64, Montezuma; Feb. 16; dis. June 19, '65, hospital.
- Whitfield, Eben, 27; Aug. 12, '62, Scipio; Sept. 8; dis. April 3, '63.
- Wilkinson, Charles, 31; Aug. 21, '62, Fleming; Sept. 8, Wagoner; d. Oct. 3, '63, Fort Mansfield.
- Williams, George, 28; Aug. 14, '62, Montezuma; Sept. 8; Corp., April 6, '64; d. Aug. 4, '64, Frederick, Md., from wounds received July 9 at Monocacy.
- Wilson, Oliver A., 18; Dec. 28, '63, Caneadea; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Wright, Darwin F., 25; Aug. 12, '62, Moravia; Sept. 8; d. Jan. 11, '63, Camp Morris.
- Wright, John P., 32; Nov. 6, '63, Hastings; Nov. 12; wd. Cold Harbor; trans. Oct. 25, '64, V. R. C.
- Wright, Richard D., 27; Aug. 13, '62, Moravia; Sept. 8; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Wyckoff, Henry G., 23; Aug. 22, '62, Fleming; Sept. 8; trans. April 18, '64, V. R. C.
- Woodmansee, Nathan, 20; Jan. 4, '64, Groton; Jan. 4; wd. Monocacy; dis. April 27, '65; Vet. 76th N. Y. Vols.
- Woodward, Alonzo, 42; Dec. 18, '63, Auburn; Dec. 18; no M. O.
- York, Edward M., 30; Dec. 30, '63, Niles; Jan. 4, '64; k. July 9, '64, Monocacy.

COMPANY F.

Auburn and the near-by towns contributed the majority of the men for Company F. Captain Burgess was the first moving spirit, and a large part of the enlistments were in the city; but Lieutenants Bacon and Lamoreaux did their part also, and the company grew between July 30th and September 2d, though the one man who enlisted on the latter day did not pass, and the July enrollments were George W. Swift of Auburn and Emmet Stafford of Port Byron, both of whom subsequently became lieutenants.

In F. there was a small contingent, eight or nine men, who came up from Lansing in Tompkins county, thus breaking the Cayuga monotony. Among these recruits were some of the best men in the company, and all gave good accounts of themselves.

CAPTAINS.

- Charles Burgess, 43; Aug. 22, '62, Auburn; Sept. 8, Captain; rank from Aug. 24; promoted Major.
- Sullivan B. Lamoreaux, from 1st Lieut., May 21, '64; promoted Major.

FIRST LIEUTENANTS.

- George W. Bacon, 30; Aug. 22, '62, Auburn; Sept. 8, 1st Lieut.; rank from Aug. 24; promoted Captain Co. D.
- Sullivan B. Lamoreaux, from 2d Lieut., July 31, '63; promoted Captain.
- Weston E. Allen, from 2d Lieut., Feb. 24, '64; rank from Jan. 8; dismissed Dec. 17, '64.
- Charles W. Hough, from 2d Lieut. Co. B; rank from April 4, '64; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.; M. O. finally as Captain Co. L.
- Emmett Stafford, from 2d Lieut., Dec. 15, '64; rank from Oct. 3; dismissed March 27, '65.
- Benjamin Yard, from 2d Lieut. Co. I, Nov. 29, '64; trans. back to Co. I June 26, '65.
- William H. Firth, from 2d Lieut., Dec. 18, '64; rank from Nov. 28; dis. Feb. 19, '65.
- George W. Swift, from Co. K, May 4, '65; M. O., July 6, '65.

SECOND LIEUTENANTS.

- Sullivan B. Lamoreaux, 21; Aug. 22, '62, Auburn; Sept. 8, 2d Lieut.; rank from Aug. 24; promoted 1st Lieut.
- Weston E. Allen, from 1st Sergt., Aug. 22, '63; rank from July 31; promoted 1st Lieut.
- Emmett Stafford, from Corp., Aug. 22, '63; rank from Aug. 1; promoted 1st Lieut.
- Albert B. Norton, from Sergt., Feb. 12, '64; rank from Jan. 8; resigned March 12, '64.
- Charles P. Patterson, from Co. B, Feb. 23, '64; rank from Feb. 3; wd. Cold Harbor; resigned Sept. 15, '64.
- William H. Firth, from Sergt., July 10, '64; promoted 1st Lieut.
- David H. Stone, from 1st Sergt., Dec. 15, '64; rank from Sept. 15; k. Jan. 14, '65, Petersburg.
- Henry Rowland, from 11th N. Y. Battery, Jan. 4, '65; M. O., July 6, '65. He enlisted, age 30, Aug. 7, '62, Albany; Corp., Oct. 19, '64; promoted as above.

NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS AND PRIVATES.

- Alexander, Rice, 38; Jan. 5, '64, Pompey; Jan. 5; dis. June 29, '65, hospital, Philadelphia.
- Alfreds, Henry, 21; March 4, '63, Auburn; March 8; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Allen, Dwight, 19; Dec. 25, '63, Groton; Dec. 25; k. June 1, '64, Cold Harbor.
- Allen, Henry, 21; June 2, '63, Galen; June 3; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Allen, Titus, 20; June 16, '63, Auburn; Aug. 5; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.; Vet. Co. C, 3d N. Y. A.



COMPANY F.

Capt. S. B. Lamoreaux,
later Major and Brev't Lt. Colonel.

Capt. Chas. Burgess,
later Major.

1st Lieut. Wm. H. Firth.

George Swart, Drum Major.

1st Lieut. L. H. Bigelow (K).

2nd Lieut. D. H. Stone.

Wilmer Stout.

Alpheus K. Long.

Wesley Niblock.

- Allen, Weston E., 23; Aug. 14, '62, Genoa; Sept. 8, 1st Sergt.; promoted 2d Lieut.
- Allen, William, 44; Aug. 19, '62, Auburn; Sept. 8; trans. Feb. 19, '64, V. R. C.
- Armstrong, Alexander, 22; Dec. 18, '63, Auburn; Dec. 25; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Armstrong, William, 18; Sept. 3, '64, Auburn; 1 year; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Ashmore, Samuel, 18; Aug. 8, '62, Auburn; Sept. 8; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Ashton, John R., 22; July 6, '63, Fort Bayard; July 7; dis. Jan. 25, '64.
- Austen, John, 33; Sept. 10, '63, Fort Bayard; Sept. 12; deserted Sept. 20, '63.
- Barnard, Franklin D., 21; Aug. 11, '62, Sennett; Sept. 8; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Bateman, Charles E., 21; Aug. 29, '64, Albany; Sept. 5; no M. O.
- Bayes, James, 22; Aug. 15, '62, Niles; Sept. 8; k. Oct. 19, '64, Cedar Creek.
- Bennett, George W., 24; Dec. 21, '63, Lyons; Dec. 21; dis. May 26, '65, hospital, Philadelphia.
- Bennett, James H., 27; Dec. 30, '63, Springport; Dec. 30; wd. June, '64, Cold Harbor; dis. June 8, '65, hospital, York, Pa.
- Bennett, William, 22; Aug. 8, '62, Auburn; Sept. 8; dis. June 7, '65, Baltimore.
- Bergin, Theodore, 22; Jan. 4, '64, 3d Dist. N. Y.; deserted Feb. 5, '64.
- Bigelow, Lendell H., 24; Aug. 15, '62, Auburn; Sept. 8; 1st Sergt., date not given; promoted 1st Lieut. Co. K.
- Blake, Jacob, 33; Aug. 30, '62, Mentz; Sept. 8; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Boardman, Charles, 18; July 29, '63, Fort Bayard; July 29; deserted Aug. 20, '63.
- Bolden, Henry, 29; July 22, '63, Fort Bayard; July 23; deserted as Corporal June 6, '64.
- Boseoe, William, 29; Aug. 4, '62, Auburn; Sept. 8; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Bostler, Conrad, 22; Aug. 12, '62, Niles; Sept. 8; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Boyd, Patrick, 32; July 18, '63, Fort Bayard; July 18; deserted July 20, '64.
- Boyd, Thomas, 21; July 10, '63, Auburn; Aug. 5; deserted May 8, '64.
- Bradley, Josiah, *vide* Joseph Frayer.
- Branch, Caleb A., 30; Aug. 14, '62, Owasco; Sept. 8; dis. Feb. 17, '63, hospital, Philadelphia.
- Brian, John, 31; July 5, '63, Fort Bayard; July 6; deserted Aug. 23, '63.
- Britton, George, 22; Feb. 8, '64, Portage; Feb. 12; d. March 1, '65, Washington.

- Britton, Gordon, 21; Aug. 21, '62, Auburn; Sept. 8; Corp., Dec. 6, '64; d. Jan. 19, '65, in the field.
- Brown, Daniel E., 18; Jan. 27, '64, Hamilton; Jan. 27; dis. June 16, '65, Washington.
- Brown, John, 42; July 14, '63, Fort Bayard; July 18; deserted March 29, '64.
- Buff, Edwin, 22; Jan. 11, '64, Smyrna; Jan. 11; dis. May 18, '65, Baltimore.
- Burt, John, 25; July 24, '63, Fort Bayard; July 25; deserted Aug. 22, '64.
- Carolin, Patrick, 30; Oct. 1, '63, Fort Bayard; trans. as Bugler June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.; borne also as Carren; Vet.
- Catlin, Cecil, 18; Aug. 10, '62, Auburn; Sept. 8; d. April 19, '65, Washington.
- Catlin, Michael, 28; July 13, '63, Fort Bayard; July 24; dis. July 14, '65, Syracuse.
- Catlin, Squire B., 44; Aug. 23, '62, Auburn; Sept. 8, Wagoner; trans. Jan. 10, '65, V. R. C.
- Chase, Horace W., 27; Aug. 8, '62, Owasco; Sept. 8, Corp.; Sergt., July 1, '63; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Close, Charles, 21; Feb. 16, '64, Groton; Feb. 16; Corp., Jan. 24, '65; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.; later M. O. as Sergt.
- Clow, George E., 33; Aug. 28, '62, Mentz; Sept. 8; Sergt., April 7, '63; promoted 2d Lieut. Co. K.
- Coleman, Lyman, 30; Aug. 25, '63, Auburn; Sept. 10; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Collin, Michael, 28; July 13, '63, Fort Bayard; dis. July 14, '65.
- Cooper, Stephen H., 32; Dec. 14, '63, Georgetown; dis. April 10, '65, Washington.
- Cowan, Henry W., 18; Aug. 5, '62, Auburn; Sept. 8; dis. Nov. 25, '62.
- Cowden, Charles, 18; July 20, '63, Fort Bayard; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Cronk, James A., 34; Aug. 23, '62, Auburn; Sept. 8; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Crumb, Arthur S., 18; April 14, '64, Afton; April 15; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Curley, John, 35; July 23, '63, Fort Bayard; July 25; deserted July 21, '64.
- Curtis, William, 27; Aug. 11, '62, Sennett; Sept. 8; Corp., Nov. 3, '64; Sergt., June 21, '65; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Darrow, Peter, 19; Aug. 13, '62, Niles; Sept. 8; Corp., March 6, '65; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Davis, William L., 27; Aug. 9, '62, Owasco; Sept. 8; Corp., Feb. 22, '65; dis. May 31, '65, Washington.
- Deering, Henry, 43; July 31, '63, Fort Bayard; July 31; dis. May 11, '64.
- Dempsey, David, 30; Aug. 9, '62, Owasco; Sept. 8; dis. June 28, '65, hospital, Portsmouth Grove, R. I.

- Dent, Thomas, 40; Jan. 7, '64, Phelps; Feb. 2; deserted March 19, '65.
- Devoe, George, 18; Dec. 30, '63, Owasco; Jan. 7; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Dewitt, Henry, 19; Aug. 15, '62, Niles; Sept. 8; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Dibble, Thomas, 22; July 14, '63, Fort Bayard; July 18; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Dinsman, Samuel, 44; July 25, '63, Fort Bayard; July 28; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Donegan, James O., 19; July 21, '63, Fort Bayard; July 24; deserted July 19, '64.
- Donnelly, Francis, 44; July 8, '63, Fort Bayard; July 9; deserted April 2, '64.
- Doyle, James, 18; Aug. 16, '62, Auburn; Sept. 8; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Duval, Albert J., 21; Jan. 1, '64, Hornby; Jan. 1; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Easton, Aaron M., 35; Dec. 22, '63, Junius; Dec. 23; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Edgecome, Albert J., 20; Dec. 25, '63, Groton; Dec. 25; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A. Veteran.
- Eggleston, John, 22; Aug. 16, '62, Auburn; Sept. 8; no record after June 17, '65, when he was reported sick.
- Elliott, Nathan, 43; Dec. 21, '63, Mentz; Dec. 21; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Elliott, Nathan, Jr., 18; Dec. 20, '63, Mentz; Dec. 23; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Emerick, Peter W., 27; Aug. 20, '62, Niles; Sept. 8; Corp., Dec. 17, '64; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Feek, Howard, 21; Aug. 13, '62, Auburn; Sept. 8; deserted Oct. 2, '62.
- Firth, William H., 26; Aug. 14, '62, Auburn; Sept. 8, Sergt.; promoted 2d Lieut.
- Fowler, Henry, 25; Aug. 25, '62, Auburn; Sept. 8; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Francisco, Charles, 23; Aug. 22, '62, Auburn; Sept. 8; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Frazer, Jay E., 18; Aug. 6, '62, Niles; Sept. 8; dis. May 31, '65, hospital, Rochester.
- Frazer, Joseph (Josiah Bradley), 31; Dec. 23, '63, Auburn; Jan. 4, '64; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- French, Barnard, 29; March 13, '63, Auburn; March 18; dis. June 16, '65, hospital.
- Gifford, Harrison, 22; Jan. 29, '63, Auburn; Corp., Jan. 21, '65; dis. June 27, '65.
- Gillett, Edson, 22; Aug. 26, '64, Owasco; Aug. 26, 1 year; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Gillson, Amos E., 44; Aug. 3, '64, Auburn; Sept. 8; no M. O. Doubtless same as Jillson, Amos E., which see.

- Gould, Charles H., 18; Aug. 8, '62; Sept. 8; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Gowers, William, 21; Jan. 26, '63, Auburn; March 8; deserted Oct. 31, '63.
- Greenfield, Charles H., 19; Aug. 15, '62, Niles; Sept. 8, Corp.; wd. April 2, '65, Petersburg; dis. July 7, '65.
- Grey, James, 33; July 16, '63, Fort Bayard; July 18; deserted Aug. 12, '63.
- Guthrie, William, 18; Feb. 8, '64, Groton; Corp., Jan. 24, '65; Sergt., March 20, '65; d. April 16, '65, Washington, from wounds received April 2 at Petersburg.
- Hacker, George H., 27; Aug. 14, '62, Sennett; Sept. 8, Sergt.; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Hagan, Patrick, 25; July 9, '63, Fort Bayard; July 10; trans. Feb. 19, '64, V. R. C.
- Hale, Chauncey D., 27; Aug. 12, '62, Genoa; Sept. 8; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Hargan, Charles, 20; Aug. 30, '62, Lansing; Sept. 8; wd. Oct. 19, '64, Cedar Creek; dis. May 14, '65, Baltimore.
- Hargan, Mark, 24; Aug. 14, '62, Lansing; Sept. 8, Corp.; d. Mar. 3, '63, Fort Mansfield.
- Harper, William A., 35; July 13, '63, Fort Bayard; July 18; Corp., June 18, '65; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Hawkins, John, 25; Sept. 5, '64, Albany; Sept. 5, 1 year; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Hills, Norman H., 21; Jan. 6, '64, Norwich; Jan. 6; deserted June 4, '64.
- Hilts, Charles E., 18; Aug. 22, '62, Niles; Sept. 8; dis. April 15, '64, Fort Bayard.
- Hodges, Henry, 25; July 14, '63, Fort Bayard; July 18; trans. Aug. 25, '63, to 16th N. Y. Cavalry.
- Hoff, James, 22; Dec. 29, '63, Hannibal; Dec. 29; dis. May 18, '65, Washington.
- Holden, Smith, 19; Aug. 30, '62, Lansing; Sept. 8; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Horton, Francis M., 18; Aug. 29, '62, Meutz; Sept. 8; Corp., Nov. 3, '64; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Howard, Charles, 21; Jan. 6, '64, Norwich; Jan. 6; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Howard, William, 18; Jan. 9, '64, Norwich; Jan. 9; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Hoy, James W., 30; July 24, '63, Fort Bayard; July 25; dis. May 31, '65, Washington.
- Hudson, Pitts O., 18; Aug. 22, '62, Auburn; Sept. 8; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Hunt, Frederick E., 18; Aug. 5, '62, Auburn; Sept. 8; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Hyat, John, 18; July 24, '63, Fort Bayard; July 24; deserted Nov. 4, '64.
- Hyde, Norman B., 20; Feb. 16, '64, Groton; Feb. 16; dis. May 6, '65, hospital, Philadelphia; Veteran.

- Ingram, Jonathan, 44; July 6, '63, Fort Bayard; July 6; trans. Feb. 19, '64, V. R. C.
- Jackson, Edward, 35; July 22, '63, Fort Bayard; July 23; trans. Aug. 23, '64, U. S. Navy.
- Jenkins, Jedediah, 21; Aug. 4, '62, Auburn; Sept. 8; deserted May 10, '65.
- Jillson, Amos E., 44; Aug. 12, '62, Auburn; Sept. 8; dis. Dec. 7, '63, Fort Simmons.
- Johnson, Hiram M., 44; Aug. 4, '62, Auburn; Sept. 8; trans. Feb. 19, '64, V. R. C.
- Johnson, Nelson R., 23; Aug. 28, '62, Auburn; Sept. 8; dis. May 12, '64, Fort Richardson.
- Jones, Byron M., 30; Aug. 15, '62, Auburn; Sept. 8; Corp., April 23, '64; Sergt., May 16, '65; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Jones, Charles E., 24; Aug. 14, '63, Mentz; Aug. 25; dis. May 31, '65, Washington.
- Jones, H. Mason, 21; Aug. 23, '62, Mentz; Sept. 8; trans. Feb. 19, '64, V. R. C.
- Jones, Thomas, 26; March 27, '63, Auburn; March 27; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Keen, Charles, 38; Aug. 7, '63, Fort Bayard; Aug. 9; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Kellogg, Martin V. B., 25; Aug. 18, '62, Lansing; Sept. 8; deserted Oct. 12, '62.
- Kibby, Frederick, 29; March 5, '63, Mentz; dis. May 18, '63.
- Knapp, Andrew J., 44; July 13, '63, Fort Bayard; deserted July 23, '63.
- Kniffen, A. Edward, 21; March 26, '63, Auburn; April 1; deserted March 4, '64.
- Lampheer, Moses B., 19; Feb. 16, '64, Lansing; Feb. 16; trans. May 28, '64, to 1st N. Y. Ind. Battery.
- Lander, John C., 22; July 21, '63, Fort Bayard; July 23; deserted March 4, '64.
- Lane, John J., 28; Feb. 15, '64, Lansing; Feb. 15; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Larey, John, 23; July 20, '63, Fort Bayard; July 24; deserted Aug. 12, '63.
- Learn, Daniel, 28; Jan. 15, '64, Groton; Jan. 15; d. May 11, '64, Washington.
- Learn, Henry J., 19; Dec. 25, '63, Oswego; Dec. 29; dis. June 9, '65, Washington.
- Leavenworth, Lyman B., 18; Dec. 25, '63, Hornby; Dec. 25; wd. Oct. 19, '64, Cedar Creek; dis. June 6, '65, Elmira.
- Lewis, Elias H., 18; Feb. 5, '64, Groton; Feb. 5; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Linehose, John E., 30; Aug. 14, '62, Lansing; Sept. 8; k. April 2, '65, Petersburg.
- Lobdell, Jonathan, 22; Sept. 2, '64, Genoa; Sept. 9, 1 year; M. O., July 6, '65.

- Londerman, Oliver, 18; June 3, '63, Palmyra; June 3; k. June 1, '64, Cold Harbor.
- Long, Alpheus K., 18; Aug. 13, '62, Aurelius; Sept. 8; dis. as Corp., Dec. 14, '63, for promotion in 7th U. S. Colored Troops, whence he was dis. Brev. Capt.; had been wounded at Fort Bayard by explosion of shell.
- Lowe, John F., 23; March 31, '63, Auburn; March 31; trans. Oct. 1, '63, to 3d N. Y. Battery.
- McBride, Alexander, 44; July 10, '63, Washington; July 10; deserted April 4, '64.
- McCubbins, Joseph, 23; July 9, '63, Fort Bayard; July 9; d. April 11, '65, City Point, of wounds received April 2 at Petersburg.
- McGuire, Owen, 43; July 20, '63, Fort Bayard; July 28; trans. as Wagoner, June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- McLaughlin, Owen, 42; July 23, '63, Fort Bayard; July 25; prisoner July 24, '64; d. Libby prison, date unknown.
- McNamara, John, 37; July 21, '63, Fort Bayard; July 28; deserted Sept. 22, '63.
- Marsh, Frederick, 35; Sept. 2, '62, Mentz; Sept. 8; deserted July 18, '63.
- Marsh, George W., 30; Aug. 18, '62, Mentz; Sept. 8; Artificer, July 1, '64; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Martin, William, 40; July 7, '63, Fort Bayard; July 9; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Mayhew, William C., 29; Feb. 15, '64, Granby; Feb. 16; trans. Nov. 14, '64, V. R. C.
- Merritt, Charles F., 21; Aug. 14, '62, Genoa; Sept. 8; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Merritt, Nathaniel A., 25; Aug. 18, '62, Genoa; Sept. 8; Corp., Aug. 15, '63; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Miller, Charles, 44; July 8, '63, Fort Bayard; July 9; trans. Feb. 19, '64, V. R. C.
- Miller, Charles H., 21; Aug. 14, '62, Genoa; Sept. 8, Corp.; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Miller, John, 44; July 7, '63, Fort Bayard; July 9; deserted May 20, '64.
- Minogue, Peter, 33; March 9, '63, Auburn; March 9; dis. June 2, '65, Philadelphia.
- Mix, Cranson, 20; Jan. 4, '64, Groton; Jan. 4; d. June 12, '64, Alexandria.
- Moody, William F., 32; Aug. 4, '62, Auburn; Sept. 8; deserted May 15, '63.
- Murphy, James, 21; Aug. 12, '62, Auburn; Sept. 8; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Murphy, Leary, 27; July 14, '63, Fort Bayard; July 18; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Murray, John, 27; Dec. 31, '63, Corning; Dec. 31; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.

- Myers, William H., 29; Dec. 24, '63, Lausing; Dec. 24; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Nash, Ephraim A., 32; Aug. 21, '62, Auburn; Sept. 8; dis. Aug. 4, '63.
- Newton, Albert D., 21; Jan. 6, '64, Norwich; Jan. 6; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Niblock, Wesley, 18; Aug. 11, Auburn; Sept. 8; Corp., July 1, '64; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Nicodemus, Andrew, 18; July 6, '63, Fort Bayard; July 7; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Nobles, John, 30; Aug. 22, '62, Mentz; Sept. 8; dis. May 16, '64.
- North, Crandall J., 18; Aug. 1, '62, Auburn; Sept. 8; Corp., Mar. 21, '64; Sergt., March 7, '65; wd. April 2, '65, Petersburg; dis. June 14, '65, Elmira.
- Northrop, Martin V. B., 22; Jan. 20, '64, Norwich; Jan. 20, '64; dis. May 17, '65, Washington.
- Norton, Albert B., 25; July 30, '62, Auburn; Sept. 8, Sergt.; promoted 2d Lieut.
- Nugent, Daniel, 21; March 18, '63, Auburn; March 18; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- O'Brien, John, 30; March 18, '63, Auburn; dis. April 21, '63.
- O'Connor, Martin, 24; July 25, '63, Fort Bayard; July 25; deserted Oct. 13, '63.
- Ogden, Theodore, 18; Aug. 12, '64, Dryden; Aug. 12, 1 year; d. Oct. 29, '64, of wounds received at Cedar Creek.
- Osborn, Horace, 18; Aug. 22, '62, Auburn; Sept. 8; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Otis, James, 19; Jan. 5, '64, Scriba; Jan. 5; wd. April 2, '65, Petersburg; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Otis, Michael, 20; Jan. 4, '64, Scriba; Jan. 4; wd. Cedar Creek; Corp., March 20, '65; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Palmer, Henry, 27; July 9, '63, Fort Bayard; July 10; dis. Jan. 22, '64, Fort Simmons.
- Parks, John H., 20; Feb. 15, '64, Portage; Feb. 16; d. May 17, '64, Washington.
- Parr, Henry, 30; Dec. 29, '63, Auburn; Jan. 7, '64; dis. May 12, '65, Philadelphia.
- Peters, Matthias, 44; July 29, '63, Fort Bayard; dis. May 17, '65, Washington.
- Pitcher, David, 40; Aug. 27, '62, Mentz; Sept. 8; Artificer, Aug. 23, '63; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Pitcher, Lewis W., 18; March 28, '64, Washington; March 29; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Plattenburg, Jacob, 42; Aug. 25, '62, Auburn; Sept. 8; deserted Sept. 11, '62.
- Porter, James A., 40; Aug. 18, '62, Mentz; Sept. 8; dis. June 16, '65, Washington.
- Powell, Lewis, 36; July 20, '63, Fort Bayard; July 23; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.

- Pym, Joseph, 25; Aug. 9, '62, Owasco; Sept. 8, Corp.; Sergt., Aug. 24, '63; 1st Sergt., June 8, '65; wd. June —, '64, Cold Harbor; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Quade, John, 33; July 20, '63, Fort Bayard; July 23; deserted June 5, '64.
- Rarden, James, 22; July 9, '63, Syracuse; July 9; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Remington, Washington B., 21; Jan. 1, '64, Hornby; Jan. 7; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Reynolds, John W., 36; July 15, '63, Fort Bayard; July 15; trans. April 21, '64, to U. S. Navy.
- Rich, William B., 23; March 3, '63, Mentz; March 3; dis. June 15, '65, hospital, Washington.
- Ridley, Thomas, 37; Jan. 29, '64, Canandaigua; Jan. 29; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Riley, Anthony, 18; Aug. 15, '62, Auburn; Sept. 8; k. Oct. 19, '64, Cedar Creek.
- Riley, Charles E., 44; Dec. 20, '63, Auburn; Dec. 31; d. March 20, '65, City Point, Va.
- Roberts, David, 25; Sept. 5, '64, Albany; Sept. 5, 1 year; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Runyan, Chauncey A., 18; Aug. 12, '62, Aurelius; Sept. 8, Musician; wd. May 5, '63, Fort Bayard; trans. Feb. 19, '64, V. R. C.
- Rush, John, 22; Aug. 8, '63, Fort Bayard; Aug. 8; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.; Vet. Co. B, 16th Va. Vols.
- Rynders, Charles F., 25; Nov. 10, '63, Auburn; Dec. 6; Corp., March 7, '65; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.; Vet. Co. E, 3d N. Y. A.
- Schoemaker, Isaac, 23; Sept. 1, '63, Fort Bayard; Sept. 4; d. April 4, '65, from wounds received April 2 at Petersburg.
- Schoonmaker, Eli, 34; Aug. 29, '62, Mentz; Sept. 8; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Seacor, William H., 44; Dec. 25, '63, Hornby; Dec. 25; d. July 8, '64, of wounds received June 1 at Cold Harbor.
- Shergur, Charles L., 20; Aug. 14, '62, Lansing; Sept. 8; Corp., July 27, '63; Sergt., Dec. 16, '64; 1st Sergt., March 20, '65; wd. April 6, '65, Sailor's Creek; dis. June 7, '65, hospital Baltimore, Brevet 2d Lieut.
- Sincerbeaux, Charles, 18; Jan. 1, '64, Scipio; Jan. 4; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Sincerbeaux, Edward M., 22; Aug. 21, '62, Niles; Sept. 8; Corp., July 27, '63; regimental Q. M. Sergt., April 20, '64; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Sincerbeaux, Ira, 18; July 30, '63, Scipio; Aug. 25; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Sincerbeaux, Leonard, 18; Aug. 14, '62, Owasco; Sept. 8; Corp., Oct. 16, '64; Sergt., Feb. 23, '65; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Smith, Edward, 18; Aug. 2, '62, Auburn; Sept. 8; d. March 11, '64, Fort Mansfield.

- Smith, Joseph, 22; July 3, '63, Fort Bayard; July 6; prisoner, no data; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Smith, Randall A., 18; Dec. 10, '63, Groton; Dec. 14; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Snyder, John G., 36; March 19, '63, Auburn; dis. April 21, '63.
- Stafford, Emmett, 34; Aug. 15, '62, Mentz; Sept. 8, Corp.; promoted 2d Lieut.
- Starkey, Lewis, 22; Aug. 15, '64, Groton; Aug. 15, 1 year; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Stearns, George H., 23; Aug. 12, '62, Sennett; Sept. 8; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Steih, Daniel, 20; Feb. 22, '64, Groveland; Feb. 25; dis. June 20, '65, Philadelphia.
- Stevens, Moses B., 45; June 12, '63, Galen; June 23; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.; Vet. Co. K, 3d N. Y. A.
- Steward, John, 41; Aug. 13, '62, Auburn; Sept. 8; dis. Dec. 6, '63, Fort Simmons.
- Stone, David H., 26; Aug. 12, '62, Auburn; Sept. 8, Corp.; 1st Sergt., no date; promoted 2d Lieut.
- Stout, George H., 23; Aug. 31, '64, Genoa; Sept. 1, 1 year; dis. June 9, '65, Baltimore.
- Stout, Wilmer, 21; Aug. 14, '62, Niles; Sept. 8; Corp., Dec. 17, '63; Sergt., March 6, '65; wd. Oct. 19, '64, Cedar Creek; dis. May 31, '65, Philadelphia.
- Strang, George F., 21; Aug. 6, '62, Auburn; Sept. 8; Corp., June 8; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Swart, Aaron V., 21; Aug. 27, '62, Mentz; Sept. 8; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Swart, Alexander, 29; Aug. 27, '62, Mentz; Sept. 8; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Swart, George, 18; Aug. 4, '62, Auburn; Sept. 8, Musician; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Swartout, Clayton, 19; Dec. 25, '63, Hornby; Dec. 25; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Swift, George W., 23; July 30, '62, Auburn; Sept. 8, '62, Sergt.; promoted 2d Lieut. Co. K.
- Talbert, James D., 38; Aug. 5, '62, Aurelius; Sept. 8; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Taylor, George W., 21; Aug. 14, '62, Niles; Sept. 8; Corp., Dec. 23, '63; Sergt., Dec. 17, '64; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Taylor, Oscar E., 19; Jan. 6, '64, Norwich; Jan. 6; dis. May 29, '65, Philadelphia.
- Teeter, Benjamin, 18; Feb. 8, '64, Groton; Feb. 8; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Teeter, Cicero, 29; Aug. 19, '64, Dryden; Aug. 19, 1 year; wd. Oct. 19, '64, Cedar Creek; dis. June 5, '65, Elmira.
- Teeter, Edwin H., 20; Aug. 11, '64, Dryden; Aug. 11, 1 year; dis. June 10, '65, Elmira.
- Teeter, Lewis, 20; Feb. 15, '64, Groton; Feb. 15; k. April 2, '65, Petersburg.

- Tenny, Amos, 39; Jan. 1, '64, Marcellus; Jan. 1; deserted Nov. 16, '64.
- Thornton, Charles, 25; Jan. 2, '64, 3d N. Y. Dist.; Jan. 2; deserted Feb. 5, '64.
- Tichnor, George, 21; Feb. 11, '64, Lansing; Feb. 11; d. Oct. 22, '64, from wounds received Oct. 19 at Cedar Creek.
- Tower, Philo, 44; Aug. 1, '62, Auburn; Sept. 8; dis. Feb. 8, '64, Fort Simmons.
- Turner, William H., 18; Aug. 14, '62, Genoa; Sept. 8; Corp., Sept. 9, '63; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Tuttle, Frank J., 18; Jan. 19, '64, Pharsalia; Jan. 19; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Waldo, Lyman M., 34; Aug. 12, '62, Auburn; Sept. 8; k. Oct. 19, '64, Cedar Creek.
- Waldron, Lyman, 44; Aug. 4, '62, Auburn; Sept. 8; dis. June 9, '65, Philadelphia.
- Ware, Clarence, 18; May 18, '63, Auburn; June 3; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Ware, William, 44; Feb. 9, '63, Auburn; March 5; dis. May 15, '65.
- Watts, Thomas, 38; July 13, '63, Fort Bayard; deserted the next day.
- Weaver, Melvin, 18; Feb. 15, '64, Lansing; Feb. 15; deserted Nov. 4, '64.
- West, Oren, 18; Aug. 14, '62, Lansing; Sept. 8; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Wheeler, Amos, 18; May 23, '63, Galen; June 3; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Wheeler, James, 33; July 24, '63, Fort Bayard; deserted Sept. 8, '63.
- Wheeler, Merritt, 44; Aug. 20, '62, Auburn; Sept. 8; M. O., July 6, '65.
- White, Elisha, 18; Jan. 30, '63, Auburn; March 5; Corp., April 9, '64, dis. July 13, '65.
- Wiggins, Robert, 44; Sept. 11, '62, Auburn; refused to muster in; dis. Nov. 12, '62.
- Wilcox, Edward H., 26; Aug. 22, '62, Auburn; Sept. 8; dis. May 2, '63, hospital, Washington.
- Wilder, Oscar, 26; Jan. 5, '64, Wolcott; Jan. 5; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Willis, George, 19; Feb. 11, '64, Lansing; Feb. 11; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Willis, James, 22; Feb. 11, '64, Lansing; Feb. 11; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Wilson, Nelson, 19; Feb. 15, '64, Ithaca; Feb. 15; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Wilson, Philip R., 19; March 6, '63, Auburn; March 8; wd. Fort Bayard, '64; trans. Feb. 19, '64, V. R. C.
- Wolcott, George W., 19; Jan. 6, '64, Norwich; Jan. 6; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Wood, Jacob, 24; July 8, '63, Fort Bayard; July 9; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.



COMPANY G

Capt. H. J. Knowles.

1st Lieut. C. W. Hough (F).

Capt. Wm. Wood, later Major and Lieut. Colonel.

2nd Lieut. T. J. Chaddock.

Frank B. Raze.

1st Sergt. S. T. Devoe, later Chaplain.

COMPANY G.

With one or two exceptions Company G came from what was, up to 1826, the old town of Wolcott, *i. e.*, the towns of Huron, Wolcott, Butler, and Rose, with the storm centre in Wolcott. The excitement incident to the raising of Company A did not subside, but continued to increase till it appeared that another company must be raised, and common choice selected William Wood of Westbury as the leader. This post office is in Butler in part, and the captain rated from that town. First Lieutenant Hawley was from Wolcott, and 2d Lieutenant Woodward was a Rose man.

The company was raised in about two weeks' time, the date August 19th appearing most frequently in the lists. In these early rolls just one name is found as from Savannah, and one from Sterling in Cayuga county.

CAPTAINS.

William Wood, 32; Aug. 24, '62, Wolcott; Sept. 8; rank from Aug. 24; promoted Major.

Daniel B. Harmon, from Co. H, Sept. 28, '64; rank from June 28; dis. Nov. 12, '64.

Henry J. Rhodes, from 1st Lieut., Feb. 18, '65; rank from Nov. 12, '64; M. O., July 6, '65, Brevet Major, U. S. Vols.

FIRST LIEUTENANTS.

William Hawley, 42; Aug. 24, '62, Wolcott; Sept. 8, 1st Lieut.; rank from Aug. 24; promoted Captain Co. E.

John S. McMaster, from 1st Sergt., Co. K, May 17, '64; rank from March 17; dis. March 25, '65; commissioned Captain Feb. 18, '65; not mustered.

Henry J. Rhodes, from 2d Lieut., Nov. 30, '64; rank from Nov. 14; wd. March 25, '65; promoted Captain.

SECOND LIEUTENANTS.

Seymour Woodward, 24; Aug. 24, '62, Rose; Sept. 8; rank from Aug. 24; dis. Feb. 23, '64.

Henry J. Rhodes, from Co. A, March 30, '64; rank from March 1; promoted 1st Lieut.

Philip Sturge, from Sergt. Co. K, March 14, '64; trans. back to Co. K.

Stillman J. Grandy, from 1st Sergt., April 4, '64; dis. Nov. 12, '64.

Arthur W. Marshall, Nov. 14, '64, from Co. E; trans. to Co. B, Dec. 30, '64.

Ezra H. Calkins, from Corp., Jan. 15, '65; rank from Nov. 26, '64; M. O., July 6, '65.

Jefferson T. Chaddock, from Sergt., March 2, '65; M. O., July 6, '65.

NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS AND PRIVATES.

- Abbey, William, 37; Dec. 24, '63, Wolcott; Dec. 24; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Ables, William E., 18; Dec. 11, '63, Wolcott; Dec. 31; d. July 11, '64, Washington.
- Adams, James E., 26; Feb. 16, '64, Binghamton; Feb. 28; Corp., April 17, '65; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Ahern, Matthew, 23; Aug. 31, '64, Albany; 1 year; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Alexander, William, 32; Feb. 16, '64, Newfield; Feb. 16; d. Feb. 20, '65, Washington.
- Allpaugh, William M., 20; Feb. 15, '64, Candor; Feb. 15; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Angle, Lathrop, 18; Dec. 15, '63, Salina; Dec. 28; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Antis, James, Jr., 18; Dec. 27, '63, Sullivan; Dec. 27; dis. Aug. 10, '65, New York.
- Bachman, James M., 24; Dec. 15, '63, Seneca Falls; Dec. 16; dis. June 21, '65, Washington.
- Baggerly, Peter, 21; Dec. 28, '63, Savannah; Dec. 28; wd. March 25, '65, Petersburg; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Bailey, Frederick H., 20; Aug. 13, '62, Wolcott; Sept. 8; dis. Feb. 13, '64.
- Balch, Elon G., 37; Dec. 21, '63, Galen; Jan. 4, '64; k. Oct. 19, '64, Cedar Creek; had served in 67th Penn. Vols.
- Barber, Perry S., 35; Jan. 4, '64, Hornellsville; Jan. 4; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Barker, Charles H., 18; Dec. 25, '63, Sodus; Dec. 29; prisoner Dec. 30, '64; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Barnard, John H., 20; Aug. 30, '64, Auburn; 1 year; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Barnes, Abram T., 21; Dec. 16, '63, Galen; Dec. 28; wd. April 6, '65, Sailor's Creek; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Becker, David D., 23; Sept. 3, '64, Wolcott; Sept. 3; promoted 2d Lieut. Co. I; he had served in the 3d N. Y. Artillery.
- Bell, Alfred J., 25; Dec. 19, '63, Sodus; Dec. 19; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Bell, Alfred W., 28; Sept. 3, '64, Wolcott; Sept. 4, 1 year; dis. June 16, '65, Washington.
- Bell, Charles L., 23; Dec. 19, '63, Sodus; Dec. 29; dis. May 15, '65, Washington.
- Bennett, Harvey, 43; Jan. 4, '64, Galen; Jan. 5; d. July 27, '65, Washington.
- Bennett, Joseph, 22; Nov. 23, '64, New York; Nov. 23, '64; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Billhardt, Charles, 24; Dec. 24, '63, Hannibal; Dec. 29; dis. May 15, '65.
- Billhardt, Edward, 29; Dec. 29, '63, Hannibal; Dec. 29; dis. Aug. 6, '65.

- Blaisdell, William L., 18; Feb. 24, '64, Savannah; March 1; Corp., May 31, '65; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Boyd, James, 21; Dec. 11, '63, Wolcott; Dec. 31; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Brewster, Lafayette, 22; Aug. 19, '62, Wolcott; Sept. 8; trans. April 18, '64, V. R. C.
- Brink, Harvey C., 18; Dec. 30, '63, Wolcott; Dec. 30; d. July 14, '64, Washington.
- Bristol, Silas M., 37; Feb. 15, '64, Candor; Feb. 16; dis. May 31, '65, Philadelphia.
- Brown, Charles A., 29; Aug. 19, '62, Wolcott; Sept. 8, 1st Sergt.; dis. July 1, '64, for promotion in U. S. C. T.
- Brown, John, 20; March 31, '64, 6th N. Y. Dist.; March 31; d. Dec. 22, '64, Philadelphia.
- Bunyea, Mortimer, 21; Sept. 30, '63, Galen; Nov. 5; d. Aug. 31, '64, Washington.
- Burch, Jerome, 21; Sept. 2, '64, Wolcott; Sept. 3, 1 year; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Burghdorf, William, 25; Aug. 19, '62, Victory; Sept. 8; dis. Feb. 11, '64.
- Calkins, Ensign L., 19; Sept. 3, '64, Camillus; Sept. 3, 1 year; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Calkins, Ezra Hudson, 22; Aug. 23, '62, Butler; Sept. 8; Corp., July 11, '64; promoted 2d Lieut.
- Calkins, John, 19; Aug. 23, Butler; Sept. 8; Corp., Nov. 16, '64; wd. April 2, '65, Petersburg; dis. June 29, Philadelphia.
- Calkins, Warren, 24; Aug. 22, '62, Butler; Sept. 8, Corp.; wd. March 25, '65, Petersburg; M. O., July 28, '65, Elmira.
- Carrier, Albert, 21; Aug. 19, '62, Wolcott; Sept. 8; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Carris, Peter J., 28; Dec. 25, '63, Hannibal; Dec. 29; Corp., March 26, '65; dis. July 24, '65.
- Carroll, Lawrence, 21; Dec. 12, '63, Seneca Falls; Dec. 16; wd. March 25, '64; dis. June 16, '65, Baltimore.
- Carter, Jabez, Jr., 31; Aug. 19, '62, Wolcott; Sept. 8; dis. Feb. 11, '64.
- Carter, William W., 23; Aug. 22, '62, Wolcott; Sept. 8; Corp., July 11, '64; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Castler, Marcus B., 19; Dec. 16, '63, Sullivan; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Chaddock, Jefferson T., 18; Aug. 21, '62, Huron; Sept. 8; Corp., Dec. 16, '62; Sergt., April 24, '64; promoted 2d Lieut.
- Clapp, Cassius M., 18; Sept. 2, '62, Butler; Sept. 8; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Clark, Timothy, 24; Dec. 29, '63, Hannibal; Dec. 31; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Clemens, Chesterfield, 25; Sept. 5, '64, Avon; Sept. 6, 1 year; dis. June 10, '65, Philadelphia.
- Cobb, Sanford J., 38; Jan. 22, '64, Syracuse; Jan. 22; dis. May 17, '65, Washington.

- Conklin, Gilbert, 20; Aug. 25, '62, Savannah; Sept. 8, Corp.; promoted 2d Lieut., Co. C.
- CConnell, John, 32; Jan. 14, '64, Washington; Jan. 14; deserted April 10, '64.
- Conway, Thomas, 40; Jan. 1, '64, Wolcott; Jan. 5; wd. March 25, '65, Petersburg; dis. June 28, '65, hospital, Rochester.
- Cooper, Levi, 28; Sept. 3, '64, Wolcott; Sept. 3, 1 year; dis. June 14, '65, York, Penn.
- Courser, Moses, 43; Aug. 25, '62, Sterling; Sept. 8; deserted Sept. 8, '62.
- Cronk, George E., 19; July 16, '63, Syracuse; July 16; deserted March 26, '64.
- Culliford, Eugene, 21; Jan. 3, '64, Wolcott; Jan. 4; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Curren, Jacob, 43; Aug. 23, '62, Conquest; Sept. 8; trans. April 18, '64, V. R. C.
- Dean, Theodore S., 18; Aug. 23, '62, Butler; Sept. 8; Artificer, April 17, '65; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Delamater, Charles G., 27; Aug. 29, '62, Wolcott; Sept. 8, Corp.; dis. Feb. 11, '64.
- Delong, John, 30; Aug. 20, '62, Huron; Sept. 8; d. Oct. 15, '64, Winchester, Va.
- Depew, John, 32; Aug. 24, '62, Wolcott; Sept. 8; dis. June 24, '65, New York.
- Devoc, Hiram, 40; Aug. 24, '64, Albany; Aug. 24, 1 year; M. O., July 6, '65.
- De Voe, John H., 16; Sept. 16, '62, Butler; Sept. 8, Musician; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Devoc, Martin, 27; Dec. 22, '63, Sullivan; Dec. 22; dis. Aug. 17, '65.
- Devoc, Stephen T., 40; Aug. 19, '62, Wolcott; Sept. 8, Sergt.; 1st Sergt., July 1, '64; promoted Chaplain.
- Dixon, Abel, 22; Aug. 24, '62, Rose; Sept. 8; d. April 29, '64, Washington.
- Doremus, Spencer, 18; Dec. 11, '63, Rose; Dec. 29 in Co. H; trans. to G Feb. 5, '64; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.; Veteran.
- Downs, Charles, 22; Aug. 23, '62, Butler; Sept. 8; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Duell, Leroy P., 18; Dec. 26, '63, Marion; Dec. 29; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Dunbar, Dorus, 28; Aug. 30, '62, Butler; Sept. 8; dis. Feb. 25, '64.
- Duncan, Charles, 18; Aug. 19, '62, Wolcott; Sept. 8; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Earles, Alpheus, 26; Aug. 19, '62, Wolcott; Sept. 8; Corp., Aug. 11, '63; Sergt., March 3, '65; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Earles, Daniel, 24; Aug. 16, '62, Wolcott; Sept. 8; M. O., July 6, '65.



John Calkins.
Abram Wolvin.

J. H. DeVoe.
Henry Allen (F).

Warren Calkins.
Isaac Grant.

All of G Company, save Allen. From tintypes made at Meade's Station, Petersburg, March, 1865

- Earles, David, 30; Aug. 19, '62, Wolcott; Sept. 8; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Earles, Isaac, 22; Aug. 16, '62, Wolcott; Sept. 8; M. O., July 6, '65.
- English, John D., 37; Sept. 3, '64, Seneca Falls; Sept. 5, 1 year; dis. July 12, '65, Rochester.
- Eygnor, Abram, 18; Aug. 30, '62, Wolcott; Sept. 8; Corp., Oct. 14, '64; Sergt., May 31, '65; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Eygnor, Edwin, 21; Sept. 2, '64, Wolcott; Sept. 5, 1 year; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Faulkner, Samuel, 42; Dec. 29, '63, Sodus; Dec. 29; k. Oct. 19, '64, Cedar Creek.
- Feek, Nicholas, 44; Aug. 25, '62, Huron; Sept. 8; Corp., Oct. 3, '62; dis. Feb. 20, '65.
- Fink, Jeremiah, 31; Aug. 19, '62, Huron; Sept. 8; dis. June 9, '65, Philadelphia.
- Finout, James H., 35; Aug. 19, '62, Wolcott; Sept. 8; dis. Nov. 13, '63.
- Fleming, Ebenezer, 25; Dec. 29, '63, Butler; Jan. 2, '64; Corp., Dec. 20, '64; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Foster, Dennis, 20; Dec. 7, '63, Washington; Dec. 7; dis. June 20, '65, Washington.
- Fowler, George W., 21; Aug. 19, '62, Butler; Sept. 8; dis. Oct. 8, '64.
- Fowler, Merritt F., 25; Aug. 5, '62, Butler; Sept. 8 in Co. H; trans. to G, Oct. 1, '64; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Fredericks, William, 27; Dec. 11, '63, Washington; Dec. 16; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Gibson, Alexander, 41; Dec. 21, '63, Wolcott; Dec. 29; dis. June 26, '65, Philadelphia.
- Gildersleeve, George H., 18; Dec. 11, '63, Galen; Jan. 4, '64; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Gildersleeve, Porter, 19; Dec. 30, '63, Rose; Jan. 4, '64; dis. June 29, '65.
- Grandy, Lewis D., 37; Sept. 2, '62, Butler; Sept. 8; trans. April 18, 1864, V. R. C.
- Grandy, Stillman J., 27; Aug. 19, '62, Wolcott; Sept. 8, Sergt.; 1st Sergt., July 26, '63; promoted 2d Lieut.
- Grandy, William C., 20; Aug. 19, '62, Wolcott; Sept. 8; dis. June 29, '65, Philadelphia.
- Grant, Isaac W., 18; Aug. 13, '62, Butler; Sept. 8; Corp., Dec. 6, '62; Sergt., Aug. 5, '63; 1st Sergt., Dec. 16, '64; wd. March 25, '65; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Grant, Willis, 35; Sept. 3, '64, Wolcott; Sept. 3, 1 year; wd. Oct. 19, '64, Cedar Creek; dis. Feb. 20, '65.
- Gray, Loren O., 33; Aug. 19, '62, Wolcott; Sept. 8; dis. May 21, '63, Fort Mansfield.
- Green, Rush, 18; Dec. 26, '63, Butler; Jan. 4, '64; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.

- Griswold, Erastus A., 39; Dec. 17, '63, Wolcott; Jan. 2, '64; d. Jan. 27, '65, Virginia.
- Harper, Albert, 35; Dec. 24, '63, Savannah; Jan. 29; dis. Oct. 10, '64.
- Haven, James A., 38; Dec. 26, '63, Hannibal; Dec. 29; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Hawkins, William, 40; Dec. 26, '63, Sodus; Dec. 29; k. Oct. 19, '64, Cedar Creek.
- Henry, William, 18; Dec. 30, '63, Wolcott; Dec. 31; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Hersey, Charles A., 44; Dec. 31, '63, Wolcott; Dec. 31; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Hill, Alonzo D., 27; Dec. 19, '63, Marion; Dec. 26; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Hill, Erastus T., 36; Aug. 20, '62, Wolcott; Sept. 8; dis. July 11, '65, Rochester.
- Hodges, Alexander, 31; Dec. 26, '63, Sodus; Dec. 28; wd. March 25, '65; dis. June 9, Washington.
- Hoffman, Benjamin F., 25; Aug. 20, '62, Savannah; Sept. 8, Sergt.; 1st Sergt., no date; promoted 2d Lieut., Co. D.
- Hoffman, Edwin M., 21; Aug. 25, '62, Butler; Sept. 8; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Holley, James H., 35; Dec. 9, '63, Auburn; Jan. 4; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Horne, William, 23; Aug. 20, '62, Rose; Sept. 8; Corp., March 20, '63; Q. M. Sergt., April 24, '64; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Ingersoll, John J., 44; Aug. 19, '62, Rose; Sept. 8; dis. July 8, '63.
- Ingraham, Jacob, 33; Dec. 28, '63, Butler; Jan. 4, '64; dis. Feb. 28, '65.
- Jackson, Andrew, 29; Aug. 19, '62, Wolcott; Sept. 8; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Jenkins, Reuben, 38; Aug. 19, '62, Sterling; Sept. 8, Wagoner; dis. Dec. 23, '62.
- Jewell, William R., 19; Aug. 18, '62, Wolcott; Sept. 8; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Johnson, David, 31; Aug. 25, '62, Rose; Sept. 8; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Keeny, John J., 28; Dec. 26, '63, Hannibal; Dec. 29; dis. June 9, '65.
- Kellerhouse, Kourad, 32; Dec. 13, '63, Lyons; Jan. 4, '64; dis. Oct. 10, '64.
- Kile, Luzerne, 22; Aug. 19, '62, Wolcott; Sept. 8; d. Corp., Aug. 8, '63, Washington.
- King, John J., 28; Dec. 26, '63, Hannibal; Dec. 29; dis. June 9, '65, Baltimore.
- Knapp, Isaac, 23; Dec. 30, '63, Mentz; Dec. 30; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Kunz, John, 27; Aug. 19, '62, Wolcott; Sept. 8; deserted Oct. 19, '64.

- Langley, Samuel Wing, 31; Aug. 19, '62, Huron; Sept. 8, Corp.; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Larock, Leonard, 18; Feb. 13, '63, Galen; March 4; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Larzelere, Warren E., 18; Dec. 21, '63, Fayette; Dec. 21; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Lee, Benjamin, 37; Aug. 19, '62, Wolcott; Sept. 8; dis. Feb. 9, '64.
- Leroy, James, 24; Dec. 19, '63, Hannibal; Dec. 24; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Lovejoy, Daniel F., 21; Dec. 19, '63, Marion; Dec. 29; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Loveless, George, 18; Aug. 29, '62, Butler; Sept. 8; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Lutes, Jacob, 26; Sept. 2, '62, Butler; Sept. 8; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Lynch, Thomas, 25; Jan. 16, '64, Washington; Jan. 16; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- McAlister, William H., 18; Aug. 30, '64, Albany; 1 year; M. O., July 6, '65.
- McArthur, Olin, 18; Aug. 22, '62, Wolcott; Sept. 8, Corp.; Sergt., Dec. 20, '64; M. O., July 6, '65.
- McClay, James H., 25; Dec. 16, '63, Somerset; Dec. 28; Corp., March 3, '65; dis. July 24, '65.
- Mackie, James V., 21; Jan. 4, '64, Galen; Jan. 5; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- McMillen, James, 43; Dec. 28, '63, Rose; Dec. 29; dis. July 18, '65, Rochester.
- McMillen, Michael, 28; Dec. 17, '63, Washington; Dec. 17; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Madelong, Theodore, 34; Dec. 16, '63, Hannibal; Dec. 29; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Marvin, James H., 24; Sept. 1, '62, Wolcott; Sept. 8; Corp., Jan. 22, '63; Sergt., Oct. 4, '64, Color-beurer; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Mead, Dwight, 18; Aug. 14, '62, Wolcott; Sept. 8; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Merrill, James A., 18; Jan. 2, '64, Wolcott; Jan. 5; dis. Sept. 26, '64.
- Merrill, John H., 19; Aug. 28, '62, Wolcott; Sept. 8, Musician; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Miller, Samuel D., 23; Aug. 24, '62, Wolcott; Sept. 8; Corp., July 11, '64; Sergt., March 17, '65; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Miller, William H., 27; Aug. 19, '62, Wolcott; Sept. 8; Artificer, April 5, '64; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Moore, Calvin B., 42; Aug. 25, '62, Wolcott; Sept. 8; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Moore, George B., 20; Aug. 4, '63, Galen; Aug. 4; k. Oct. 19, '64, Cedar Creek; had served an enlistment in Co. K, 102d N. Y. Vols.
- Morey, Horace M., 35; Dec. 10, '63, Rose; Dec. 31; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.

- Munson, Charles H., 29; Dec. 21, '63, Sodus; Dec. 28; wd. Oct. 19, '64, Cedar Creek; dis. June 13, '65, Philadelphia.
- Murray, Jeremiah, 40; Dec. 28, '63, Junius; Dec. 29; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Murray, John, 18; Jan. 1, '64, Butler; Jan. 2; dis. June 10, '65, Philadelphia.
- Niles, Theodore H., 18; Dec. 16, '63, Somerset; Dec. 16; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Northrop, Charles, 18; Dec. 14, '63, Sullivan; Dec. 14; prisoner May 27, '64, Hanover Junction, Va.; sent to Richmond; thence, June 8, to Andersonville; no further record.
- O'Brien, Michael, 28; Dec. 30, '63, Junius; Dec. 30; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Olich, Charles, 43; Jan. 4, '64, Sodus; Jan. 5; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Painter, Alanson, 41; Dec. 19, '63, Conquest; Dec. 19; k. Oct. 19, '64, Cedar Creek.
- Peck, Jeremiah, 40; Aug. 25, '62, Hnron; Sept. 8; dis. June 14, '65, Washington.
- Perkins, Benjamin W., 30; Aug. 19, '62, Wolcott; Sept. 8; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Perkins, Ira, 28; Aug. 19, '62, Wolcott; Sept. 8; trans. V. R. C., July 1, '63. Clark's "Military History of Wayne County" says, "Died, 1864, Washington."
- Perry, Jefferson T., 38; Aug. 23, '62, Butler; Sept. 8; d. Jan. 4, '64, Baltimore, of wounds received Oct. 19, '64, Cedar Creek.
- Phillips, Stephen, 22; March 13, '63, Rose; March 13; deserted Oct. 23, '63; had been in Co. E, 10th N. Y. Cav.
- Pierce, William J., 23; Aug. 19, '62, Auburn; Sept. 8; Corp., March 20, '63; dis. Feb. 8, '64.
- Pierson, Forrest R., 20; Sept. 1, '62, Butler; Sept. 8; Musician. Dec. 6, '62; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Plank, Franklin, 18; Dec. 29, '63, Wolcott; Dec. 29; wd., place not given; dis. Oct. 2, '65, Rochester.
- Plank, Theodore N., 18; Aug. 19, '62, Auburn; Sept. 8; trans. April 18, '64, V. R. C.
- Pritchard, John, 19; Aug. 23, '62, Butler; Sept. 8; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Proseus, Frank M., 38; Sept. 2, '64, Galen; Sept. 8, 1 year; d. Dec. 9, '64, City Point, Va.
- Ramsperger, Matthias, 30; Jan. 4, '64, Lyons; Jan. 5; trans. Oct. 24, '64, V. R. C.
- Rand, Willard, 22; Aug. 23, '62, Butler; Sept. 8; Corp., July 11, '64; k. March 26, '65, on picket before Petersburg.
- Raze, B. Frank, 18; Dec. 16, '63, Somerset; Dec. 16; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Rhodes, Charles C., 31; Sept. 1, '64, Skaneateles; 1 year; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Rodman, Vespasian H., 28; Dec. 24, '63, Galen; Dec. 29; trans. Feb. 24, '65, V. R. C.

- Rogers, Patrick, 21; Dec. 16, '63, Seneca Falls; Dec. 17; wd. March 25, '65; dis. July 13, '65, Philadelphia.
- Sanford, Charles H., 19; Dec. 21, '63, Marion; Dec. 29; wd. Oct. 19, '64, Cedar Creek; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Sant, Leonard C., 35; March 2 '63, Fair Haven; March 2; dis. as Corp. June 19, '65, Washington.
- Savoy, Frank, 25; Dec. 31, '63, Marion; Jan. 1, '64; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Scott, Artemus G., 28; Aug. 25, '63, Butler; Sept. 8; dis. Feb. 11, '64.
- Scott, Irving, 21; Aug. 19, '62, Wolcott; Sept. 8; dis. Feb. 9, '64.
- Scott, John J., 41; June 20, '63, Wolcott; June 20; Corp., March 10, '65; dis. July 24, '65.
- Sedore, Samuel W., 24; Aug. 19, '62, Wolcott; Sept. 8; Corp., Aug. 11, '63; Sergt., Nov. 16, '64; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Sedore, Stephen, 36; Aug. 19, '62, Wolcott; Sept. 8; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Shannon, Theodore, 35; Jan. 4, '64, Rose; Jan. 5; dis. May 24, '65.
- Sherman, James, 20; Aug. 19, '62, Butler; Sept. 8; Corp., April 24, '64; Sergt., April 17, '65; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Sherman, Robert, 27; Dec. 14, '63, Rose; Dec. 29; trans. Feb. 24, '65, V. R. C.; had served in Co. E, 98th N. Y., and was wd. at Fair Oaks.
- Sherman, William P., 22; Aug. 14, '62, Butler; Sept. 8; d. Nov. 27, Fort Foote.
- Shroeder, Andrew, 27; Dec. 16, '63, Syracuse; Dec. 16; k. April 6, '65, Sailor's Creek.
- Silliman, Hiram, 27; Aug. 23, '62, Wolcott; Sept. 8, Corp.; wd. Oct. 19, '64, Cedar Creek; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Silliman, Robert, 18; Oct. 19, '63, Lyons; Nov. 5; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Smith, Darius, 44; Dec. 31, '63, Wolcott; Dec. 31; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Smith, Edwin, 25; Aug. 25, '62, Wolcott; Sept. 8; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Smith, Elisha, 39; Sept. 1, '62, Wolcott; Sept. 8; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Smith, Harry C., 34; Aug. 19, '62, Wolcott; Sept. 8; dis. May 10, '64.
- Smith, Lewis, 20; Aug. 19, '62, Butler; Sept. 8; Corp., Aug. 5, '63; Sergt., Sept. 24, '64; trans. field and staff, Q. M. Sergt.
- Stern, Henry C., 21; Sept. 2, '64, Albany; Sept. 2, 1 year; promoted 2d Lieut., Co. A.
- Stern, Henry M., 23; Sept. 2, '64, Albany; Sept. 2, 1 year; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Stewart, John F., 26; Aug. 25, '62, Wolcott; Sept. 8, Corp.; Sergt., Dec. 16, '62; promoted 2d Lieut., Co. D.
- Taylor, Reuben, 18; Jan. 2, '64, Savannah; Jan. 21; d. Aug. 30, '64.

- Terwilliger, Calvin H., 22; Aug. 19, '62, Wolcott; Sept. 8; Corp., Jan. 15, '65; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Thomas, David H., 23; Sept. 7, '64, Marcellus; Sept. 7, 1 year; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Thompson, Hiram, 25; Dec. 14, '63, Sodus; Dec. 31; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Thompson, William W., 19; Aug. 29, '62, Wolcott; Sept. 8; dis. May 24, '65.
- Tillow, Robert C., 18; Dec. 30, '63, Butler; Dec. 31; d. Jan. 20, '65, Washington.
- Towlerton, James, 36; Aug. 19, '62, Wolcott; Sept. 8; trans. Jan. 29, '64, V. R. C.
- Tracy, Calvin B., 21; Aug. 19, '62, Huron; Sept. 8; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Tracy, Roswell, 18; Aug. 22, '62, Huron; Sept. 8; Corp., March 3, '65; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Traver, Robert N., 32; Aug. 19, '62, Huron; Sept. 8; wd. Oct. 19, '64, Cedar Creek; dis. June 10, '65.
- Tuttle, Jabez H., 29; Dec. 19, '63, Hannibal; Dec. 29; d. July 18, '64, Washington.
- Van Antwerp, John, 24; Aug. 23, '62, Butler; Sept. 8; d., Artificer, April 17, '64, Butler.
- Waldron, Harvey M., 18; Sept. 3, '62, Wolcott; Sept. 8; M. O., July 6, '65.
- West, Harrison B., 18; Dec. 30, '63, Savannah; Jan. 2, '64; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Wetherby, James, 18; Aug. 19, '62, Sterling; Sept. 8; prisoner in the "Valley," no date; dis. June 16, '65, Elmira.
- Whalen, Jeremiah, 23; Dec. 22, '63, Sullivan; Dec. 22; k. April 2, '65, Petersburg.
- White, Charles, 23; Aug. 19, '62, Wolcott; Sept. 8; d. Nov. 15, '62, Washington.
- Wiggins, Charles, 21; July 22, '63, Fair Haven; July 22; wd. March 25, '65, Petersburg; dis. Aug. 11, '65, Washington.
- Wiggins, William H., 21; Aug. 19, '62, Wolcott; Sept. 8; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Williams, Charles, 45; Jan. 4, '64, Sodus; Jan. 4; dis. Feb. 20, '65.
- Willis, Theodore H., 18; Dec. 16, '63, Somerset; Dec. 16; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Winchell, Calvin, 29; Aug. 19, '62, Rose; Sept. 8; trans. April 18, V. R. C.
- Winters, Charles, 39; Dec. 18, '63, Lyons; Dec. 29; dis. Dec. 20, '64.
- Winters, Ernst, 19; Dec. 21, '63, Lyons; Dec. 29; trans. Jan. 16, '65, V. R. C.
- Wood, Abram L., 19; Dec. 24, '63, Galen; Dec. 29; trans. Jan. 16, '65, V. R. C.
- Wood, Charles E., 24; Dec. 24, '63, Galen; Dec. 24; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.



COMPANY H.

1st Lieut. D. B. Harmon, later Captain Co. G. 2nd Lieut. Sidney T. Colvin.
Capt. John L. Crane.
Henry P. Howard, Postmaster. Sergt. Chas. L. Shergur (F). Smith Holden (F).

- Woodruff, Frank M., 22; Aug. 19, '62, Wolcott; Sept. 8; wd. March 25, '65, Petersburg; dis. June 14, '65, Washington.
- Wolvin, Abram, 18; Aug. 19, '62, Wolcott; Sept. 8; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Wolvin, David, 22; Jan. 4, '64, Butler; Jan. 4; no M. O.
- Wolvin, Robert, 24; Aug. 19, '62, Wolcott; Sept. 8; dis. Feb. 11, '64.
- Yeoman, Ashley, 18; Jan. 1, '64, Savannah; Jan. 5; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Zimmer, Benjamin, 23; Dec. 16, '63, Seneca Falls; Dec. 16; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.

COMPANY H.

Eastern Wayne made up the membership of H, with Galen ranking an easy first, though more men from Rose went into this company than into any other one. John L. Crane, Esq., a rising young lawyer of Clyde, gave the scheme a start and pushed it vigorously, ably seconded by 1st Lieutenant Tunis Vosburg of Galen and 2d Lieutenant Daniel Harmon of Rose. Sidney T. Colvin, who lived just over the town line in Butler, recruited several men and was made a sergeant, eventually becoming a lieutenant. J. D. Knapp, later a lieutenant, was one of the very first to be enrolled. The work of enlistment was nearly or quite all done in about two weeks, but it was hot work while it lasted.

CAPTAINS.

- John L. Crane, 26; Aug. 25, '62, Galen; Sept. 8; rank from Aug. 24; dis. Nov. 12, '64.
- Joseph W. Jewhurst, from 1st Lieut., Co. I, Feb. 28, '65; rank from Feb. 3; M. O., July 6, '65.

FIRST LIEUTENANTS.

- Tunis Vosburg, 22; Aug. 25, '62, Galen; Sept. 8; rank from Aug. 25; dis. Dec. 30, '62.
- Daniel B. Harmon, from 2d Lieut., Jan. 14, '63; rank from Dec. 30, '62; promoted Captain Co. G.
- George H. Pidge, from 1st Sergt., April 4, '64; dis. Sept. 12, '64.
- Charles D. Lent, from 2d Lieut., Nov. 1, '64; rank from March 16; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Philip P. Tindall, from 2d Lieut., Jan. 14, '65; rank from Nov. 28, '64; M. O., July 6, '65.

SECOND LIEUTENANTS.

- Daniel B. Harmon, 34; Aug. 25, '62, Rose; Sept. 8; rank from Aug. 25; promoted 1st Lieut.
- Charles D. Lent, from Sergt., Co. B, July 3, '63; rank from June 10; promoted 1st Lieut.

- Sidney T. Colvin, from Sergt., Feb. 9; rank from Jan. 25, '64; wd. Sept. 19, '64; promoted 1st Lieut., Sept. 28, '64, not mustered; dis. Dec. 19, '64.
- Philip P. Tindall, from Sergt., Dec. 16, '64; rank from Sept. 15; promoted 1st Lieut.
- Edmond Young, from Sergt., Jan. 11, '65; rank from Sept. 12, '64; M. O., July 6, '65.

NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS AND PRIVATES.

- Adams, Engene H., 40; Sept. 5, '64, Ledyard; Sept. 5, 1 year; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Allbright, John H., 18; Sept. 7, '64, Albany; Sept. 7, 1 year; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Allen, Charles H., 23; Jan. 4, '64, Schroepfel; Jan. 4; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Anderson, William, 21; Aug. 23, '62, Galen; Sept. 8; wd. Cold Harbor; dis. Jan. 9, '65.
- Andrews, Asa N., 26; Dec. 31, '63, Volney; Dec. 31; dis. June 3, '65.
- Andrews, Joseph, 44; Aug. 23, '62, Rose; Aug. 23; no further record.
- Angus, Elijah, 38; Sept. 2, '64, Wolcott; Sept. 2, 1 year; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Angus, Gilbert F., 19; Aug. 25, '62, Butler; Sept. 8; Corp., Feb. 11, '64; Sergt., Dec. 30, '64; 1st Sergt., March 12, '65; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Anton, Mannel, 22; Jan. 31, '65, Goshen; Jan. 31; no M. O.
- Baird, Isaac C., 27; Sept. 5, '64, Galen; Sept. 5, 1 year; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Barless, Romaine C., 28; Aug. 21, '62, Rose; Sept. 8; dis. May 27, '65.
- Bartley, Peter G., 15; Jan. 4, '64, Fort Mansfield; Jan. 4; deserted May 26, '64.
- Bastedo, Charles, 20; Jan. 4, '64, Genoa; Jan. 5; no M. O.
- Baxter, Charles A., 22; Jan. 5, '64, Salina; Jan. 5; deserted July 9, '64.
- Billings, Burns, 23; Sept. 1, '64, Malone; Sept. 1, 1 year; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Birdsall, Isaac M., 37; Sept. 5, '64, Galen; Sept. 5, 1 year; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Bixby, Andrew J., 24; Aug. 22, '62, Savannah; Sept. 8, Sergt.; 1st Sergt., March 10, '64; commissioned 1st Lieut. after his death; prisoner July 9, '64, Monocacy; d. Jan. 1, '65, Danville, Va.
- Bliton, William G., 35; Aug. 21, '62, Galen; Sept. 8; dis. March 10, '63.
- Bluff, Henry (Wm. H. Coombs), 30; Jan. 13, '64, Russia; Jan. 13; prisoner July 9, '64, Monocacy; on rejoining regiment

- was detailed as sharpshooter at brigade headquarters; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.; was an English veteran of the Crimean War.
- Bowles, James A., 22; Aug. 21, '62, Rose; Sept. 8; Corp., Nov. 10, '63; Sergt., April 23, '64; promoted 2d Lieut. Co. I.
- Boynton, Judson C., 26; Sept. 1, '64, Huron; Sept. 5, 1 year; dis. July 18, '65, Rochester.
- Brewster, Benjamin D., 22; Aug. 21, '62, Rose; Sept. 8; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Brooks, Edward H., 44; Dec. 21, '63, Brntus; Jan. 4, '64; no M. O.
- Brooks, Lewis M., 23; Aug. 18, '62, Galen; Sept. 8; deserted Nov. 24, '62.
- Brooks, William, 28; Aug. 30, '62, Galen; Sept. 8; Corp., April 22, '64; Sergt., Dec. 30, '64; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Brown, Carlos, 27; Sept. 2, '64, Galen; Sept. 2, 1 year; dis. July 25, '65, Rochester.
- Brown, John, 43; Aug. 30, '62, Galen; Sept. 8; Corp., March 2, '65; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Brown, Thomas, 28; June 2, '63, Palmyra; June 2; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Bunker, Lewis D., 18; Jan. 4, '64, Cicero; Jan. 4; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Burton, Reuben, 18; Aug. 15, '62, Galen; Sept. 8; Sergt., Jan. 28, '63; promoted 2d Lieut. Co. I.
- Cain, Theodore, 21; Aug. 12, '62, Savannah; Sept. 8; deserted Dec. 15, '62.
- Carpenter, Charles, 36; Jan. 5, '64, Syracuse; Jan. 5; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Chamberlain, Charles, 28; Aug. 30, '62, Galen; Sept. 8; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Chapman, Cortland, 43; Sept. 3, '64, Wolcott; Sept. 5, 1 year; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Collins, Leonard, 30; Sept. 2, '64, Galen; Sept. 2, 1 year; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Colvin, Sidney T., 23; Aug. 14, '62, Butler; Sept. 8, Sergt.; promoted 2d Lieut.
- Conklin, Tunis, 21; Aug. 15, '62, Galen; Sept. 8; Corp., Jan. 17, '64; k. July 9, '64, Monocacy.
- Connor, Patrick, 36; Aug. 30, '62, Galen; Sept. 8; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Cook, William H., 20; Sept. 5, '64, Lyons; Sept. 5, 1 year; d. May 7, '65, Danville, Va.
- Cooper, Chester A., 18; July 23, '63, Galen; July 23; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Cooper, William H., 40; Dec. 16, '63, Galen; Dec. 29; dis. Feb 22, '65.
- Coombs, William H. Vid. Henry Bluff.
- Cornell, Zebulon A., 27; Aug. 10, '62, Savannah; Sept. 8; M. O., July 6, '65.

- Cronkhite, Charles. 27; Dec. 30, '63, Salina; Dec. 30; dis. May 15, '65.
- Crosier, Edward, 28; Dec. 29, '63, Scriba; Dec. 29; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Currier, George, 42; Jan. 18, '64, Russia; Jan. 18; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Dana, Thomas, 28; Sept. 2, Albany; Sept. 2, 1 year; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Davis, Theodore M., 34; Jan. 2, '64, Volney; Jan. 4; d. Aug. 19, '64.
- Deady, Henry (Henry Marsh), 22; Sept. 5, '62, Rose; Sept. 8; Corp., Dec. 30, '64; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Desmond, John, 18; Sept. 3, '64, Galen; Sept. 5, 1 year; dis. June 20, '65.
- Desmond, Timothy, 29; Sept. 3, '64, Scipio; Sept. 3, 1 year; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Dipley, Charles, 43; Dec. 4, '63, Cicero; Dec. 4; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Ditton, James K. P., 18; May 5, '63, Lyons; May 5; prisoner Nov. 6, '64; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Duell, Albert E., 21; May 2, '63, Palmyra; May 2; Corp., Oct. 18, '64; wd. April 2, '64, Petersburg; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Duell, Charles N., 33; Dec. 26, '63, Volney; Dec. 26; dis. June 9, '65, on account of amputation of right leg.
- Duell, John, 26; Aug. 24, '62, Galen; Sept. 8; Corp., Jan. 28, '63; d. Jan. 31, '64, Galen.
- Dunham, Andrew J., 21; Aug. 30, '62, Galen; Sept. 8; Corp., Oct. 18, '64; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Dusenbury, Joseph C., 21; Aug. 13, '63, Galen; Aug. 13; deserted April 10, '64; Vet. Co. I, 3d N. Y. A.
- Edwards, Robert, 20; March 2, '64, Oswego; Dec. 7, '64; wd. Cold Harbor; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Ellis, John, 36; Aug. 3, '64, Schenectady; Aug. 30; dis. June 21, '65, Washington.
- Evans, David, 36; Jan. 4, '64, Cicero; Jan. 4; k. Oct. 19, '64, Cedar Creek.
- Feek, Alonzo, 21; Dec. 10, '63, Rose; Dec. 10; prisoner July 9, '64, Monocacy; d. Nov. 12, '64, Danville, Va.
- Fellows, Andrew J., 24; Feb. 25, '64, Fort Mansfield; Feb. 25; wd. Cold Harbor; trans. Nov. 18, '64, V. R. C.
- Fisher, Gilbert, 29; Sept. 2, '64, Wolcott; 1 year; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Forbes, Sanford, 19; Jan. 12, '64, Salina; Jan. 12; deserted July 9, '64.
- Forgar, Charles, 33; Dec. 29, '63, Clay; Dec. 29; wd. Cold Harbor; trans. May 4 to Co. G, 19th Regt., V. R. C.
- Forgar, Oscar, 21; Jan. 9, '64, Salina; Jan. 9; dis. June 13, '65, Washington.

- Fornecrook, Jabez C., 18; Sept. 2, '62, Galen; Sept. 2, 1 year; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Fosmire, John, 27; Sept. 3, '64, Camillus; Sept. 6, 1 year; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Fowler, Benjamin D., 18; Jan. 5, '64, Syracuse; Jan. 5; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Furnum, Charles A., 30; Aug. 20, '62, Galen; Sept. 8, Sergt.; dis. March 2, '64.
- Garratt, Richard, 38; Aug. 21, '62, Rose; Sept. 8; dis. March 10, '63.
- Gates, George W., 28; Jan. 4, '64, Volney; Jan. 4; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Gillett, Avery H., 30; Sept. 3, '64, Rose; Sept. 5, 1 year; dis. June 13, '65, Washington.
- Gillett, Orison, 41; Sept. 1, '64, Huron; Sept. 5, 1 year; k. Oct. 19, '64, Cedar Creek.
- Gillett, William B., 28; Aug. 24, '62, Rose; Sept. 8; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Gokey, Charles, 20; Sept. 1, '64, Malone; Sept. 1, 1 year; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Goodyear, Cortland, 37; Dec. 10, '63, Galen; Dec. 18; dis. May 15, '65, Washington.
- Goodyear, Lucius, 18; Jan. 4, '64, New Haven; Jan. 4; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Greenman, John, 21; Dec. 30, '63, Scriba; Dec. 30; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Gridley, Charles L., 21; Dec. 16, '63, Galen; Dec. 29; Corp., Oct. 18, '64; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Gridley, Edward, 24; Aug. 21, '62, Galen; Sept. 8, Corp.; wd. June 1, '64, Cold Harbor; dis. Feb. 10, '65.
- Groesbeck, Charles S., 23; Sept. 5, '64, Williamson; Sept. 5, 1 year; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Hall, William, 29; Aug. 18, '62, Galen; Sept. 8; deserted Dec. 17, '62.
- Hallett, Horace B., 37; Sept. 2, '64, Galen; 1 year; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Handley, Henry, 28; Aug. 20, '62, Galen; Sept. 8; Corp., Sept. 15, '64; Sergt., March 12, '65; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Hannon, William, 18; Dec. 29, '63, Scriba; Jan. 2; dis. May 15, '65.
- Harmon, Alfred B., 22; Aug. 21, '62, Rose; Sept. 8; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Harmon, William J., 28; Aug. 21, '62, Rose; Sept. 8; wd. Cold Harbor; dis. June 16, '64, Washington.
- Harper, Alexander, 38; Sept. 1, '64, Huron; Sept. 5, 1 year; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Harris, Henry, 21; Aug. 25, '62, Savannah; Sept. 8; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Harris, William, 44; Dec. 15, '63, Auburn; Dec. 31; no M. O.

- Hazzard, William, 43; Dec. 15, '63, 24th N. Y. Dist.; Dec. 15; deserted July 13, '64, Washington.
- Hendrick, David A., 18; Sept. 5, '64, Wolcott; Sept. 5, 1 year; dis. June 13, '65, Washington.
- Hendrix, Peter, 40; Sept. 3, '64, Galen; Sept. 5, 1 year; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Hickok, William F., 30; Aug. 21, '62, Rose; Sept. 8; trans. Feb. 5, '65, V. R. C.; dis. June 28, '65.
- Hilts, Peter, 32; Aug. 22, '62, Rose; Sept. 8; dis. July 13, '63.
- Hirst, Charles R., 27; June 4, '63, Rose; June 5; dis. Dec. 5, '64; Vet. Co. D, 3d N. Y. A.
- Hollenbeck, Martin, 22; Aug. 25, '62, Rose; Sept. 8; deserted Sept. 22, '62.
- Hollenbeck, Richard L., 18; Jan. 7, '64, Syracuse; Jan. 7; wd. Cold Harbor; dis. May 23, '65.
- Holmes, John C., 18; Jan. 5, '64, Syracuse; Jan. 5; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Hopkins, Almond, 27; Aug. 14, '62, Savannah; Sept. 8; dis. June 15, '65.
- Horn, George O., 28; Aug. 27, '62, Galen; Sept. 8, Corp.; Sergt., April 22, '64; wd. July 9, '64, Monocacy; dis. Sept. 4, '65, Albany.
- Howard, Henry P., 37; Aug. 25, '62, Rose; Sept. 8, Artificer, and later regimental postmaster; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Hubbard, Hernando, 18; Jan. 4, '64, Scriba; Jan. 4; dis. May 8, '64.
- Hurlburt, Thomas K., 28; Aug. 21, '62, Galen; Sept. 8; dis. March 10, '63.
- Hutchins, Andrew, 43; Aug. 22, '62, Galen; Sept. 8; dis. June 23, '65.
- Hynes, John T., 31; Sept. 2, '64, Wolcott; Sept. 2, 1 year; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Jeffrey, Thomas W., 33; Dec. 29, '63, New Haven; Dec. 29; detailed as sharpshooter at brigade headquarters; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Jenkins, Celestus A., 23; Aug. 21, '62, Galen; Sept. 8, Corp.; Sergt., Feb. 20, '64; k. Sept. 19, '64; had served in 15th N. Y. Infantry.
- Jenner, James W., 36; Sept. 5, '64, Williamson; Sept. 5, 1 year; k. Oct. 19, '64, Cedar Creek.
- Keller, George, 35; Dec. 9, '63, Brooklyn; Dec. 9; dis. May 16, '65, York, Penn.
- Kellogg, Ethan B., 21; Aug. 25, '62, Butler; Sept. 8; dis. March 10, '64.
- Kennedy, Joseph, 22; Dec. 29, '63, New Haven; Dec. 29; trans. May 15, '65, V. R. C.
- Knapp, James D., 21; Aug. 20, '62, Galen; Sept. 8, Corp.; Sergt., Feb. 23, '64; 1st Sergt., March 2, '65; promoted 1st Lieut. Co. C.

- Kneeley, Michael, 35; Aug. 25, '62, Rose; Sept. 8; dis. Jan. 17, '64.
- Knight, Abraham, 44; Aug. 19, '62, Galen; Sept. 8; prisoner July 9, '64, Monocacy; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Knight, Thomas C., 18; Nov. 7, '63, Galen; Nov. 7; prisoner July 9, '64, Monocacy; dis. May 15, '65.
- Lake, Charles A., 22; Dec. 23, '63, Fort Mansfield; Dec. 23; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Lake, William, 18; March 4, '64, Geddes; March 5; dis. June 15, '65, Annapolis Junction, Md.
- Lamb, William H., 29; Sept. 5, '62, Huron; Sept. 8; deserted Sept. 29, '62.
- Lamphear, Parvis, 37; Jan. 16, '64, Russia; Jan. 18; dis. Aug. 13, '64.
- Lape, Jairus, 40; Aug. 20, '62, Galen; Sept. 8, Corp.; Artificer, '63; k. July 9, '64, Monocacy.
- Lawrence, Andrew D., 35; Dec. 26, '63, Syracuse; Dec. 26; wd. Cold Harbor; dis. May 30, '65, York, Penn.
- Lawrence, James M., 39; Dec. 26, '63, Syracuse; Dec. 26; d. July 12, '64, City Point, Va.
- Lee, Charles A., 28; Aug. 21, '62, Rose; Sept. 8; dis. June 20, '65, Washington.
- Leonard, Edwin, 18; Sept. 3, '64, Camillus; Sept. 3, 1 year; d. May 10, '65.
- Leonard, Egbert, 18; Aug. 31, '64, Junius; Aug. 31; no M. O.
- Linehan, James, 18; Jan. 5, '64, Syracuse; Jan. 5; d. Dec. 5, '64.
- Lynch, John, 19; Jan. 12, '64, Syracuse; prisoner July 9, '64, Monocacy; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Mabb, John, 39; Aug. 31, '64, Rose; Sept. 7, 1 year; M. O., July 6, '65.
- McBride, George N., 31; Aug. 26, '64, Auburn; Aug. 26, 1 year; dis. May 15, '65.
- McComb, George C., 31; Dec. 5, '63, Galen; Dec. 5; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- McGrane, Charles, 27; Aug. 10, '63, Palmyra; Aug. 10; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- McGuinness, Daniel, 21; Aug. 18, '62, Galen; Sept. 8; d. July 28, '63, Fort Mansfield.
- McGuire, James, 15; Dec. 23, '63, Fort Mansfield; Dec. 23, Musician; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- McIntyre, John V., 19; Oct. 10, '64, Rochester; 1 year; dis. June 9, '65, Philadelphia.
- McIntyre, Levi, 20; June 17, '63, Wolcott; June 17; trans. Feb. 17, '64, V. R. C.
- McIntyre, William H., 24; Sept. 3, '64, Camillus; Sept. 3, 1 year; promoted 2d Lieut. Co. C; Vet. Co. B, 27th N. Y.
- Mackay, Alonzo, 20; Dec. 11, '63, Salina; Dec. 28; dis. May 9, '65.
- McKeon, George, 40; Sept. 5, '64, Wolcott; Sept. 5, 1 year; wd. April 2, '64, Petersburg; M. O., July 6, '65.

- Manners, Patrick, 21; Dec. 29, '63, New Haven; Dec. 29; wd. Cold Harbor; deserted Jan. 9, '65; a case of bad manners.
- Marsh, Cornelius A., 21; Aug. 15, '62, Rose; Sept. 8; dis. May 2, '64.
- Marsh, Henry. Vid. Henry Deady.
- Marsh, Uriah, 24; Aug. 28, '62, Rose; Sept. 8; Corp., Oct. 18, '64; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Martin, Gregory, 33; Jan. 4, '64, New Haven; Jan. 4; prisoner July 9, '64, Monocacy; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Matthews, Calvin, 43; Dec. 18, '63, Savannah; Dec. 28; no M. O.
- Matthews, William H., 21; Aug. 30, '62, Butler; Sept. 8; k. Oct. 19, '64, Cedar Creek.
- Mattison, John E., 18; Jan. 14, '64, Eaton; Jan. 14; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Mecorney, Edwin, 36; Sept. 5, '64, Seneca Falls; Sept. 5, 1 year; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Menanson, Joseph, 23; Dec. 14, '63, Galen; Dec. 14; dis. Dec. 2, '64.
- Meyer, Jacob, 32; Aug. 30, '62, Galen, in Co. K; Sept. 8; trans. to Co. H Dec. 19, '62; Corp., Dec. 30, '64; wd. Sept. 19, '64, Winchester; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Miller, Charles H., 19; Jan. 11, '64, Salina; Jan. 11; wd. Cold Harbor; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Miller, Peter, 45; Dec. 3, '63, Galen; Dec. 29; d. Sept. 9, '64, Berryville, Va.
- Mills, Charles C., 44; Aug. 20, '62, Galen; Sept. 8; wd. Cold Harbor; trans. Oct. 18, '64, V. R. C.
- Mills, Francis A., 25; Dec. 17, '63, Savannah; Dec. 27; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Morey, Edwin, 31; Dec. 8, '63, Rose; Dec. 8; d. June 3, '64, from wounds received at Cold Harbor.
- Morris, Uriah, 20; Aug. 11, '64, Sempronius; Aug. 11, 1 year; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Nelson, Reuben G., 18; Dec. 26, '63, Oswego; Dec. 26; d. Sept. 23, '64, from wounds received Sept. 19 at Winchester.
- Newman, John, 21; Jan. 9, '64, Salina; Jan. 9; Corp., March 12, '65; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Nichols, Peter, 23; Aug. 20, '62, Galen; Sept. 8; k. June 1, '64, Cold Harbor.
- Norcross, Chapin, 28; Aug. 21, '62, Galen; Sept. 8; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Norton, Zenas, 41; Dec. 30, '63, Schroepfel; Dec. 30; d. July 10, '64, of wounds received at Monocacy on the 9th.
- O'Connor, Timothy, 44; Aug. 28, '62, Galen; Sept. 8; prisoner July 9, '64, Monocacy; M. O., July 6, '65.
- O'Neill, George, 19; Jan. 5, '64, Salina; Jan. 5; Corp., June 4, '65; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- O'Neil, John F., 25; Jan. 2, '64, Volney; Jan. 2; dis. May 17, '64.
- Ostrander, William H., 23; Feb. 3, '64, Fort Mansfield; Feb. 3; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.

- Page, Joseph, 18; Sept. 8, '64, Ontario; Sept. 8, 1 year; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Palmer, Edgar, 18; Dec. 16, '63, Savannah; Jan. 4, '64; dis. June 9, '65, Philadelphia.
- Parker, George A., 44; Sept. 7, '64, Huron; Sept. 7, 1 year; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Parker, Morris, 23; Jan. 4, '64, Scriba; Jan. 4; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Peck, Eron J., 20; Sept. 1, '64, Wolcott; Sept. 1, 1 year; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Petteys, Charles V., 18; Dec. 16, '63, Galen; Dec. 29; Corp., Jan. 18, '65; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A., and finally M. O. as 2d Lieut.
- Petteys, Freeman D., 21; Aug. 21, '62, Junius; Sept. 8; Corp., April 27, '64; Sergt., Dec. 20, '64; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Petteys, Lucius, 18; Jan. 5, '64, Galen; Jan. 5; d. May 11, '65, Philadelphia.
- Petteys, Martin D., 44; Aug. 18, '62, Galen; Sept. 8; prisoner July 9, '64, Monocacy; dis. June 15, '65, Washington.
- Pidge, George H., 34; Aug. 18, '62, Galen; Sept. 8, 1st Sergt.; promoted 1st Lieut.
- Pimm, Enos T., 30; Sept. 3, '64, Camillus; Sept. 3, 1 year; Artificer, Feb. 24, '65; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Pitcher, George A., 18; Aug. 31, '64, Rose; Sept. 7, 1 year; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Potts, Clark, 43; Sept. 3, '64, Galen; Sept. 3, 1 year; M. O., July 6, '65; Vet. Co. K, 98th N. Y. Vols.
- Poultry, Dallas, 18; Jan. 4, '64, Cicero; Jan. 4; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Poultry, Dennis, 42; Jan. 4, '64, Cicero; Jan. 4; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Powers, Edwin, 43; Dec. 9, '63, Hannibal; Dec. 29; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Powers, Lendell P., 33; Aug. 21, '62, Galen; Sept. 8; dis. May 19, '65.
- Race, James, 21; Aug. 27, '62, Galen; Sept. 8; Corp., Oct. 12, '63; dis. May 6, '64.
- Race, John, 19; Aug. 10, '62, Galen; Sept. 8; deserted Feb. 15, '63, Fort Mansfield.
- Randall, Norton S., 28; Dec. 22, '63, Hannibal; Dec. 29; d. July 11, '64, from wounds received at Monocacy.
- Ready, Alexander, 44; Aug. 22, '62, Rose; Sept. 8; dis. March 9, '63.
- Reno, George, 37; Sept. 2, '64, Galen; Sept. 2, 1 year; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Rich, John, 18; Aug. 6, '63, Lyons; Aug. 6; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Richardson, Loren S., 18; Dec. 25, '63, New Haven; Dec. 25; deserted July 21, '64.

- Ringer, Myron, 21; Feb. 5, '64, Galen; Feb. 5; dis. Dec. 19, '64.
- Robbins, Alexander, 22; Aug. 11, '62, Savannah; Sept. 8; Artificer, March 22, '63; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Robbins, Sanford, 29; Dec. 21, '63, Savannah; Dec. 28; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Robinson, John, 27; Jan. 12, '64, Salina; Jan. 12; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Rowe, Philip H., 22; Dec. 5, '63, Williamson; Dec. 6; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Sabin, George G., 25; Sept. 8, '64, Sodus; 1 year; M. O., July 6, '65; Vet. Co. D. 6th Ohio Vols.
- Sager, Jacob, 30; Aug. 20, '62, Galen; Sept. 8, Musician; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Schoonmaker, John, 22; Jan. 11, '64, Galen; Jan. 11; wd. Cold Harbor; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Seccomb, Philo C., 36; Aug. 26, '64, Owaseo; 1 year; d. Nov. 25, '64, Winchester, Va.
- Seelye, Alfred, 18; Aug. 31, '64, Rose; Sept. 2, 1 year; wd. Oct. 19, '64, Cedar Creek; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Seelye, Irwin R., 19; Sept. 1, '64, Huron; Sept. 5, 1 year; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Seelye, J. Judson, 25; Aug. 22, '62, Rose; Sept. 8, Corp.; dis. Musician, June 12, '65.
- Shattuck, Allen, 18; Jan. 4, '64, Scriba; Jan. 4; dis. May 23, '65.
- Sherman, Charles, 25; Sept. 5, '64, Rose; Sept. 5; no M. O.
- Sifer, John, 27; Sept. 10, '64, Albany; Sept. 10; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Sloan, Alfred J., 22; Sept. 2, '64, Galen; 1 year; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Smith, Allen, 18; Aug. 30, '62, Galen; Sept. 8; deserted Feb. 17, '64.
- Smith, James, 23; Aug. 30, '62, Galen; Sept. 8; prisoner July 9, '64, Monocacy; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Smith, John G., 18; Sept. 2, '64, Galen; Sept. 2; no M. O.
- Smith, Lewis B., 26; Dec. 9, '63, New York; Dec. 14; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Smith, Nehemiah G., 44; Aug. 30, '62, Auburn; Sept. 8; dis. Sept. 9, '63.
- Smith, Sabin, 44; Jan. 4, '64, Syracuse; Jan. 4; dis. June 20, '65.
- Smith, Sheldon, 27; Dec. 30, '63, Marcellus; Dec. 30; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Snedaker, Lyman T., 43; Sept. 3, '64, Galen; Sept. 3; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Soule, Ira, 43; Aug. 21, '62, Rose; Sept. 8; M. O. as Musician July 6, '65.
- Soule, Ira T., 18; Aug. 21, '62, Rose; Sept. 8, Musician; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Spurling, William; no record, save trans. to 2d N. Y. H. A., where he was put down "deserted."

- Stead, Joseph, 27; Aug. 23, '62, Galen; Sept. 8; Corp., Feb. 25, '64; d. Sept. 22, '64, from wounds received Sept. 19 at Winchester.
- Stead, Thomas, 21; Aug. 16, '62, Galen; Sept. 8; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Stewart, Samuel, 42; Sept. 2, '64, Wolcott; Sept. 2, 1 year; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Stickles, David H., 23; Aug. 20, '62, Galen; Sept. 8; deserted Feb. 15, '63.
- Stickles, Robert, 26; Aug. 15, '62, Galen; Sept. 8; Corp., April 2, '65; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Sumpter, George, 21; May 5, '63, Galen; May 5; deserted July 14, '63.
- Taylor, Hiram, 26; Aug. 30, '62, Wolcott; Sept. 8; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Thornton, Erastus, 44; Aug. 2, '62, Auburn; Sept. 8; trans. Jan. 22, '64, V. R. C.
- Tindall, Philip, 26; Aug. 22, '62, Rose; Sept. 8; Corp., Nov. 10, '63; Sergt., Feb. 23, '64; promoted 2d Lieut.
- Toepper, John G., 28; Dec. 18, '63, Syracuse; Dec. 18; dis. May 31, '65.
- Toles, Eben W., 26; Sept. 5, '64, Rose; Sept. 5, 1 year; dis. May 25, '65.
- Tompkins, Henry, 23; Aug. 30, '62, Butler; Sept. 8; dis. March 12, '63, hospital.
- Torry, Addison, 18; Dec. 21, '63, Cicero; Dec. 21; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Torry, Jerome, 28; Jan. 4, '64, Cicero; Jan. 4; prisoner July 9, '64, Monocacy; d. Oct. 23, '64, hospital, Annapolis, Md.
- Turner, Edward, 22; Aug. 23, '62, Galen; Corp., Feb. 11, '64; Sergt., March 9, '65; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Turpenning, Maynard, 30; Jan. 4, '64, Cicero; Jan. 4; wd. Cold Harbor; dis. May 30, '65, York, Penn.
- Underhill, Jason, 21; Sept. 23, Rochester; Sept. 23, 1 year; wd. April 2, '65, Petersburg; dis. June 16, '65, Washington.
- Van Alstine, Jacob, 42; Jan. 8, '64, Salina; Jan. 8; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Van Buren, Albert, 22; Jan. 4, '64, Volney; Jan. 4; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Vanderburg, John W., 21; Dec. 11, '63, Rose; Dec. 11; dis. Mar. 5, '65, hospital.
- Vanderpool, Isaac, 21; Aug. 12, '62, Victory; Sept. 8; Corp., Oct. 18, '64; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Van Woert, James L., 27; Aug. 25, '62, Rose; Sept. 8, Corp.; Sergt., Jan. 27, '64; prisoner July 9, '64, Monocacy; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Veeley, Aaron, 18; March 25, '63, Galen; March 25; wd. Sept. 19, '64; trans. May 14, '64, V. R. C.
- Vermilyea, A. J., 30; Sept. 17, '64, Lyons; Sept. 17, 1 year; M. O., July 6, '65.

- Vosburg, John J., 21; Aug. 14, '62, Galen; Sept. 8; deserted Dec. 15, '62.
- Wadley, Martin, 32; Aug. 21, '62, Galen; Sept. 8; dis. May 29, '65.
- Wager, Eacher, 18; Aug. 15, '62, Galen; Sept. 8; deserted Dec. 1, '62.
- Waite, Stephen M., 39; Sept. 3, '64, Rose; Sept. 5, 1 year; dis. May 18, '65, Philadelphia.
- Waldo, James, 21; Sept. 8, '64, Albany; Sept. 8, 1 year; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Waldron, William P., 25; Sept. 1, '63, Galen; Sept. 1; deserted June 14, '64.
- Wares, Charles, 40; Aug. 15, '62, Savannah; Sept. 8; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Warner, Charles, 18; Dec. 30, '63, Cicero; Dec. 30; d. July 23, '64, from wounds received July 9 at Monocacy.
- Warren, Charles M., 25; Aug. 21, '62, Butler; Sept. 8; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Warren, Isaac M., 34; Aug. 31, '64, Macedon; 1 year; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Weaver, Jonathan C., 28; Aug. 26, '62, Auburn; Sept. 8; k. July 9, '64, Monocacy, Md.
- West, Elbridge G., 31; Sept. 12, '64, Winchester, Va.; Sept. 13, 1 year; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Whittlesey, Charles, 18; Dec. 19, '63, Galen; Dec. 28; wd. Cold Harbor; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Wiley, George, 19; Aug. 22, '62, Galen; Sept. 8; Corp., April 22, '64; Sergt., Dec. 30, '64; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Wilkins, William, 20; Dec. 30, '63, Pompey; Dec. 30; k. July 9, '64, Monocacy.
- Williams, Jacob N., 41; Sept. 2, '64, Wolcott; Sept. 2, 1 year; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Winslow, Samuel, 38; Sept. 5, '64, Seneca Falls; Sept. 5, 1 year; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Worden, Nelson, 40; Sept. 7, '64, Malone; Sept. 7, 1 year; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Wormuth, Daniel, 21; Aug. 10, '62, Savannah; Sept. 8; dis. June 15, '65, Washington.
- Wormuth, David, 27; Dec. 19, '63, Savannah; Dec. 28; dis. June 15, '65, Washington.
- Wright, George L., 22; Jan. 2, '64, Volney; Jan. 4; d. Dec. 26, '64, City Point, Va.
- Wright, Martin, 24; Jan. 4, '64, Volney; Jan. 4; dis. May 18, '65, Norfolk.
- Wright, Philander, 33; Aug. 22, '62, Savannah; Sept. 8; wd. July 9, '64, Monocacy; dis. May 30, '65.
- Young, Edmund, 18; Aug. 20, '62, Lyons; Sept. 8; Corp., Feb. 23, '64; Sergt., Oct. 30, '64; promoted 2d Lieut.
- Young, Henry, 26; Aug. 14, '62, Galen; Sept. 8; deserted Nov. 26, '62.



CAPTAIN HUGH HUGHES.
COMPANY I.

COMPANY I.

More than any other one, "I" would be known as the Auburn company. Upon the muster-in roll may be found two or three names from Sennett, eleven from Owasco, and the remainder are from the city. Captain Hughes gave the ball a start, and Lieutenants Howard and Freeoff helped it along.

The earliest enlistment recorded is that of Clarence Horton, July 10th, followed on the 11th by that of William Cook, both of Auburn. A few more were enrolled in July, but the majority came in August, a very few coming in after the beginning of September.

CAPTAINS.

Hugh Hughes, 44; Aug. 25, '62, Auburn; Sept. 8; rank from Aug. 25; dis. Nov. 12, '64.
Philip R. Freeoff, from 1st Lieut., March 1, '65; rank from Nov. 14; dis. May 15, '65.

FIRST LIEUTENANTS.

Orson, Howard, 24; Aug. 25, '62, Auburn; Sept. 8; rank from Aug. 25; promoted Captain Co. E.
Lyman C. Comstock, from 2d Lieut. Co. C, Feb. 6, '64; dis. May 15, '65.
George R. Watson, 22; Oct. 22, '64, Auburn; Oct. 22; rank from Sept. 28; trans. Co. D.
Philip R. Freeoff, from 2d Lieut., Dec. 15, '64; rank from Nov. 14; promoted Captain.
Samuel F. Harris, from 2d Lieut., Dec. 22, '64; rank from Nov. 12; M. O., July 6, '65.
Benjamin J. Yard, returns from Co. F, June 26, '65; M. O., July 6, '65.

SECOND LIEUTENANTS.

Philip R. Freeoff, 34; Aug. 25, '62, Auburn; Sept. 8; rank from Aug. 25; promoted 1st Lieut.
Horace B. Babcock, 23; April 23, '64, Washington; April 23; promoted 1st Lieut., not mustered; dis. Dec. 21, '64; veteran; had served an enlistment in Co. E, 75th N. Y. Vols.
Samuel F. Harris, from 1st Sergt., Nov. 30, '64; promoted 1st Lieut.
Reuben Burton, from Sergt., Co. H, April 16, '64; trans. to Co. B, May 30, '64.
John D. Robinson, from 1st Sergt., March 1, '65; rank from Feb. 3; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.; M. O. as 1st Lieut.
David D. Becker, from private, Co. G, Feb. 18, '65; rank from Nov. 12, '64; M. O., July 6, '65.
Benjamin J. Yard, from private, May 23, '64; rank from April 1, '64; promoted 1st Lieut. Co. F.

James A. Bowles, from Sergt., Co. H, Jan. 14, '65; rank from Nov. 29, '64; promoted 1st Lieut., Feb. 18, '65, not mustered; dis. March 29, '65.

NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS AND PRIVATES.

Abel, Martin, 19; Aug. 9, '62, Auburn; Sept. 8; M. O., July 6, '65.
Agen, Edward, 18; June 27, '63, Auburn; July 9; d. Jan. 28, '64,
Fort Simmons.

Anthony, George, 21; Dec. 22, '63, Springport; Dec. 30; trans.
June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.

Anthony, Wilson, 21; Dec. 21, '63, Springport; Dec. 30; trans.
June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.

Arlow, Robert, 23; Jan. 2, '64, Fort Simmons; Jan. 5; Sergt.,
May 1, '65; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.; Vet. navy.

Babeock, Charles E., 21; Aug. 23, '62, Auburn; Sept. 8; trans.
Feb. 19, '64, V. R. C.

Backenstrass, John, 43; Aug. 19, '62, Auburn; Sept. 8; trans.
Feb. 19, '64, V. R. C.

Barber, James M., 38; Dec. 30, '63, Springport; Dec. 31; d. Aug.
9, '64, at home.

Beach, Andrus N., 23; Aug 7, '62, Auburn; Sept. 8, Corp.;
Sergt., Jan. 9, '64; M. O., July 6, '65.

Blauvelt, James R., 18; Aug. 18, '62, Auburn; Sept. 8; Corp.,
Jan. 9, '64; M. O., July 6, '65.

Blauvelt, Peter P., 43; Dec. 19, '63, Aurelius; Jan. 21, '64; trans.
June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.

Blodgett, Charles M., 19; Aug. 14, '62, Auburn; Sept. 8; Corp.,
Jan. 9, '64; M. O., July 6, '65.

Blowers, John L., 21; Dec. 23, '63, Ledyard; Dec. 30; wd. Oct.
19, '64, Cedar Creek; dis. May 27, '65, Elmira.

Bowen, Alonzo, 18; Aug. 13, '62, Auburn; Sept. 8; dis. June
24, '65.

Bresnihan, Daniel, 18; Jan. 15, '63, Auburn; July 9; dis. Dec.
20, '64, Washington.

Brightmire, John, 33; Aug. 12, '62, Auburn; Sept. 8; M. O.,
July 6, '65.

Brown, John E., 21; Aug. 18, '62, Auburn; Sept. 8; d. Jan. 3,
'63, Fort Reno.

Browning, John, 36; June 29, '63, Syracuse; July 9; trans. June
27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.; Vet. Co. H, 35th N. Y. Vols.

Bulkley, Andrew J., 22; Aug. 9, '62, Auburn; Sept. 8; trans.
Feb. 19, '64, V. R. C.

Burch, John H., 26; Dec. 22, '63, Springport; Dec. 30; wd. Oct.
19, '64, Cedar Creek; M. O., July 6, '65.

Burke, John, 30; Dec. 22, '63, Waterloo; Dec. 22; trans. June
27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.

Carpenter, DeWitt C., 21; Dec. 22, '63, Springport; Dec. 30;
trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.

- Chapin, Philip W., 34; July 18, '62, Auburn; Sept. 8; wd. March 25, '65, Petersburg; dis. May 11, '65, Philadelphia.
- Clark, Orrin, 19; July 15, '62, Auburn; Sept. 8; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Clark, William, 21; April 27, '63, Auburn; April 27; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Clayton, Elihu, 40; Dec. 28, '63, Ledyard; Dec. 28; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Connor, James O., 30; May 6, '63, Auburn; June 4; wd. Cedar Creek; trans. as Corp., Jan. 7, '65, V. R. C.
- Cook, James, 22; Dec. 19, '63, Montgomery; Dec. 20; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Cook, William, 18; July 11, '62, Auburn; Sept. 8; Corp., Dec. 2, '64; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Coon, Oscar, 19; June 22, '63, Auburn; July 9; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Corcoran, Patrick, 24; Nov. 26, '63, Auburn; Dec. 2; wd. March 25, '65; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Cowl, DeWitt P., 18; Aug. 3, '63, Syracuse; Aug. 3; trans. Feb. 19, '64, V. R. C.; Vet. Co. L, 4th N. Y. A.
- Crofoot, James H., 41; Dec. 23, '63, Aurelius; Dec. 29; dis. June 30, '63, Washington.
- Crowley, Michael, 41; July 18, '62, Auburn; Sept. 8; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Cullen, Patrick, 42; Dec. 21, '63, Auburn; Dec. 30; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Curtis, James, 20; July 27, '62, Auburn; Sept. 8; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Cuykendall, Martin, 21; Aug. 11, '62, Owasco; Sept. 8, Corp.; 1st Sergt., March 1, '65; wd. April 6, '64; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Darrow, Edward, 34; July 27, '62, Owasco; Sept. 8; deserted, no date.
- David, Lewis F., 21; Dec. 18, '63, Montgomery; Dec. 30; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Dean, John E., 18; Aug. 8, '62, Milan; Sept. 8; trans. Dec. 15, '64, field and staff. Sergt. Major.
- Dean, Norman, 26; Aug. 30, '64, Covert; Aug. 31, 1 year; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Deyo, Charles G., 23; Dec. 24, '63, Springport; Dec. 30; wd. Oct. 19, '64, Cedar Creek; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Dongas, Edward, 31; June 30, '63, Auburn; July 9; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Doran, Michael, 18; Nov. 13, '63, Auburn; Nov. 19; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Doyle, James, 20; Aug. 29, '62, Auburn; Sept. 8; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Doyle, John, 24; Dec. 25, '63, Auburn; Dec. 30; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Dwyer, Patrick, 32; Dec. 18, '63, Auburn; Dec. 30; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.

- Edwards, John A., 18; Aug. 15, '64, Schenectady; Aug. 15; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Elson, Henry, 18; Jan. 2, '64, Skaneateles; Jan. 2; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Ennis, Thomas, 40; Sept. 3, '62, Mentz; Sept. 8; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Etts, Egbert M., 27; Dec. 22, '63, Springport; Dec. 30; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Etts, William H., 33; Dec. 22, '63, Springport; Dec. 30; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Farrell, Lock, 44; Aug. 16, '62, Auburn; Sept. 8; dis. Mar. 13, '63.
- Fend, John, 18; Aug. 11, '62, Auburn; Sept. 8; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Ferguson, John T., 40; Jan. 4, '64, Springport; Jan. 4; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Fiero, George, 21; Dec. 15, '63, Moravia; Dec. 21; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Finlau, William, 25; July 22, '63, Auburn; Aug. 5; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.; Vet. Co. D, 3d N. Y. A.
- Flanagan, John, 21; Dec. 23, '63, Auburn; Dec. 30; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Flannery, Cornelius, 33; Aug. 19, '62, Auburn; Sept. 8, Sergt.; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Flannery, Jerry, 26; Aug. 8, '62, Auburn; Sept. 8; deserted April 24, '63.
- Fosmire, Charles, 18; Nov. 24, '63, Galen; Dec. 7; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Fowler, Walter, 23; Dec. 28, '63, Seipio; Dec. 30; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- French, George, 21; Aug. 25, '62, Auburn; Sept. 8; k. Oct. 19, '64, Cedar Creek.
- Frye, Moses M., 21; July 27, '62, Owasco; Sept. 8; dis. Feb. 26, '64, for promotion in U. S. C. T.
- Gallivan, Mortimer, 24; Aug. 30, '64, Niles; Sept. 11, 1 year; dis. June 28, '65.
- Gallivan, Patrick, 18; Aug. 26, '62, Auburn; Sept. 8; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Garey, Charles W., 38; Jan. 4, '64, Geneva; Jan. 4; dis. July 1, '65, Washington.
- Garvey, James, 38; Dec. 22, '63, Auburn; Dec. 26; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Gerrish, John C., 40; Aug. 3, '63, Auburn; Aug. 25; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.; Vet. Co. E, 3d N. Y. A.
- Godden, Stephen F., 36; Aug. 11, '62, Auburn; Sept. 8; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Graham, James, 21; June 23, '63, Syracuse; July 9; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Gregor, Cyrus A., 18; June 19, '63, Syracuse; July 9; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.



COMPANY I.

2nd Lieut. J. D. Robinson. Capt. P. R. Freeoff. 1st Lieut. B. J. Yard.
 1st Lieut. H. B. Babcock. Sergt. Major John E. Dean. J. R. Northcott.
 Horace Osborn (F). *Porter V. Palmer. H. E. Perkins and Alonzo Bowen.

*Palmer's death was the first in the regiment, Sept. 19, 1862. In his picture he masquerades in a lieutenant's coat.

- Haley, Andrew, 25; Dec. 21, '63, Auburn; Jan. 21, '64; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Hall, Charles, 18; Aug. 11, '62, Auburn; Sept. 8; Sergt., Jan. 9, '64; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Hall, Charles, 18; Aug. 3, '63, Syracuse; Aug. 3; no M. O.
- Harris, Samuel F., 25; Aug. 4, '62, Auburn; Sept. 8, Corp.; Sergt., Sept. 17, '63; 1st Sergt., Jan. 19, '64; promoted 2d Lieut.
- Harris, William H., 18; June 30, '63, Syracuse; July 9; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Harris, William W., 32; Aug. 15, '62, Auburn; Sept. 8, Corp.; trans. Feb. 19, '64, V. R. C.
- Harwood, Charles, 23; Nov. 27, '63, Galen; Dec. 7; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Hausman, Augustus, 37; June 17, '63, Syracuse; July 9; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Hawkins, Edwin E., 22; July 21, '63, Auburn; Aug. 31; dis. July 1, '65, Washington.
- Hibbard, Henry, 26; June 15, '63, Auburn; June 15; no M. O.; Vet. Co. G, 27th N. Y. Infantry.
- Hickey, John, 18; Aug. 14, '62, Auburn; Sept. 8; Corp., Jan. 9, '64; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Hixon, Charles, 44; July 3, '63, Syracuse; July 9; dis. March 17, '64, Fort Simmons.
- Hodder, Nathaniel, 18; Dec. 12, '63, Auburn; Dec. 30; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Hogan, Martin, 18; Aug. 22, '62, Auburn; Sept. 8; absent, sick from Nov. 1, '64.
- Horton, Clarence L., 21; Aug. 10, '62, Auburn; Sept. 8; Corp., Jan. 9, '64; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Howard, Michael, 40; Aug. 17, '63, Auburn; Aug. 31; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Hoye, John, 45; March 3, '63, Auburn; March 5; prisoner May 23, '64, Bowling Green, Va.; d. Aug. 23, '64, Andersonville.
- Huestis, Henry M., 24; Sept. 29, '63, Auburn; Nov. 5; dis. Sept. 6, '64, Parole Camp, Annapolis, Md.
- Hyatt, Francis E., 19; Aug. 15, '62, Auburn; Sept. 8; date of M. O. not given.
- Hyde, James, 21; Jan. 4, '64, Harford; Jan. 4; trans. Jan. 19, '65, V. R. C.
- Ireland, John, 16; July 30, '62, Auburn; Sept. 8, Musician; M. O., July 6, '65.
- James, Petters, 21; July 2, '63, Syracuse; July 9; deserted, no date.
- Jewhurst, Joseph W., 24; Aug. 9, '62, Auburn; Sept. 8, Sergt.; promoted 1st Lieut. Co. L.
- Jones, John L., 1st, 18; May 27, '63, Auburn; June 19; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Jones, John L., 2d, 21; Dec. 22, '63, Springport; Dec. 30; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.

- Karr, Augustus B., 18; April 2, '63, Wolcott; May 6; d. Feb. 18, '64, at home.
- Keenan, Thomas, 18; Dec. 18, '63, Aurelius; Dec. 26; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Kemp, Edward, 22; Dec. 19, '63, Montezuma; Jan. 19; d. Jan. 27, '64, Fort Simmons.
- Lathrop, Jared R., 45; Dec. 21, '63, Lysander; Dec. 23; M. O., June 26, '65, Philadelphia.
- Lawler, Edward, 35; July 24, '63, Syracuse; Aug. 5; d. Aug. 10, '63, Fort Simmons, from sunstroke.
- Leddy, Michael, 18; Aug. 23, '62, Auburn; Sept. 8; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Leo, Daniel, 23; Dec. 28, '63, Auburn; Dec. 29; deserted; not lion-hearted, in spite of his name.
- Low, Alvah, 44; Aug. 12, '62, Sennett; Sept. 8; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Lynch, John, 23; Aug. 25, '62, Auburn; Sept. 8; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Lynch, Morris, 21; Aug. 25, '62, Auburn; Sept. 8; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Lynch, Thomas, 21; July 28, '62, Auburn; Sept. 8, Wagoner; M. O., July 6, '65.
- McGrain, Lawrence, 20; Aug. 1, '62, Auburn; Sept. 8, Corp.; Sergt., Jan. 9, '64; M. O., July 6, '65.
- McGrain, Patrick, 19; Aug. 12, '62, Auburn; Sept. 8; Corp., Jan. 9, '64; M. O., July 6, '65.
- McGuire, John, 25; Jan. 6, '64, Auburn; Jan. 15; wd. April 2, '64; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- McIntyre, Joseph, 29; Feb. 9, '64, Syracuse; Feb. 9; no M. O.
- McLaughlin, Patrick, 39; Aug. 9, '62, Auburn; Sept. 8; d. June 5, '64, at Cold Harbor from exhaustion.
- McMillan, Edward, 28; Dec. 29, '63, Auburn; Jan. 4; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- McNamara, Cornelius, 26; Dec. 28, '63, Auburn; Dec. 29; wd. April 2, '64; dis. Oct. 13, '65, Albany.
- Manley, Thomas, 26; Jan. 5, '64, Auburn; Jan. 5; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Menzie, James R., 44; Dec. 22, '63, Springport; Dec. 20; k. Oct. 19, '64, Cedar Creek.
- Merry, Libbeus H., 24; Dec. 22, '63, Taylor; Dec. 22; dis. June 5, '65, Washington.
- Miles, Daniel L., 21; Aug. 1, '63, Auburn; Aug. 25; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Miles, Enoch, 24; Aug. 1, '63, Auburn; Aug. 25; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.; Vet. Co. I, 3d N. Y. A.
- Miles, Thomas, 37; Feb. 25, '64, Springport; Feb. 25; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Miller, Hiram H., 25; Dec. 22, '63, Springport; Dec. 30; no M. O.
- Milliman, James, 44; Dec. 28, '63, Springport; Dec. 28; dis. June 6, '65, Frederick, Md.

- Monroe, Willard F., 20; Oct. 31, '63, Auburn; Nov. 19; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Moreau, Felix, 22; June 12, '63, Syracuse; July 9; deserted, no date; unhappy Felix.
- Morgan, Charles A., 37; Dec. 21, '63, Auburn; Dec. 30; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Morgan, Jedediah S., 44; Aug. 29, '62, Auburn; Sept. 6; deserted, no date.
- Mornan, Daniel, 42; July 26, '62, Auburn; Sept. 8; trans. June 22, '64, V. R. C.
- Mudge, Nelson, 21; July 27, '62, Auburn; Sept. 8; trans. Feb. 19, '64, V. R. C.
- Murphy, James, 18; Aug. 23, '64, Auburn; Aug. 23, 1 year; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Murphy, Michael, 21; Aug. 3, '62, Auburn; Sept. 8; Corp., Dec. 9, '64; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Murray, Joseph, 36; Aug. 26, '62, Auburn; Sept. 8; wd. April 2, '64, Petersburg; dis. May 31, '65.
- Nagell, Henry J., 27; Aug. 26, '62, Auburn; Sept. 8; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Negus, John J., 22; June 22, '63, Auburn; July 9; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Nicholson, Oswald, 44; Dec. 21, '63, Auburn; Dec. 31; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Nims, Morrison, 22; Aug. 15, '64, Schenectady; Aug. 15; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Northcott, Joseph R., 21; July 15, '63, Auburn; Aug. 5; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Nugent, John, 1st, 44; Dec. 24, '63, Springport; Dec. 30; dis. Aug. 1, '65, Elmira.
- Nugent, John, 2d, 18; Aug. 9, '64, Conquest; Aug. 9, 1 year; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Oakley, Lester, 21; July 21, '62, Owasco; Sept. 8; M. O., July 6, '65.
- O'Bryne, John, 32; Dec. 26, '63, Owasco; Dec. 28; deserted, no date.
- O'Connor, Callahan, 38; Dec. 20, '63, Auburn; Dec. 23; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- O'Flaherty, Edward, 18; Aug. 18, '63, Auburn; Aug. 25; Corp., Dec. 24, '64; wd. Oct. 19, '64, Cedar Creek, and April 2, '65, Petersburg; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.; was Sergt. at M. O.
- Oliver, Nathan C., 24; July 27, '62, Auburn; Sept. 8, Sergt.; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Oliver, Orlando, 32; Dec. 22, '63, Taylor; Dec. 22; dis. May 9, '65, Washington; Vet. Co. A, 76th N. Y. Vols.
- O'Tool, Patrick, 28; Aug. 15, '62, Auburn; trans. Feb. 19, '64, V. R. C.
- Palmer, Porter V., 19; July 29, '62, Auburn; Sept. 8; d. Sept. 19, '62, Washington; the first death in the regiment.

- Parker, Joseph, 25; Sept. 3, '64, Albany; Sept. 3, 1 year; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Parker, Marion, 29; July 29, '62, Auburn; Sept. 8; d. Aug. 2, '64, Washington.
- Patterson, Samuel, 29; July 21, '63, Auburn; Aug. 25; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Perkins, Henry E., 19; March 27, '63, Auburn; May 6; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Phelan, John, 29; May 20, '63, Galen; June 9; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Platt, Giles C., 33; Dec. 22, '63, Springport; Dec. 30; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Powell, Francis H., 18; June 19, '63, Auburn; July 9; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Powers, Edward, 21; Dec. 22, Springport; Dec. 30; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Reid, David P., 25; Aug. 12, '62, Owaseco; Sept. 8, Musician; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Reish, John, 44; July 24, '62, Auburn; Sept. 8, Corp.; dis. July 8, '63, Fort Simmons.
- Renahan, James, 19; Feb. 10, '64, Auburn; Feb. 10; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Renahan, Michael, 44; Aug. 11, '62, Auburn; Sept. 8; dis. March 28, '63, Fort Simmons.
- Reynolds, John, 40; Feb. 11, '63, Auburn; Feb. 21; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Ribey, John, 32; Aug. 9, '62, Owaseco; Sept. 8; d. Nov. 11, '64, of wounds received at Cedar Creek.
- Robinson, John D., 21; Aug. 6, '62, Sennett; Sept. 8, Corp.; 1st Sergt., Dec. 16, '64; promoted 2d Lieut.
- Ronald, John, 40; Aug. 5, '62, Auburn; Sept. 8; d. March 11, '64, Fort Simmons.
- Rumrill, Charles, 21; Dec. 22, '63, Springport; Dec. 30; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Ryan, John, 32; Dec. 26, '63, Owaseco; Dec. 26; deserted, no date.
- Ryan, Thomas, 18; Dec. 31, '63, Auburn; Dec. 31; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Ryan, William, 1st, 29; July 26, '62, Auburn; Sept. 8; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Ryan, William, 2d, 28; Sept. 1, '64, Auburn; 1 year; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Sayers, Bennett, 23; April 6, '63, Auburn; June 4; k. Oct. 19, '64, Cedar Creek.
- Sheldon, Jacob N., 38; Sept. 6, '62, Auburn; Sept. 8; dis. June 28, '65.
- Shelinburg, Peter, 25; Aug. 12, '62, Owaseco; Sept. 8; wd. Oct. 19, '64, Cedar Creek; dis. July 14, '65.
- Sheppard, David, 44; Dec. 22, '63, Springfield; Dec. 30; no M. O.
- Sholes, William, 43; Dec. 23, '63, Auburn; Dec. 30; no M. O.

- Simmons, George, 42; Dec. 22, '63, Springport; Dec. 30; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Sinclair, Frank A., 28; Sept. 4, '62, Auburn; Sept. 8, Sergt.; promoted Captain Co. L.
- Sinclair, William W., 18; Aug. 1, '62, Auburn; Sept. 8; promoted 2d Lieut. Co. L.
- Smith, James, 31; Dec. 21, '63, Ledyard; Dec. 21, Artificer; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Smith, Johnson, 22; Aug. 23, '64, Springport; Aug. 24, 1 year; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Smith, Joseph R., 44; Dec. 22, '63, Springport; Dec. 30; d. Nov. 1, '64, from wounds received at Cedar Creek.
- Smith, Martin, 21; Aug. 11, '62, Auburn; Sept. 8; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Smith, Polhemus, 24; Dec. 21, '63, Ledyard; Dec. 21; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Steinmetz, Aaron R., 30; June 17, '63, Syracuse; Aug. 5; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Stickles, Gilbert L., 21; July 9, '63, Syracuse; July 9; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Sullivan, Michael, 19; Nov. 11, '63, Auburn; Dec. 2; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Swart, James H., 18; Aug. 11, '62, Auburn; Sept. 8; Corp., Dec. 24, '64; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Sykes, William, 20; May 23, '63, Auburn; June 4; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Thompson, Edwin, 21; Aug. 9, '64, Conquest; Aug. 9; no M. O.
- Thompson, Loren, 21; Dec. 22, '63, Springport; Dec. 30; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Thompson, Oscar, 29; Jan. 31, '64, Springport; Jan. 31; wd. Apr. 2, '64; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Thompson, Oscar B., 27; Dec. 24, '63, Springport; Dec. 30; no M. O.
- Thompson, Sarel, 44; Dec. 22, '63, Springport; Dec. 30; no M. O.
- Thomson, Orsemus, 21; Dec. 28, '63, Springport; dis. Jan. 17, '66, Elmira; the very last to be mustered out.
- Thorn, Alexander, 44; June 29, '63, Syracuse; July 9; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Thurlow, James, 21; Aug. 23, '62, Auburn; Sept. 8; Corp., Mar. 1, '65; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Tompkins, Thomas, 31; Dec. 18, '63, Auburn; Dec. 23; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Truss, Hiram, 45; Jan. 4, '64, Syracuse; Jan. 4; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Turner, Charles M., 23; Aug. 11, '62, Auburn; Sept. 8; dis. Feb. 20, '63, Fort Reno.
- Ulrich, Adolph, 22; June 2, '63, Syracuse; July 19; deserted, no date.
- Van Guilder, Charles, 28; Aug. 14, '62, Auburn; Sept. 8; Corp., Jan. 9, '64; M. O., July 6, '65.

- Van Middlesworth, Isaac, 21; Dec. 19, '63, Owasco; Dec. 28; wd. Oct. 19, '64, Cedar Creek; dis. May 3, '64, Philadelphia.
- Waldron, Aaron, 19; Dec. 22, '63, Skaneateles; Dec. 22; dis. May 26, '65, Washington.
- Waldron, Augustine, 23; Aug. 11, '62, Auburn; Sept. 8; Corp., Jan. 9, '64; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Waldron, Ephraim, 29; Aug. 11, '62, Auburn; Sept. 8; dis. Feb. 23, '63.
- Waldron, Sylvester, 26; Aug. 11, '62, Auburn; Sept. 8; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Wallace, Joseph J., 27; Aug. 11, '62, Owasco; Sept. 8, Artificer; wd. April 2, '65, Petersburg; d. April 3 of wounds.
- Wallace, Martin, 18; Nov. 27, '63, Syracuse; Dec. 2; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Wallace, Thomas, 18; Aug. 1, '62, Auburn; Sept. 8; d. Oct. 17, '63, Fort Simmons.
- Wallace, William J., 25; Aug. 12, '62, Auburn; Sept. 8, Corp.; Sergt., Dec. 24, '64; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Welch, Clarence, 18; June 9, '63, Auburn; June 9; prisoner Sept., '64, Shenandoah Valley; dis. May 22, '65, Annapolis.
- Wendover, John V., 44; Dec. 28, '63, Auburn; Dec. 29; wd. twice Oct. 19, '64, Cedar Creek; had leg crushed by fall of barracks, July, '65, Washington; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Williams, Gordon, 26; June 29, '63, Syracuse; July 9; deserted, no date.
- Williamson, William, 34; Aug. 9, '62, Owasco; Sept. 8, Corp.; d. Dec. 9, '64, Auburn.
- Willis, Wesley, 18; Aug. 24, '62, Fleming; Sept. 8; dis. Feb. 23, '63, Fort Simmons.
- Winegar, Lewis, 21; Dec. 22, '63, Springport; Dec. 30; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Winters, Joseph, 31; Aug. 12, '62, Auburn; Sept. 8; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Worden, Charles, 26; Aug. 12, '62, Auburn; Sept. 8; Sergt., Jan. 9, '64; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Yard, Benjamin J., 44; Dec. 30, '63, Springport; Dec. 30; promoted 2d Lieut.; had served in Co. K, 3d N. Y. A.
- Yawger, William B.; Dec. 21, Springport; Dec. 30; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Young, Edwin, 39; Aug. 26, '64, Owasco; Aug. 26, 1 year; no M. O.
- Young, Henry H., 20; Aug. 6, '62, Owasco; Sept. 8; d. Feb. 6, '64, Georgetown, D. C.

COMPANY K.

Company K was composite. Perhaps the best account of its beginning is found in the sketch of Captain Squyer's life (*vide* page 440, but it is quite in place here to state that the last



COMPANY K.

1st Lieut. Geo. W. Swift.

1st Lieut. Philip Sturge.

Capt Dennis Flynn.

John Colligan.

W G. Duckett, Hosp. Steward 2nd Bat.

company of the original ten had men from both Cayuga and Wayne, though the mass of them were from the towns of Ira and Galen.

Ira came with the captain and Galen with 1st Lieutenant Dennis Flynn. There may have been half a dozen men from western Wayne, but Clyde gave the great part of the county's showing. The village thought a deal of the young lieutenant, and gave him a sword and equipments when he went away. The rallying of Ira around Captain Squyer was a pleasant sight, and the popularity of these officers never waned. The second lieutenantcy fell to George P. Knapp, also of Cayuga.

CAPTAINS.

Irvin Squyer, 32; Aug. 23, '62, Ira; Sept. 8; rank from Aug. 27; wd. June 1 and 7, '64, Cold Harbor; promoted Major.
Dennis E. Flynn, from 1st Lieut., Oct. 15, '64; rank from Sept. 15; M. O., July 6, '65.

FIRST LIEUTENANTS.

Dennis E. Flynn, 30; Aug. 23, '62, Galen; Sept. 8; rank from Aug. 27; promoted Captain.
George P. Knapp, 19; from 2d Lieut., March 17, '64; dis. March 28, '65.
Philip Sturge, from 2d Lieut., Nov. 19, '64; rank from Sept. 12; resigned, Feb. 2, '65, on account of wounds received at Cedar Creek while acting Adjutant.
Lendell H. Bigelow, from Sergt., Co. F, March 18 '65; wd. April 2, '65; rank from March 10; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.; M. O. as Captain.
George W. Swift, from 2d Lieut., March 1, '65; rank from Feb. 3, '65; trans. to Co. F March 4, '65.

SECOND LIEUTENANTS.

George P. Knapp, 19; Aug. 23, '62, Auburn; Sept. 8; rank from Aug. 27; promoted 1st Lieut.
Stephen V. R. Cale, from Sergt., Feb. 17, '64; resigned May 6, '64; also in second enlistment commissioned Dec. 10, '64; d. of wounds April 16, '65.
Philip Sturge, trans. from Co. G as 2d Lieut., May 17, '64; promoted 1st Lieut.
George E. Clow, from Sergt., Co. F, Feb. 20, '65; rank from Jan. 20, M. O., July 6, '65.
George W. Swift, from Sergt., Co. F, March 1, '65; rank from Feb. 4, '65; promoted 1st Lieut.
Oscar A. Foote, from Sergt., Feb. 3, '65; M. O., July 6, '65.

NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS AND PRIVATES.

Abbott, Hiram O., 28; Aug. 29, '64, Ira; Aug. 29, 1 year; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.

- Abbott, Orrin, 23; Dec. 14, '63, New Haven; dis. July 26, '65, Rochester.
- Abrams, Andrew J., 31; Aug. 20, '62, Ira; Sept. 8, Corp.; lost leg. June 22, '64, before Petersburg; dis. Feb. 25, '65.
- Albright, Levi, 27; Aug. 13, '62, Ira; Sept. 8; dis. May 15, '65, Baltimore.
- Allen, Eli, 18; Dec. 21, '63, Galen; Dec. 29; wd. June 1, '64, Cold Harbor; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Allen, James, 44; Aug. 20, '62, Galen; Sept. 8; d. Aug. 4, '63, Fort Mansfield, from accidental gunshot wound in the head July 27.
- Allen, William M., 38; Aug. 26, '62, Galen; Sept. 8; wd. June, '64, Cold Harbor; dis. May 13, '65.
- Austin, Benjamin, 22; Jan. 4, '64, Cuyler; Jan. 4; wd. and prisoner Dec. 31, '64, Petersburg; dis. June 27, '65; Vet. Co. H, 23d N. Y. Vols.
- Autenbury, George, 44; July 13, '62, Galen; Sept. 8; k. Oct. 19, '64, Cedar Creek.
- Baldwin, Anson, 19; Sept. 1, '64, Ira; Sept. 1, 1 year; prisoner Dec. 31, '64; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Baldwin, John T., 18; Aug. 29, '64, Ira; Aug. 30, 1 year; d. Nov. 28, '64, Baltimore.
- Baldwin, Samuel, 45; Aug. 29, '64, Ira; Aug. 30, 1 year; k. Oct. 19, '64, Cedar Creek.
- Baldwin, William H., 25; Aug. 29, '64, Ira; Aug. 29, 1 year; wd. Oct. 19, '64, Cedar Creek; dis. Sept. 6, '65.
- Ball, Henry, 21; July 20, '62, Galen; Sept. 8; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Barns, Stephen, 24; Feb. 9, '63, Galen; Feb. 9; wd. Cold Harbor; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Barrett, Thomas, 40; Feb. 11, '63, Galen; Feb. 11; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Beers, George, 22; Nov. 11, '63, Syracuse; Nov. 12; deserted April 9, '64.
- Benjamin, David, 22; July 18, '62, Lyons; Sept. 8; dis. March 21, '63.
- Benton, Frank L., 20; Sept. 13, '64, East Bloomfield; Sept. 13, 1 year; dis. June 15, '65.
- Betts, Riel P., 18; Dec. 14, '63, Savannah; Dec. 29; k. July 9, '64, Monocacy.
- Bivins, James, 25; Aug. 18, '62, Galen, in Co. II; Sept. 8, Corp.; trans. to K Dec. 18, '62; trans. field and staff, chief bugler.
- Black, Cortez, 27; Jan. 4, '64, Clay; Jan. 4; deserted Oct. 18, '64; a black deed.
- Black, Oscar D., 30; Dec. 31, '63, Syracuse; Dec. 31; k. July 9, '64, Monocacy.
- Blake, Charles R., 24; Aug. 31, '64, Macedon; Sept. 3, 1 year; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Blake, Lewis M., 18; Aug. 13, '62, Ira; Sept. 8; d. Aug. 12, '63, Fort Gaines.

- Blake, William, 24; Jan. 21 '64, Eaton; Jan. 21; trans. to 16th Regt., V. R. C.
- Boudiette, Joseph, 33; Dec. 26, '63, Oswego; Dec. 26; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Bovee, William H., 23; July 28, '62, Lyons; Sept. 8; wd. accidentally at Fort Bunker Hill; M. O., July 6, '65; also borne as Dudley W. Boyce.
- Bowman, Edward, 18; Jan. 2, '64, Galen; Jan. 2; wd. June, '64, Cold Harbor; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Bowman, Walter, 18; Jan. 2, '64, Galen; Jan. 2; wd. Sept. 19, '64; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Boyce, Peter, 18; Dec. 21, '63, Galen; Dec. 29; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Bracey, Hiram, 24; Dec. 22, '63, New Haven; Dec. 22; prisoner Dec. 31, '64; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Bradley, William, 40; Aug. 26, '62, Auburn; Sept. 8; dis. May 12, '64.
- Brewer, Thomas, 36; Feb. 6, '63, Galen; Feb. 6; dis. Apr. 16, '63.
- Briggs, Philip, 21; Oct. 31, '63, Auburn; Nov. 24; Corp., Feb. 26, '64; Sergt., Aug. 29, '64; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.; M. O. finally as 2d Lieut.; Vet. Co. I, 3d N. Y. A.
- Brown, George, 44; Feb. 11, '64, Syracuse; Feb. 11; no M. O.
- Burdick, Ira W., 27; Dec. 23, '63, Spafford; Dec. 23; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.; Vet. Co. D, 76th N. Y. Vols.
- Burke, Thomas, 21; Dec. 7, '63, Savannah; Dec. 7; Corp., Dec. 18, '64; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Burns, John, 21; June 29, Galen; June 29; deserted July 27, '64.
- Burton, Alexander, 32; Aug. 21, '62, Galen; Sept. 8; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Button, William, 44; Jan. 1, '63, Auburn; Jan. 1; murdered near Aqueduct Bridge, Georgetown, Dec. 19, '63.
- Byron, Annis, 34; Dec. 26, '63, Oswego; Dec. 26; prisoner Dec. 31, '64; drowned April 24, '65, steamer Black Diamond.*

*Nothing in the preparation of this book has occasioned more searching than this Black Diamond incident. The solution is had in the following despatch to a Baltimore paper of April 26th:

Fortress Monroe, April 25, 1865.

Yesterday morning at half-past twelve, the ship Massachusetts, carrying convalescents and paroled prisoners, collided with the small barge propeller, Black Diamond, used as a picket boat, at anchor about half a mile from Blackstone Island. The bows of the Massachusetts were badly stove in, and her people, panic-stricken, seized planks, etc., and sprang into the water. The Black Diamond sank in less than three minutes. Capt. J. M. Holmes of the Veteran Reserve was in command of the men. He thought fifty men lost their lives.

This island is a lighthouse station, east side of the Potomac, several miles above its mouth. Had the men remained on board the Massachusetts, none of them would have been harmed; but there is no rule against panics. The death list included Byron, Gardner and Harrington from this company.

- Caggy, Pierce, 22; Nov. 30, '63, Syracuse, in Co. L; Nov. 30; trans. Feb. 6, '64, to Co. K; Corp., May 1, '65; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A. Veteran.
- Cain, Thomas, 28; Aug. 21, '62, Galen; Sept. 8, Corp.; prisoner Dec. 31, '64, Weldon R. R.; dis. June 21, '65, Annapolis.
- Cale, Stephen V. R., 44; Aug. 26, '62, Galen; Sept. 8, Sergt.; promoted 2d Lieut. Having resigned May 6, '64, he appears to have enlisted again from Camillus, Sept. 3, '64, for one year, and is recorded as dying of wounds April 16, '65.
- Carpenter, George W., 18; Aug. 11, '62, Ira; Sept. 8; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Carris, Lewis, 23; Aug. 19, '64, Sterling; Sept. 1, 1 year; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Carter, John, 26; July 13, '62, Galen; Sept. 8, Corp.; deserted Feb. 14, '64.
- Chase, John, 44; no descriptive list; dis. June 19, '65, Washington.
- Church, Warner, 44; July 21, '62, Galen; Sept. 8; wd. July 9, '64, Monocacy; dis. Aug. 7, '65.
- Clark, Charles M., 18; Aug. 13, '62, Ira; Sept. 8; d. July 23, '64, from wounds received July 9 at Monocacy.
- Clark, Zachariah, 18; Dec. 31, '63, Palermo; Dec. 31; d. Aug. 22, '64, hospital.
- Cole, Jeremiah, 43; Jan. 13, '64, Eaton; Jan. 13; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Coleman, Albert, 18; Mar. 4, '63, Galen; Mar. 4; k. July 9, '64, Monocacy.
- Coller, Cornelius, 44; May 4, '63, Ira; May 4; dis. Feb. 7, '65, on account of wounds.
- Colligan, John, 22; Sept. 12, '64, Macedon; Sept. 12, 1 year; Corp., Dec. 18, '64; prisoner before Petersburg, Dec. 31, '64; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Conover, John, 21; Aug. 28, '64, Ira; Aug. 29, 1 year; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Coon, William H. H., 18; Dec. 21, '63, Elbridge; Dec. 21; wd. Cold Harbor; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Cooper, Barringer, 38; Sept. 3, '64, Galen; Sept. 5, 1 year; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Cooper, Stephen, 15; April 4, '63, Galen; April 4; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.; the same name occurs as enlisting July 30, '62, but was rejected.
- Corbin, Nathaniel L., 33; Aug. 13, '62, Ira; Sept. 8; Corp., April 26, '64; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Cormick, John, 42; Aug. 18, '62, Galen; drowned Sept. 5, '62, Clyde.
- Couch, Henry, 26; Dec. 29, '63, Cuyler; Dec. 29; k. June 1, '64, Cold Harbor.
- Crock, Edward, 44; Jan. 1, '64, Mexico; Jan. 1; dis. June 6, '65, Frederick, Md.

- Crowell, Daniel, 27; Aug. 25, '62, Galen; Sept. 8; Corp., March 6, '65; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Culver, Alpha V., 21; Dec. 19, '63, Cuyler; Dec. 19; d. March 9, '64, Fort Mansfield.
- Cunningham, Thomas, 28; Oct. 8, '63, Palmyra; Nov. 16; Corp., May 1, '65; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Curran, Patrick, 27; Dec. 16, '63, Seneca Falls; Dec. 16; dis. June 19, '65, Washington.
- Davis, Caleb, 31; Sept. 1, '64, Huron; Sept. 5, 1 year; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Dean, Robert, 44; Dec. 17, '63, Galen; Dec. 29; dis. Feb. 24, '65.
- Degolyer, Edward, 30; Aug. 24, '62, Galen; Sept. 8; d. Jan. 6, '64, Fort Mansfield.
- DeGraff, John P., 39; Aug. 31, '64, Ira; Aug. 31, 1 year; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Deroser, Alexander, 28; Dec. 26, '63, Oswego; Dec. 26; k. July 9, '64, Monocacy.
- Derosier, Charles, 30; Jan. 16, '64, Lebanon; Jan. 16; wd. Cold Harbor; dis. June 22, '65.
- Derosier, Francis A., 33; Jan. 16, '64, Lebanon; Jan. 16; no M. O.
- Dibble, Ira, Jr., 45; Aug. 30, '64, Moravia; Aug. 30, 1 year; dis. July 2, '65, Fairfax Seminary.
- Dipley, Charles, 19; Dec. 4, '63, in Co. L; Dec. 4; trans. to Co. K Feb. 26, '64; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Dockendorf, Matherson, 26; Sept. 12, '64, Schenectady; Sept. 12, 1 year; dis. July 24, '65, York, Penn.
- Donohue, James, 26; Aug. 20, '62, Galen; Sept. 8; d. Sept. 16, '62, Galen.
- Donovan, James, 21; Dec. 2, '63, Galen, in Co. L; Dec. 2; trans. to Co. K Feb. 6, '64; dis. May 27, '65.
- Downs, Michael, 26; Aug. 21, '62, Galen; Sept. 8; d. March 2, '65, Annapolis, Md.; also carried as k. at Monocacy July 9, '64.
- Doyle, Michael, 39; Sept. 25, '63, Galen; Nov. 25; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Driscoll, David H., 25; Aug. 18, '62, Ira; Sept. 8; wd. Cold Harbor; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Driskell, Daniel, 38; Jan. 4, '64, Oswego; Jan. 5; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Duboy, Dudley, 32; Aug. 25, '62, Galen; Sept. 8; wd. Cold Harbor; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Duckett, Benjamin E., 22; Aug. 11, '62, Ira; Sept. 8; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Duckett, Walter G., 21; Aug. 22, '62, Ira; Sept. 8; promoted field and staff, hospital steward; prisoner at Monocacy and escaped; dis. Aug. 10, '64.
- Dupros, Edmund; 18; Dec. 29, '63, Oswego; Dec. 29; d. June 4, '64, White House Landing, from wounds received at Cold Harbor.

- Dwyer, Peter, 18; March 25, '63, Galen; March 25; dis. May 6, '63.
- Ebert, Joseph, 19; Jan. 2, '64, Oswego; Jan. 2; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Eddy, Henry D., 41; Nov. 14, '63, Syracuse, in Co. L; Dec. 7; trans. Feb. 6, '64, to Co. K; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Failing, John F., 20; Aug. 16, '62, Lyons; Sept. 8; vid. field and staff, hospital steward.
- Fairweather, Thomas, 24; Oct. 26, '63, Syracuse; Nov. 5; Corp., Feb. 26, '64; prisoner July 9, '64, Monocacy; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Fall, Giles, 18; Jan. 1, '64, Schroepfel; Jan. 4; prisoner Dec. 31, '64; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Fall, Orrin W., 19; Jan. 4, '64, Schroepfel; Jan. 4; d. June 29, '64, Washington, from wounds received at Cold Harbor.
- Fish, Charles E., 23; Jan. 5, '64, Galen; Jan. 5; dis. Dec. 27, '64, on account of wounds received before Petersburg.
- Flanders, William, 27; Nov. 8, '63, Galen, in Co. L; Nov. 19; trans. to Co. K Feb. 6, '64; deserted June 10, '64.
- Foley, Timothy, 22; Aug. 18, '62, Galen; Sept. 8; dis. as Sergt., May 20, '65.
- Foote, Oscar A., 18; Aug. 11, '62, Ira; Sept. 8, Corp.; Sergt., Sept. 8, '63; promoted 2d Lieut.
- Freeman, Calvin B., 37; Aug. 27, '64, Ira; Aug. 29, 1 year; dis. June 15, '65.
- Fuller, Henry, 20; Dec. 23, '63, New Haven; Dec. 23; d. Oct. 19, '64, on flag-of-truce boat New York, *en route* to Annapolis; had been prisoner.
- Gannon, Patrick, 27; Sept. 23, '64, Rochester; Sept. 28, 1 year; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Garrity, Patrick, 42; Aug. 25, '62, Galen; Sept. 8; d. June 14, '64, from wounds received June 4 at Cold Harbor.
- Gardner, Jerome W., 20; Dec. 16, '63, Palermo; Dec. 16; prisoner Dec. 31, '64; drowned April 24, '65, steamer Black Diamond.
- Gelligan, William, 28; Dec. 21, '63, Syracuse; Dec. 21; deserted April 10, '64.
- Gibson, Daniel, 21; June 10, '63, Syracuse; June 10; dis. Sept. 27, '65.
- Gibson, Seymour, 25; Oct. 31, '63, Syracuse; Nov. 24; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Gifford, William D., 22; Dec. 21, '63, Ira; Jan. 4, '64; k. July 9, '64, Monocacy.
- Golden, Thomas, 44; July 20, '62, Galen; Sept. 8; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Gordon, John, —; Jan. 8, '63, Washington, D. C.; Jan. 8, Ordnance Sergt.; no M. O.
- Gort, Truman, 21; April 4, '63, Galen; April 4; deserted Aug. 7, '63; anything but a true man.

- Gray, Samuel P., 43; Dec. 24, '63, Cato; Jan. 4; prisoner Dec. 31, '64; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Gregory, Charles, 33; Aug. 10, '62, Ira; Sept. 8; dis. Jan. 13, '63.
- Green, DeWitt C., 24; Aug. 11, '62, Ira; Sept. 8; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Groom, Volney B., 30; Aug. 31, '64, Ira; Sept. 2, 1 year; dis. July 13, '65, Philadelphia.
- Guernsey, Henry, 32; Aug. 22, '62, Ira; Sept. 8; dis. Jan. 25, '64.
- Hadeock, Dennis, 30; Aug. 20, '64, Brutus; Aug. 29, 1 year; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Hammond, George, 26; Aug. 11, '62, Ira; Sept. 8; Corp., Feb. 11, '64; Sergt., May 1, '64; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Harrington, William, 24; Dec. 16, '63, New Haven; Dec. 16; prisoner Dec. 31, '64; drowned April 24, '65, steamer Black Diamond.
- Hebard, Henry, 21; June 17, '63, Auburn; June 17; deserted July 29, '63.
- Hendrick, Patriek, 34; Jan. 18, '64, Lebanon; Jan. 18; wd. Cold Harbor; d. Dec. 18, '64, Rochester.
- Hickey, Michael, 44; Dec. 22, '63, Skaneateles; Dec. 22; dis. Jan. 12, '65.
- Hills, Hiram, 32; Dec. 29, '63, Cuyler; Dec. 29; prisoner July 9, '64, Monocacy; d. Nov. 23, '64, Danville, Va.
- Hilton, J. Philip, 33; Jan. 4, '64, Sharon; Jan. 4; wd. Sept. 19, '64; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Howking, Elizur, age not given; Aug. 28, '64, Ira; Aug. 29, 1 year; d. Jan. 19, '65, field hospital.
- Howley, Thomas, 35; Aug. 18, '62, Galen; Sept. 8; k. July 9, '64, Monocacy.
- Hulett, Elmer, 35; Aug. 10, '62, Ira; Sept. 8; deserted Nov. 27, '63.
- Humphrey, Lafayette, 22; Aug. 19, '62, Galen; Sept. 8; Corp., Feb. 11, '64; Sergt., Dec. 18, '64; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Hutchins, Alfred, 32; Aug. 25, '62, Galen; Sept. 8; dis. March 21, '63.
- Hutchins, Andrew J., 26; July 30, '62, Galen; Sept. 8; prisoner July 9, '64, Monocacy; dis. June 13, '65, Annapolis.
- Ide, Daniel, 18; Dec. 26, '63, Syracuse; Dec. 26; k. Dec. 30, '64, picket line before Petersburg.
- Jackson, Andrew, 44; Aug. 29, '64, Auburn; Aug. 29, 1 year; prisoner Dec. 31, '64; M. O., July 6, '65.
- James, John F., 20; Dec. 21, '63, Palermo; Dec. 21; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Johnson, Calvin C., 17; Dec. 28, '63, Lysander; Dec. 28; no M. O.
- Kelley, James, 20; Dec. 20, '63, Fayette; Dec. 29; dis. June 9, '64, Baltimore.
- Kevand, John, 22; Jan. 2, '62, Sharon; Jan. 2; Sergt., June 24, '65; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Kiefer, Barnetto, 38; Sept. 4, '62, Galen; Sept. 8; k. Sept. 19, '64, Winchester.

- Killy, Lawrence, 18; Dec. 16, '63, Phelps; Dec. 26; d. April 30, '65, Phelps.
- Kilmer, Ezra W., 25; Aug. 14, '62, Ira; Sept. 8; trans. V. R. C., no date.
- Kilmer, William A., 33; Aug. 14, '62, Ira; Sept. 8; d. March 8, '64, Fort Mansfield.
- King, Andrew J., 21; Dec. 12, '63, Galen; Dec. 29; wd. Cold Harbor; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.; Vet. Co. G, 8th N. Y. Cav.
- King, Obadiah, 23; Aug. 11, '62, Ira; Sept. 8; Corp., Feb. 18, '63; Sergt., Oct. 23, '64; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Kinsella, John, 26; Aug. 14, '62, Galen; Sept. 8; Corp., no date; Sergt., Sept. 8; wd. Sept. 19, '64, Winchester; dis. June 17, '65.
- Kline, Valentine, 28; Sept. 6, '64, Wolcott; 1 year; dis. June 26, '65, Washington.
- Kyle, John, 35; Nov. 11, '63, Syracuse; Nov. 12; deserted March 28, '64.
- Lawrence, George, 44; Nov. 27, '63, Syracuse, in Co. L; Dec. 2; trans. to K Feb. 6, '64; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Lee, James, 33; Dec. 18, '63, Ira; Jan. 2, '64; d. June 11, '64, from wounds received at Cold Harbor.
- Livingstone, George, 27; Aug. 25, '64, Ira; Sept. 2, 1 year; M. O., July 6, '65.
- McDougal, Samuel N., 43; Dec. 31, '63, Galen; Dec. 31; k. June 1, '64, Cold Harbor.
- McDougal, William T., 18; March 9, '63, Galen; March 9; dis. May 15, '65.
- Mack, Philander, 27; March 25, '63, Galen; March 25; deserted May 7, '63.
- McKenney, Luke, 44; Dec. 10, '63, Syracuse; Dec. 14; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- McKnight, Michael, 35; July 21, '62, Galen; Sept. 8; prisoner Dec. 31, '64; M. O., July 6, '65.
- McLeod, Peter, 18; Dec. 21, '63, Lysander; Dec. 21; d. July 13, '64, Baltimore.
- McMaster, John S., 29; Aug. 23, '62, Ira; Sept. 8, 1st Sergt.; promoted 1st Lieut. Co. G.
- Mann, George, 40; Nov. 15, '63, Auburn; Nov. 24; d. July 27, '63, Frederick, Md., from wounds received at Monocacy; Vet. Co. H, 111th N. Y. Vols.
- Marion, Lewis, 27; Dec. 26, '63, Oswego; Dec. 26; d. Sept. 3, '64, Oswego; Vet. Co. E, 35th N. Y. Vols.
- Mead, Jeremiah, 35; Aug. 25, '62, Galen; Sept. 8; k. July 9, '64, Monocacy.
- Miller, Piec, 44; Sept. 13, '64, Sodus; Sept. 14, 1 year; d. Feb. 9, '65, City Point.
- Minex, Frederick, 37; Sept. 1, '63, Lyons; Nov. 19; deserted Apr. 30, '64.
- Mintonye, Elbert, 20; Aug. 29, '64, Ira; Aug. 29, 1 year; d. Dec. 9, '64, City Point.

- Mitchell, Edward, 27; Aug. 11, '62, Williamson; Sept. 8; deserted Sept. 11, '62.
- Monroe, Caleb N., 22; July 13, '62, Galen; Sept. 8; d. April 7, '65, Baltimore.
- Morgan, Patrick J., 24; Aug. 18, '62, Galen; Sept. 8, Sergt.; 1st Sergt., Feb. 25, '65; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Moriarty, Michael, 27; Aug. 25, '62, Galen; Sept. 8; dis. June 19, '65, Frederick, Md.
- Morris, Clark, 34; Aug. 20, '62, Ira; Sept. 8; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Morrison, Dennis, 25; Dec. 12, '63, Syracuse; Dec. 17; Corp., May 1, '65; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Morser, Jacob, 47; Sept. 16, Williamstown; Sept. 17, 1 year; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Mosher, James A., 32; Aug. 20, '62, Ira; Sept. 8, Sergt.; trans. Jan. 21, '64, V. R. C.
- Moss, Charles F., 18; Aug. 13, '62, Ira; Sept. 8; d. Sept. 18, '64, hospital, Fort Reno.
- Mulany, Wilson H., 44; Dec. 24, '63, Galen; Dec. 29; dis. March 15, '65; borne also as Melancy.
- Murray, Michael, 38; Dec. 2, '63, Syracuse; Dec. 28; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Myres, Anthony, 43; Jan. 4, '64, Syracuse; Jan. 4; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Nichols, Alvah, 32; Dec. 18, '63, Ira; Jan. 2, '64; dis. Jan. 31, '65.
- Norton, William, 22; Sept. 12, '64, Hopewell; Sept. 15, 1 year; M. O., July 6, '65.
- O'Brien, Marcus, 18; July 9, '63, Galen; July 9; deserted Feb. 14, '64.
- Olds, James, 38; Jan. 14, '64, Auburn; Jan. 15; prisoner July 9, '64, Monocacy; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Owens, Lucius, 18; Jan. 13, '63, Galen; Jan. 13; trans. Dec. 27, '64, V. R. C.
- Page, F. Webster, 18; Dec. 19, '63, Fabius; Dec. 19; d. March 26, '64, Fort Mansfield.
- Parsons, Myron, 27; Nov. 17, '63, Galen; Nov. 19; deserted Mar. 24, '64.
- Peckham, George H., 18; Dec. 21, '63, New Haven; Dec. 21; prisoner Dec. 31, '64; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Pendleton, William, 21; Nov. 4, '63, Auburn, in Co. L; Nov. 12; trans. to K Feb. 6, '64; deserted June 10, '64.
- Penner, Adelbert, 18; Jan. 4, '64, Palermo; Jan. 4; k. July 9, '64, Monocacy.
- Pero, Danti, 35; Jan. 16, '64, Eaton; Jan. 16; dis. June 13, '65.
- Pettie, Edgar C., 18; Nov. 18, '63, Auburn; Dec. 2; prisoner at Monocacy; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Phillips, Nathan, 26; Sept. 16, '64, Williamson; Sept. 16, 1 year; absent sick at M. O.
- Pierce, Charles O., 23; Aug. 11, '62, Ira; Sept. 8; Corp., Feb. 11, '64; prisoner at Monocacy; dis. June 30, '65, Elmira.

- Pinder, Owen, 18; Nov. 23, '63, Syracuse; Nov. 23; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Prichard, Allen B., 34; Aug. 11, '62, Galen; Sept. 8; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Prine, Charles, 18; Nov. 21, '63, Ira; Dec. 2; k. July 9, '64, Monocacy.
- Reed, Hiram A., 26; Sept. 6, '62, Galen; Sept. 8; k. June 9, '64, Cold Harbor.
- Reid, John D., 36; July 21, '62, Galen; Sept. 8; k. July 9, '64, Monocacy.
- Riley, Barney, 21; Jan. 19, '64, Sullivan; Jan. 19; prisoner Dec. 31, '64; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Robinson, Orville T., 24; Jan. 4, '64, Sharon; Jan. 4; dis. June 1, '65.
- Scott, John, 42; Jan. 4, '64, Cuyler; Jan. 15; d. Sept. 15, '64, Baltimore.
- Sherman, Charles H., 18; Aug. 13, '62, Ira; Sept. 8; Corp., March 6, '65; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Smith, George P., 18; Jan. 1, '64, Galen; Jan. 5; no M. O.
- Snyder, Calvin, 18; Aug. 31, '64, Ira; Aug. 31, 1 year; d. Feb. 6, '65, City Point.
- Snyder, John W., 27; Aug. 11, '62, Ira; Sept. 8; prisoner at Monocacy July 9, '64; d. at Parole Camp, Annapolis, Feb. 28, '65.
- Snyder, William H., 18; Aug. 13, '62, Ira; Sept. 8; wd. Cold Harbor; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Southard, John, 29; July 25, '64, Auburn; Aug. 5; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Sova, James S., 21; Dec. 17, '63; Dec. 30; wd. Cold Harbor; deserted Dec. 31, '64.
- Sparks, George, 35; Jan. 4, '64, Volney; Jan. 4; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Spencer, Herman, 19; Dec. 16, '63, New Haven; Dec. 16; wd. Cold Harbor; dis. March 23, '65.
- Spickerman, John, 42; Aug. 29, '64, Ira; Aug. 31, 1 year; dis. May 29, '65.
- Steel, William H., 30; Nov. 16, '63, Galen; Nov. 19; d. Nov. 14, '64, a prisoner at Danville, Va.
- Sturge, John M., 19; Aug. 13, '62, Ira; Sept. 8, Corp.; k. June 1, '64, Cold Harbor.
- Sturge, Philip, 25; Aug. 11, '62, Ira; Sept. 8, Sergt.; promoted 2d Lieut. Co. G.
- Sullivan, Cornelius, 18; Jan. 4, '64, Ledyard; Jan. 4; d. March 13, '65, Annapolis.
- Sullivan, Michael, 40; Aug. 20, '62, Galen; Sept. 21; k. July 9, '64, Monocacy.
- Sullivan, Thomas, 26; Aug. 21, '62, Galen; Sept. 8; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Taylor, Charles W., 18; Aug. 11, '62, Ira; Sept. 8, Corp.; M. O., July 6, '65.

- Teller, Isaac L., 20; Dec. 21, '63, Auburn; Dec. 21; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Teller, James E., 23; Aug. 31, '64, Ira; Aug. 31, 1 year; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Telyea, Lewis, 22; Jan. 16, '64, Lebanon; Jan. 16; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Temple, Daniel E., 18; Aug. 20, '62, Ira; Sept. 8; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Terpenning, Wallace, 23; Aug. 11, '62, Ira; Sept. 8; Corp., Oct. 23, '64; Sergt., May 1, '65; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Thomas, John C., 33; Aug. 29, '64, Ira; Aug. 31, 1 year; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Tillow, Wilhelmus, 19; Aug. 15, '62, Butler; Sept. 8; no M. O.
- Toomey, James, 38; Dec. 28, '63, Oswego; Dec. 28; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Townsend, James, 22; Dec. 22, '63, Mentz; Dec. 31; d. Nov. 23, '64, a prisoner at Danville, Va.
- Townsend, William J., 25; Jan. 4, '64, Volney; Jan. 4; d. March 6, '64, Fort Mansfield.
- Tripp, Culver, 40; July 30, '62, Galen; Sept. 8; dis. July 29, '63.
- Underwood, John, 22; Sept. 12, '64, East Bloomfield; Sept. 12, 1 year; trans., no date, Co. K, 11th Regt., V. R. C.
- Vorce, David, 24; Feb. 22, '63, Galen; Feb. 22; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Wallace, Daniel D., 31; Jan. 3, '64, Ira; Jan. 3; dis. June 28, '65.
- Wallace, Patrick, 37; Dec. 26, '63, Syracuse; Dec. 16; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Welch, John, 32; Aug. 21, '62, Galen; Corp., June 18, '63; M. O., July 6, '65.
- West, Alonzo, 35; July 31, '62, Galen; Sept. 8; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Wheater, Benjamin E., 43; Aug. 11, '62, Williamson; Sept. 8; d. Aug. 14, '64, a prisoner at Danville, Va.
- Wheeler, William, 38; Dec. 26, '63, Syracuse; Dec. 26; dis. July 6, '65, Washington.
- Whipple, John L., 18; Aug. 13, '62, Ira; Sept. 8; Corp., Dec. 18, '64; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Wilbur, Henry J., 40; Aug. 29, '64, Ira; Aug. 29, 1 year; dis. June 30, '65, Washington.
- Wilder, Henry, 40; Aug. 26, '62, Mentz; Sept. 8; Musician; dis. July 29, '63.
- Wiles, William, 19; Dec. 14, '63, New Haven; Dec. 14; k. June 1, '64, Cold Harbor.
- Wilson, Amos, 32; Aug. 13, '62, Ira; Sept. 8, Corp.; wd. Cold Harbor; trans. as Sergt., April 7, '65, V. R. C.
- Winchell, Augustus, 44; Dec. 24, '63, Cicero; Dec. 24; dis. Mar. 17, '65, on account of wounds received in action.
- Wing, Henry O., 20; Dec. 14, '63, New Haven; Dec. 14; d., Corp., Dec. 27, '64, field hospital.
- Winne, Barnard, 18; July 4, '63, Galen; July 4; deserted Nov. 13, '63.

Woodruff, Alson, 21; Dec. 19, '63, Fabius; Dec. 19; d. July 2, '64, field hospital.

COMPANY L.

When it became evident that more men must be had to make up the maximum required, under the change from infantry to heavy artillery, commissions were given to several men in the old companies to recruit, among them F. A. Sinclair of Company I, and, as he rendered the best account of himself, to him fell the captaincy, and S. Augustus Howe, who had been an excellent soldier in the 24th N. Y. Infantry, was commissioned senior 1st lieutenant. 'Tis said that there was much bickering over the placing of officers in this company, but notwithstanding the men gave a first-class account of themselves.

Let a veteran of the company give his own story:

"Some one has said that Company L came from nowhere in particular, but were 'from all over the lots,' which was true in a large measure. Oswego county gave quite a large delegation and Oswego canal a larger one; beyond those they scattered badly, but they were as good a set of men as one could find in a day's march. They were pretty full of ginger sometimes, so much so that profane persons have been known to allude to them as 'Company H—l.' There were some men who would have a good time whether or no. John H. H., Billy G., and others, as a general thing, kept the boys laughing with their wit and nonsense. Even when feet were bloody through blisters and long marches, "John Henry" used to run the company much as though the boys were on the 'raging canawl,' hailing other regiments to know what they were loaded with, or asking them to pass our line over theirs. No Company L man can forget the way he would roar out, 'W-h-o-a, snub her up! Bring them mules on board!' this when the company stopped for rest or for the night. We always had our kits for play when in barracks or camp about Washington; football, boxing-gloves, fiddles and bass viols, with nearly every other musical instrument excepting pianos and church organs (the boys could play them, too) were reached for whenever we had a chance to pause awhile, but when we started for the front they were boxed up and left in Washington."

CAPTAINS.

Frank A. Sinclair, from Company I, Feb. 22, '64; rank from Feb. 15; wd. June 19, '64, near Petersburg; dis. Nov. 28, '64.
S. Augustus Howe, from 1st Lieut., Dec. 24, '64; rank from Nov. 28; M. O. with regiment July 6, '65.

FIRST LIEUTENANTS.

S. Augustus Howe, 24; Feb. 23, '64, Oswego; rank from Dec. 6, '63; promoted Captain. Had served an enlistment in the 24th N. Y. Vols.



COMPANY L.

Capt. F. A. Sinclair.	Capt. S. A. Howe.	Lieut. W. W. Sinclair.
Geo. Stacey and wife.	Lieut. Chas. Robinson.	Anthony Stacey.
Lieut. John Stoyell.	Lieut. T. D. Quick.	Lieut. E. L. Huntington.

- Joseph W. Jewhurst, from Sergt., Co. I, Feb. 23, '64; rank from Feb. 15; promoted Captain Co. H.
 William W. Sinclair, trans. from Co. C, March 15, '65; M. O. with regiment July 6, '65.
 John W. Fitzpatrick, from 2d Lieut., March 1, '65; rank from Feb. 3; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.

SECOND LIEUTENANTS.

- William W. Sinclair, from Co. I, Feb. 15, '64; promoted 1st Lieut. Co. C.
 Charles Y. Squier, 29; Feb. 23, '64, Washington; dis. Jan. 4, '65.
 John W. Fitzpatrick, from 1st Sergt., Dec. 15, '64; rank from Oct. 25; promoted 1st Lieut.
 Theodore D. Quick, from Sergt., Feb. 4, '65; rank from Dec. 21, '64; M. O. with regiment July 6, '65.
 Charles Robinson, from 1st Sergt., March 30, '65; rank from Feb. 28; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.; M. O. as 1st Lieut.

NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS AND PRIVATES.

- Abbott, Andrew J., 26; Dec. 14, '63, Syracuse; Dec. 15; no M. O.
 Allen, Seneca P., 23; Dec. 29, '63, Onondaga; prisoner Oct. 19, '64, Cedar Creek; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
 Alpeter, George H., 19; Dec. 10, '63, Syracuse; Dec. 15; wd. Cedar Creek; dis. June 9, '65.
 Andrews, Aura J., 18; Dec. 30, '63, Lafayette; Dec. 30; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
 Askey, David, 21; Dec. 17, '63, Auburn; Dec. 17; Corp., Feb. 11, '64; Sergt., Jan. 1, '65; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
 Auyer, Romain, 25; Nov. 23, '63, Syracuse; Dec. 2; dis. May 23, '65.
 Babbitt, Charles L., 25; Dec. 7, '63; Dec. 15; prisoner Oct. 19, '64, Cedar Creek; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.; Vet. Co. I, 12th N. Y. Vols.
 Balliett, Andrew J., 18; July 30, '64, Mentz; July 30, 1 year; M. O., July 6, '65.
 Barber, Eugene, 21; Dec. 23, '63, Onondaga; Dec. 23; deserted July 23, '64; Vet. Co. I, 12th N. Y. Vols.
 Barber, John A., 20; Sept. 1, '64, Skaneateles; Sept. 1, 1 year; wd. Oct. 19, '64, Cedar Creek; M. O., July 6, '65.
 Barry, Patrick, 28; Dec. 22, '63, Syracuse; Dec. 22; badly injured by battery team at Cold Harbor; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
 Bell, James, 24; March 26, '64, Mendon; April 6; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.; Veteran.
 Bellville, Henry, 30; Nov. 9, '63, Syracuse; Nov. 9; no M. O.
 Bennett, Elisha L., Sr., 44; Dec. 31, '63, Syracuse; Dec. 31; deserted May 26, '64.

- Bennett, Elisha L., Jr., 18; Dec. 31, '63, Syracuse; Dec. 31; deserted Dec. 4, '64. "Like father, like son;" both false prophets.
- Bennett, William, 29; Dec. 21, '63, Fabius; Dec. 21; dis. July 18, '65.
- Bilkey, Edward, 20; Dec. 21, '63, Scriba; Dec. 21; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A. Vet. Co. C, 24th N. Y. Vols.
- Bostock, James, 27; Jan. 8, '64, Onondaga; Jan. 8; no M. O.
- Brant, Bela B., 23; Dec. 19, '63, Oswego; Dec. 19; k. Oct. 19, '64, Cedar Creek; Vet. Co. C, 24th N. Y. Vols.
- Brown, Charles A., 21; Dec. 24, '63, Scipio; Dec. 26; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Buck, Daniel, 34; Dec. 30, '63, Onondaga; Dec. 30; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Burdell, George, 22; Dec. 20, '63, Niles; Jan. 2; prisoner Sept. 28, '64; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Campbell, Leland E., 18; Oct. 24, '63, Oswego; Nov. 12; dis. Dec. 20, '64.
- Carey, Timothy, 25; Nov. 6, '63, Oswego; Nov. 24; deserted Apr. 13, '64.
- Carlton, Frederick, 19; Nov. 30, '63, Syracuse; Dec. 2; prisoner Sept. 28, '64, in the Valley; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Carpenter, Orlando, 19; Dec. 21, '63, Watertown; Feb. 19; dis. July 19, '65. Veteran.
- Carrier, Silas, 21; Dec. 22, '63, Montezuma; Jan. 4, '64; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Carrier, Vaughn D., 18; Dec. 31, '63, Throop; Dec. 31; dis. May 18, '65.
- Carroll, William, 19; Dec. 26, Covert; Dec. 26; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Case, George A., 26; Dec. 23, '63, Onondaga; Dec. 23; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A. Veteran.
- Casevand, Levi, 24; Jan. 2, '64, Geddes; Jan. 2; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Catlin, David, 44; Nov. 2, '63, Auburn; Nov. 12; dis. June 26, '65.
- Chilton, Spencer, 18; Oct. 24, '63, Oswego; Nov. 12; dis. June 14, '65.
- Churchill, Charles R., 39; Feb. 22, '64, Scriba; Feb. 22; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Clark, Charles M., 24; Dec. 14, '63, Waterloo; Dec. 15; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Clark, James, 21; Oct. 24, '63, Syracuse; Nov. 5; Corp., April 1, '64; Sergt., Dec. 1, '64; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Cook, Clement, 36; Dec. 14, '63, Sullivan; Dec. 14; wd. June, '64, Cold Harbor; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Cook, John W., 21; Nov. 14, '63, Syracuse; Nov. 14; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Cooper, George W., 18; Sept. 2, '64, Skaneateles; Sept. 2, 1 year; M. O., July 6, '65.

- Cooper, John S., 33; Dec. 14, '63, Syracuse; Dec. 15; no M. O.
- Cowan, Albertus, Jr., 18; Nov. 14, '63, Syracuse; Dec. 2; d. Mar. 25, '64, Fort Simmons.
- Crooks, George, 41; Oct. 17, '63, Auburn; Oct. 17; no M. O.
- Crouch, Henry, 35; Nov. 12, '63, Oswego; Nov. 24; dis. July 18, '65.
- Cummings, Lawrence, 21; Dec. 17, '63, Onondaga; Dec. 17; dis. Aug. 29, '65.
- Dakin, Timothy, 44; Nov. 27, '63, Syracuse; Dec. 2; dis. Dec. 22, '64.
- Daudy, Thomas W., 18; Oct. 20, '63, Oswego; Nov. 12; trans. as Corp. May, '64, to U. S. Navy.
- Davenport, Umphrey, 18; Nov. 21, '63, Moravia; Nov. 21; no M. O.
- Decker, Peleg V., 21; Nov. 18, '63, Auburn; Nov. 18; no M. O.
- Deland, William, 27; Dec. 11, '63, Cicero; Dec. 12; no M. O.
- Denny, Paul, 27; Dec. 14, '63, 22d N. Y. Dist.; Dec. 14; deserted May 6, '64.
- Denny, Peter, 30; Dec. 14, '63, 22d N. Y. Dist.; Dec. 14; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Doan, Edwin, 28; Oct. 27, '63, Auburn; Oct. 27; no M. O.
- Dodge, Isaac, 24; Oct. 29, '63, Auburn; Jan. 18, '64; dis. July 13, '65.
- Doran, John, 21; Nov. 10, '63, Auburn; Nov. 10; no M. O.; Vet. 3d N. Y. A.
- Dozer, Frederick, 26; Oct. 19, '63, Oswego; Nov. 24; k. in camp of 8th N. Y. H. A., Feb. 18, '65. Vet. Co. B, 24th N. Y. Vols.
- Dubois, Valentine, 23; Dec. 16, '63, Volney; Dec. 16; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A. Vet. 24th N. Y. Vols.
- Dunbar, Alonzo, 23; Nov. 19, '63, Syracuse; Nov. 19; no M. O.
- Edgerton, William, 37; Nov. 12, '63, Syracuse; Nov. 24; promoted, April 17, '65, 2d Lieut., 10th U. S. C. H. A.
- Fields, George, 18; Dec. 19, '63, Onondaga; Dec. 19; d. Aug. 21, '64, Washington.
- Fitch, George M., 21; Dec. 24, '64, Syracuse; Dec. 24; k. Oct. 19, '64, Cedar Creek.
- Fitzpatrick, John W., 20; Oct. 20, '63, Syracuse; Nov. 12; 1st Sergt., Feb. 1, '64; promoted 2d Lieut. Veteran.
- Flynn, Thomas S., 18; Dec. 19, '63, Auburn; Jan. 4, '64; wd. Oct. 19, '64, Cedar Creek; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Ford, Charles A., 19; Jan. 9, '64, Homer; Jan. 9; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Fralich, Zachariah, 23; Dec. 16, '63, Oswego; Dec. 19; Artificer, no date; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Fredenburgh, Andrew, 19; Oct. 19, '63, Elbridge; Dec. 2; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A. Vet. 12th N. Y. Vols.
- Garnet, Robert, 40; Dec. 6, '63, Syracuse; Dec. 9; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A. Veteran; also borne as Gamel.
- Garrison, Edward H., 38; Nov. 23, '63, Auburn; Dec. 7; Musician, no date; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.

- Garrison, Willie J., 13; Nov. 23, '63, Auburn; Nov. 23, Musician dis. June 15, '65.
- Geary, James, 19; Jan. 13, '64, Geddes; Jan. 13; deserted Jan. 10, '65.
- Geary, William, 29; Jan. 13, '64, Geddes; Jan. 13; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Gering, John, 23; Nov. 30, '63, Syracuse; Dec. 9; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Gillis, John P., 23; Dec. 7, '63, Syracuse; Dec. 7; deserted May 27, '64.
- Glassford, Benjamin T., 26; Dec. 24, '63, Oswego; Dec. 24; dis. June 14, '65.
- Grantier, George, 21; Dec. 16, '63, Scriba; Dec. 16; dis. Aug. 8, '65. Vet. Co. B, 24th N. Y. Vols.
- Greggs, Julius B., 33; Dec. 22, '63, Owasco; Jan. 4, '64; deserted July 23, '64.
- Gregson, Frank, 18; Jan. 7, '64, Auburn; Jan. 8; dis. Jan. 15, '65.
- Hadden, George, 18; Nov. 17, '63, Auburn; Nov. 24; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Hall, George, 33; Dec. 16, '63, Oswego; Dec. 16; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A. Vet. Co. C, 24th N. Y. Vols.
- Hall, Henry H., 22; Nov. 12, '63, Syracuse; Nov. 24; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A. Veteran.
- Hammond, Sidney R., 24; Dec. 24, '63, Scriba; Dec. 24; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Handwright, Daniel, 32; Dec. 26, '63, Syracuse; Dec. 26; Corp., Jan. 1, '65; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Haskins, Benjamin F., 18; Nov. 9, '63, Syracuse; Nov. 24; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Hayhoe, Henry, 29; Sept. 1, '64, Skaneateles; Sept. 1, 1 year; k. Oct. 19, '64, Cedar Creek.
- Heath, Peter, 20; Nov. 30, '63, Auburn; Dec. 9; deserted Oct. 10, '64; a regular heathen.
- Heath, William T., 20; Aug. 1, '64, Rochester; Aug. 1; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Henry, Charles G., 19; Nov. 10, '63, Syracuse; Nov. 24; d. July 21, '64, hospital, New York.
- Heustis, Horatio N., 27; Dec. 24, '63, Syracuse; Dec. 24; Corp., no date; wd. June 19, '64, before Petersburg; dis. July 24, '65.
- Hewitt, Thomas, 21; Dec. 17, '63, Syracuse; Dec. 17; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Hicks, James W., 20; Nov. 23, '63, Syracuse; Dec. 7; trans., May 1, '65, 37th Co., 2d Bat., V. R. C.
- Hill, Charles, 20; Nov. 14, '63, Oswego; Nov. 14; no M. O.
- Himes, Lucius P., 24; Dec. 18, '64, Scriba; Dec. 18; k. Oct. 19, '64, Cedar Creek.
- Hollister, Henry K., 18; Nov. 9, '63, Syracuse; Nov. 24; Corp., Feb. 1, '64; Sergt., May 1, '65; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.

- Hoover, Daniel, 34; Dec. 22, '63, Oswego; Dec. 22; deserted May 4, '64.
- Horton, Charles A., 19; Nov. 23, '63, Syracuse; Dec. 2; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Hoyt, James L., 18; Jan. 7, '64, Onondaga; Jan. 7; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Hoyt, Ossian M., 21; Nov. 23, '63, Onondaga; Dec. 7; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Hubbard, Henry C., 28; Dec. 24, '63, Scriba; Dec. 24; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Hubbard, Luke, 18; July 6, '64, Norwich; July 6; M. O., Oct. 18, '65, Elmira.
- Hudson, William T., 21; Aug. 1, '64, Rochester; Aug. 1, 1 year; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Huntington, Edwin L., 23; Dec. 14, '63, Oswego; Dec. 14; Sergt., Feb. 11, '64; 1st Sergt., May 21, '65; wd. Oct. 19, '64, Cedar Creek; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.; promoted 2d Lieut. Vet. Co. B, 24th N. Y. Vols.
- Huntington, Lewis J., 19; Feb. 26, '64, Mexico; Feb. 26; d. July 9, '64, Washington.
- Hurtubise, Stephen, 29; Dec. 26, '63, Syracuse; Dec. 26; wd. Oct. 19, '64, Cedar Creek; dis. May 29, '65.
- Hutchins, Samuel, 23; Dec. 14, '63, Onondaga; Dec. 14; d. Dec. 2, '64. Veteran.
- Jackson, John, 18; Dec. 2, '63, Auburn; Dec. 24; k. Oct. 19, '64, Cedar Creek. Vet. Co D, 3d N. Y. L. A.
- Jackson, Thomas, 20; Oct. 21, '63, Auburn; Dec. 2; wd. Cedar Creek; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A. Vet. Co. D, 3d N. Y. L. A.
- Jacobs, William H., 26; Nov. 27, '63, Auburn; Dec. 27; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Jaquay, Renben, 19; Dec. 8, '63, Syracuse; Dec. 8; Bugler, no date; d. Sept. 8, '64, prisoner at Andersonville, Ga.
- Johnson, John, 39; Nov. 9, '63, Auburn; Dec. 24; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Johuson, William, 18; Nov. 12, '63, Albany; Nov. 12; no M. O.
- Jones, Milton, 20; Dec. 18, '63, Scriba; Dec. 18; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Jordan, Joseph H., 33; Dec. 21, '63, Oswego; Dec. 21; deserted Nov. 26, '64, which was the "other side of Jordan."
- June, Morris, 18; Dec. 21, '63, Syracuse; Dec. 21; lost leg at Cedar Creek; dis. May 13, '65.
- Kaufman, George, 26; Dec. 10, '63, Syracuse; Dec. 10; Corp., no date; dis. July 24, '65, Vet. Co. H, 12th N. Y. Vols.
- Kaye, William, 35; Dec. 3, '63, Syracuse; Dec. 3; no M. O.
- Keller, John, 24; Dec. 14, '63, Sullivan; Dec. 14; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Kennedy, Michael, 18; Dec. 14, '63, Onondaga; Dec. 16; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.

- Kibbie, Almond M., 29; Dec. 19, '63, Fabius; Dec. 19; wd. Cedar Creek; Sergt., no date; dis. July 12, '65. Veteran.
- Kingsley, Seth H., 19; Dec. 23, '63, Onondaga; Dec. 23; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A. Veteran.
- Knapp, Henry Z., 25; Oct. 29, '63, Syracuse; Nov. 12; dis. July 26, '65, Syracuse.
- Lagrange, William, 24; Jan. 4, '64, Syracuse; Jan. 4; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Laughlin, George, 20; Dec. 31, '63, Varick; Dec. 31; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Leffingwell, William H., 26; Dec. 23, '63, Camden; Dec. 23; d. July 29, '64, Washington.
- Little, Henry F., 22; Oct. 20, '63, Syracuse; Dec. 7; dis. Aug. 29, '65. Veteran.
- Long, William E., 30; Dec. 19, '63, Scriba; Dec. 19; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- McGill, Frank, 30; Oct. 26, '63, Oswego; Nov. 12; trans. to U. S. Navy May, '64. Vet. Co. F, 24th N. Y. Vols.
- McGovern, Thomas, 21; Nov. 3, '63, Auburn; Dec. 2; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A. Vet. Co. D, 3d N. Y. A.
- McGowan, Robert E., 41; Dec. 28, '63, Fabius; Dec. 28, Bugler; dis. Feb. 16, '65.
- McMahon, Daniel, 37; Nov. 9, '63, Syracuse; Nov. 12; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A. Vet. Co. C, 24th N. Y. Vols.
- McManus, Edward, 26; Nov. 17, '63, Marcellus; Dec. 2; dis. May 15, '65.
- McManus, William, 22; Nov. 28, '63, Syracuse; Dec. 7; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A. Vet. Co. H, 12th N. Y. Vols.
- Mansfield, Rupert E., 18; Nov. 9, '63, Syracuse; Nov. 24; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Marion, Napoleon, 20; Dec. 19, '63, Oswego; Dec. 19; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Marshall, George, 24; Jan. 4, '64, Geneva; Jan. 4; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Martin, George, 27; Dec. 21, '63, Clay; Dec. 21; Corp., Feb. 11, '64; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A. Veteran.
- Mead, Stephen E., 19; Nov. 23, '63, Auburn; Dec. 2; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Miller, John J., 18; Jan. 4, '64, Skaneateles; Jan. 4; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Milliken, William, 26; Nov. 7, '63, Oswego; Nov. 24; dis. Aug. 9, '65, Elmira. Vet. Co. B, 24th N. Y. Vols.
- Mix, George, 18; Nov. 20, '63, Syracuse; Dec. 2; d. Feb. 3, '65, hospital, City Point, Va.
- Mosner, Peter, 18; Nov. 27, '63, Syracuse; Dec. 2; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Mulvey, Frank, 20; Nov. 9, '63, Auburn; Nov. 24; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Munroe, George C., 21; Nov. 18, '63, Oswego; Dec. 9; commissioned 2d Lieut., May 23, '64, not mustered; dis. Aug. 29,

- '64, for promotion 2d Lieut., 13th U. S. C. A. Vet. Co. I, 24th N. Y. Vols.
- Murphy, Thomas, 22; Nov. 9, '63, Auburn; Dec. 2; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Murray, Thomas, 26; Dec. 3, '63, Syracuse; Dec. 9; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Northrup, George, 22; Dec. 28, '63, Syracuse; Dec. 28; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- O'Brien, Patrick, 23; Jan. 6, '64, Syracuse; Jan. 6; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- O'Connor, Benjamin, 32; Dec. 22, '63, Oswego; Dec. 22; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- O'Donnell, Michael, 44; Oct. 22, '63, Auburn; Nov. 5; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A. Veteran.
- O'Hara, John, 21; Dec. 4, '63, Auburn; Dec. 4; no M. O.
- Page, Seneca, 44; Nov. 26, '63, Auburn; Dec. 2; Artificer; d. Apr. 2, '65, hospital, Alexandria.
- Parker, Melvin, 42; July 25, '64, 8th N. Y. Dist.; July 25; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Pereaux, Peter, 29; Dec. 21, '63, Oswego; Dec. 21; wd. at Battery Lee, no date; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Pike, George A., 19; Aug. 6, '64, Rochester; Aug. 6; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Preston, Thomas, 23; Oct. 21, '63, Oswego; Dec. 9; Sergt., no date; d. Aug. 11, '64, hospital, Fort Reno. Vet. Co. C, 24th N. Y. Vols.
- Prosser, Garrett S., 22; Nov. 30, '63, Syracuse; Nov. 30; d. Jan. 11, '64, Fort Simmons.
- Quick, Theodore D., 37; Nov. 4, '63, Owaseo; Dec. 2; Sergt., Feb. 1, '64; promoted 2d Lieut.
- Radway, Fred P., 20; Dec. 29, '63, Onondaga; Dec. 29; Corp., Feb. 11, '64; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Reidy, Maurice, 21; Oct. 28, '63, Syracuse; Nov. 5; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Richardson, Stephen C., 41; Dec. 22, '63, Skaneateles; Dec. 22; d. March 18, '64, Fort Simmons.
- Robinson, Charles, 22; Nov. 23, '63, Oswego; Dec. 9; Sergt., Feb. 1, '64; 1st Sergt., Jan. 1, '65; promoted 2d Lieut. Vet. Co. B, 24th N. Y. Vols.
- Rockfellow, Victor S., 28; March 30, '64, Hastings; March 30; dis. as Corp., July 25, '65.
- Rowe, Francis E., 18; Jan. 1, '64, Onondaga; Jan. 1; dis. Aug. 23, '64.
- Ryan, Patrick, 18; Nov. 20, '63, Syracuse; Nov. 24; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Sayles, John B., 33; Dec. 28, '63, Skaneateles; Dec. 28; d. March 15, '64, Fort Simmons.
- Scarles, Wilbur, 21; Nov. 13, '63, Oswego; Nov. 24; Corp., Jan. 1, '65; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A. Vet. 24th N. Y. Vols.

- Sinclair, James P., 27; Jan. 4, '64, Cayuga; Jan. 4; dis. Jan. 10, '65.
- Skinner, Edson C., 25; Dec. 25, '63, Oswego; Dec. 25; trans. Jan. 23, '65, 81st Co., 2d Bat., V. R. C.
- Sliney, Thomas, 26; Dec. 26, '63, Oswego; Dec. 26; Corp., Feb. 11, '64; Sergt., Jan. 1, '65; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A. Vet. Co. F, 24th N. Y. Vols.
- Smith, George, 21; Jan. 1, '64, Galen; Jan. 5; deserted Jan. 10, '65.
- Smith, John, 43; Nov. 18, '63, Salina; Dec. 7; absent sick from Sept. 20, '64.
- Smith, Mathew W., 18; Dec. 17, '63, Oswego; Dec. 17; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A. Veteran.
- Snyder, Charles J., 19; Dec. 17, '63, Syracuse; Dec. 17; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Snyder, Philip, 23; Jan. 4, '64, Geneva, in Co. A; Jan. 4; trans. to L, no date; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Soule, Francis E. H., 22; Jan. 18, '64, Schenectady; Feb. 26; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Souls, Hobart W., 16; Nov. 3, '63, Auburn; Nov. 12; Musician, no date; dis. May 18, '65.
- Sova, Amada, 23; Dec. 2, '63, Oswego; Dec. 2; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Spaulding, Charles J., 18; Oct. 29, '63, Auburn; Dec. 2; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Springer, Elisha, 26; Dec. 24, '63, Niles; Jan. 4; wd. Oct. 19, '64, Cedar Creek; dis. July 8, '65.
- Squires, David R. B., 45; Jan. 9, '64, Onondaga; Jan. 9; no M. O.
- Stacey, Alfred E., 18; Sept. 5, '64, Elbridge; 1 year; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Stacey, Anthony, 26; Nov. 2, '63, Skaneateles; Nov. 2; dis. Corp., July 24, '64. Vet. Co. G, 3d N. Y. A.
- Stacey, George, 42; Sept. 5, '64, Elbridge; Sept. 5, 1 year; wd. Oct. 19, '64, Cedar Creek; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Stevens, Edward P., 18; Dec. 2, '63, Mexico; Dec. 2; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Stewart, Dennis M., 43; Dec. 24, '63, Syracuse; Dec. 24; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Stewart, George, 40; Nov. 24, '63, Brooklyn; Dec. 7; wd. Oct. 19, '64, Cedar Creek; dis. May 27, '65.
- Stoyell, John, 21; Nov. 12, '63, Moravia; Dec. 2; Corp., Feb. 1, '64; Sergt., Feb. 20, '64; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.; M. O. as 2d Lieut.
- Sturdevant, Marshall E., 18; Dec. 16, '63, Syracuse; Dec. 16; k. Oct. 19, '64, Cedar Creek.
- Tanner, Cyrus, 29; Nov. 17, '63, Auburn; Nov. 19; dis. May 29, '65.
- Toner, John, 19; Aug. 29, '64, Ovid; Aug. 29, 1 year; M. O., July 6, '65.

- Tunis, William J. H., 18; Aug. 8, '64, Hornellsville; Aug. 8, 1 year; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Walker, Livingstone, 17; Nov. 16, '63, Auburn; Nov. 24; d. Mar. 12, '64, Fort Simmons.
- Walker, William H., 17; Nov. 16, '63, Auburn; Nov. 24; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Walker, William V., 19; Nov. 23, '63, Auburn; Dec. 2; Corp., May 1, '65; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Watson, Thomas, 43; Nov. 12, '63, Auburn; Nov. 16; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A. Veteran 61st N. Y. Vols.
- Wayne, Robert, 21; Nov. 13, '63, Auburn; Nov. 13; no M. O.
- Webster, Anson D., 21; Dec. 28, '63, Fabius; Dec. 28; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A. Vet. Co. I, 61st N. Y. Vols.
- Wickes, Jared W., 20; Nov. 23, '63, Syracuse; Dec. 7; trans. May 1, '65, 37th Co., 2d Bat., V. R. C.
- Wilbur, Simeon, 39; Nov. 30, '63, Cicero; Nov. 30; d. Jan. 3, '64, Fort Simmons.
- Wilcox, Stephen T., 26; Dec. 30, '63, Manlius; Dec. 30; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A. Veteran.
- Willis, John G., 37; March 30, '64, Palermo; March 30; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Wilson, George H., 25; Nov. 23, '63, Onondaga; Dec. 4; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A. Vet. Co. I, 12th N. Y. Vols.
- Winkworth, John, 21; Jan. 2, '64, Geddes; Jan. 2; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Woodburn, Richard, 21; Oct. 21, '63, Oswego; Nov. 24; deserted March 23, '64. Vet. Co. I, 24th N. Y. Vols.
- Young, Andrew, 39; Oct. 22, '63, Syracuse; Nov. 5; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A. Vet. of the Regular Army.
- Zimmerman, George, 19; Dec. 11, '63, Syracuse; Dec. 15; d. Jan. 3, '65, hospital, Washington.

COMPANY M.

Company M came into the Ninth as the eleventh company, though not at the eleventh hour. It is very likely that all the men in the regiment knowing to the circumstances regretted the misfortune which deprived the 22d Independent Battery of the part they had hoped to play in the service, but neither the men in the company nor those in the regiment were responsible for the situation, and all speedily became the best of friends. Since the homes of the majority of those in Company M are considerably further west than Wayne and Cayuga, the "boys" do not get to the reunions as their comrades wish, and regrets are always expressed over the necessary separation.

There are names on the roll of the company that are very dear to all the survivors, and every one who wore the insignia of corps and regiment is pleased that so good a company was sent to march with them in their journeys over Virginia.

Still, the wound inflicted when the battery notion was abandoned was deep and rankled long. The following lines written by one of the company, the final stanza of sixteen recounting the rise and progress of the body, present fairly well the sentiments of the boys:

“We belong to this regiment, Ninth bandbox 'tis called,
Our letter is M, and by that we are told;
Though we wear not the figures, Number 22,
We'll fight just as well for the red, white and blue.”

CAPTAINS.

- John D. Numan, 42; Sept. 4, '62. Lockport; Sept. 4, Captain; dis. April 15, '63.
Anson S. Wood, from Company D, June 5, '63; rank from Apr. 14; wd. at Monocacy; promoted Major.
William I. Parrish, from 1st Lieut., Nov. 30, '64; M. O., July 6, '65.

FIRST LIEUTENANTS.

- Melancthon N. Brown, 37; Sept. 4, '62, Lockport; Sept. 4, 1st Lieut.; dis. April 16, '63.
William DeW. Pringle, 22; Sept. 4, '62, Lockport; Sept. 4, 1st Lieut.; for several months Adjutant; dis. Oct. 28, '64.
Robert C. Worthington, from 2d Lieut., June 6, '63; rank from April 16; dis. Jan. 31, '64.
William I. Parrish, from 2d Lieut., April 4, '64; promoted Capt.
Guy A. Brown, from Sergt. Major, Nov. 28, '64; wd. April 2, '64, Petersburg; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.; M. O. as Captain.
Robert Finley, from 2d Lieut., March 1, '65; rank from Feb. 3; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.

SECOND LIEUTENANTS.

- Robert C. Worthington, 23; Sept. 4, '62, Lockport; Sept. 4, 2d Lieut.; promoted 1st Lieut.
William I. Parrish, from 1st Sergt., June 15, '63; commissioned May 21; promoted 1st Lieut.
Asahel M. Abbey, from 1st Sergt., April 17, '63; promoted 1st Lieut., Co. C.
John Oldswager, from Corp., Oct. 16, '64; rank from Aug. 15; k. Oct. 19, '64, Cedar Creek.
Robert Finley, from 1st Sergt., Dec. 15, '64; rank from Nov. 14; promoted 1st Lieut.

NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS AND PRIVATES.

- Abbey, Asahel M., 25; Aug. 29, '62, Oakfield; Oct. 28, Sergt.; 1st Sergt., no date; promoted 2d Lieut.



COMPANY M.

1st Lieut. A. M. Abbey. 1st Lieut. Guy A. Brown.
Capt. Wm. I. Parrish.
Sergt. F. N. Parish. 2d Lieut. J. J. Peard.

- Albert, Christian, 21; Aug. 25, '64, Rome; Aug. 25; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.; also borne as Albert Christian.
- Avery, Benjamin L., 33; Aug. 29, '64, Moravia; 1 year; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Avery, George, 28; Aug. 21, '62, Alexander; Oct. 28; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Barhite, Anthony, 33; Sept. 1, '64, Moravia; Sept. 1, 1 year; wd. Cedar Creek; prisoner Dec. 31, '64; dis. June 19, '65.
- Barnard, Thomas C., 18; Aug. 21, '62, Alexander; Oct. 28; d. July 11, '63, Fort Simmons.
- Barnhart, John C., 35; Dec. 31, '63, Scipio; Dec. 31; k. July 9, '64, Monocacy.
- Bartlett, John W., 23; Aug. 13, '63, Bethany; Oct. 28, Corp.; Sergt., April 27, '64; dis. March 25, '65.
- Bartlett, Luther M., 22; Jan. 1, '64, Bethany; Jan. 1; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Bates, George W., 30; Sept. 3, '64, Camillus; Sept. 3, 1 year; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Beitz, Charles L., 24; Sept. 1, '64, Moravia; Sept. 1, 1 year; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Benton, Edwin J., 18; Aug. 29, '62, Batavia; Oct. 28; wd. April 2, '65, Petersburg; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Beyer, Charles, 27; Aug. 15, '64, Norwich; Aug. 15; dis. June 10, '65.
- Birdsell, Amos M., 29; Aug. 26, '64, Moravia; Sept. 1, 1 year; k. Oct. 19, '64, Cedar Creek.
- Bogardus, John, 34; Sept. 1, '64, Albany; Sept. 1, 1 year; k. Oct. 19, '64, Cedar Creek.
- Bower, John, 24; Aug. 21, '62, Alexander; Oct. 28; Corp., 1st Sergt., no dates; wd. Cedar Creek; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Bowman, George W., 18; Dec. 23, '63, Lyons; Dec. 29; wd. Cedar Creek; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Bowman, Jacob, 36; Dec. 19, '63, Lyons; Dec. 28; dis. Oct. 7, '64, hospital.
- Boyd, Henry C., 18; Feb. 3, '64, 2d N. Y. Dist.; Feb. 3; deserted Feb. 14, '64.
- Brower, Aldice W., 19; Jan. 4, '64, Sodus; Jan. 4; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Brown, Cyrus W., 18; Aug. 28, '62, Batavia; Oct. 28; promoted Aug. 1, '63, to commission in U. S. C. T.
- Brown, Guy A., 18; Aug. 22, '62, Batavia; Aug. 28, Corp.; Sergt., June 4, '63; trans. field and staff, Sergt. Major; later promoted 1st Lieut.
- Brown, Seymour S., 23; Aug. 21, '62, Alexander; Oct. 28; Corp., April 27, '64; dis. July 25, '65.
- Burr, Frederick, 29; Aug. 30, '62, Oakfield; Oct. 28; d. July 9, '64, hospital.
- Burnside, Sherman, 43; Sept. 30, '64, Rochester; Sept. 30, 1 year; M. O., July 6, '65.

- Burt, Nelson T., 31; Dec. 22, '63, 29th N. Y. Dist.; Dec. 22; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Butler, Frederick, 42; Sept. 22, '64, Rochester; Sept. 22, 1 year; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Carmel, John, 29; Sept. 4, '62, Bergen; Oct. 28; Corp., Oct. 19, '64; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Carney, James, 18; Aug. 30, '62, Oakfield; Oct. 28; Corp., Dec. 21, '64; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Carney, John, 19; Aug. 30, '62, Oakfield; Oct. 28; wd. Cedar Creek; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Carney, Michael, 19; Aug. 30, '62, Oakfield; Oct. 28; dis. June 23, '65.
- Carter, Zina W., 20; Sept. 2, '62, Darien; Oct. 28; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Case, James W., 22; Aug. 28, '62, Bergen; Oct. 28; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.; also borne as Casey.
- Chace, George P., 19; Aug. 25, '62, Bergen; Oct. 28; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Champlin, Rowland J., 18; Aug. 13, '62, Bethany; Oct. 28; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Chapple, William H., 18; Aug. 21, '62, Alexander; Oct. 28; dis. Jan. 21, '64.
- Clark, Joseph, 19; Sept. 2, '64, Montezuma; Sept. 2, 1 year; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Cleveland, Charles J., 21; Aug. 25, '62, Bergen; Oct. 28; Sergt., April 27, '64; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Clute, James W., 19; Sept. 2, '64, Albany; Sept. 10, 1 year; dis. March 19, '65.
- Connelly, Henry, 19; Aug. 21, '62, Alexander; Oct. 28; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.; also borne as Conley.
- Connor, John, 24; Aug. 12, '62, Bethany; Oct. 28; Sergt., Jan. 22, '63; trans. April 9, '64, to Signal Corps.
- Cook, Orlin, 36; Dec. 26, '63, Bethany; Dec. 27; dis. Oct. 19, '64.
- Cook, Thomas, 24; Aug. 21, '62, Alexander; Oct. 28; dis. March 28, '63.
- Cox, Benjamin, 30; Aug. 31, '62, Bergen; Oct. 28; dis. June 6, '65.
- Cox, John, 31; Sept. 4, '62, Darien; Oct. 28; dis. July 20, '63.
- Crampton, William H., 21; Sept. 3, '64, Rochester; Sept. 3, 1 year; missing after the Battle of Cedar Creek, Oct. 19, '64.
- Crittenden, Josiah T., 35; Aug. 30, '62, Bergen; Oct. 28, Sergt.; promoted 2d Lieut., Co. B.
- Crowley, Dennis, 12; Jan. 4, '64, Washington; Jan. 4, Musician; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.; the youngest recorded age in the regiment.
- Cure, Charles, 22; Sept. 19, '64, Albany; Sept. 19, 1 year; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Cure, Edwin, 20; Sept. 19, '64, Albany; Sept. 19, 1 year; wd. Cedar Creek; prisoner Dec. 31, '64, Petersburg; M. O., July 6, '65.

- Dabron, William, 20; Dec. 22, '63, Bethel; Dec. 22; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Davenport, Norman, 24; Aug. 20, '64, Bolton; Aug. 20, 1 year; wd. Cedar Creek; dis. Feb. 25, '65.
- Dean, Cassius M., 19; Aug. 29, '64, Moravia; Sept. 1; dis. May 29, '65.
- Delano, Elbridge C., 44; Jan. 4, '64, Sodus; Jan. 5; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Demary, Sylvester, 28; Aug. 21, '62, Alexander; Oct. 28; wd. Cedar Creek; trans. Feb. 24, '65, V. R. C.
- Derrick, James, 42; Dec. 22, '63, Bethany; Dec. 22; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A. Had served in Co. D, 14th N. Y. I.
- Dewolf, James, 22; Jan. 14, '64, Montezuma; Jan. 14; absent sick after Nov. 12, '64.
- Dibble, Dennis, 19; Aug. 30, '62, Oakfield; Oct. 28; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Dodson, Earl A., 20; Aug. 21, '62, Alexander; Oct. 28; dis. Feb. 25, '65.
- Dodson, George W., 29; Sept. 6, '62, Darien; Oct. 28, Artificer; wd. at Monocacy; dis. April 10, '65.
- Doolittle, Edward F., 45; Jan. 4, '64, Hanover; Jan. 4; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Dowlan, Nicholas, 33; Sept. 30, '64, Albany; Sept. 30, 1 year; dis. June 15, '65.
- Eastwood, Elias, 24; Aug. 26, '62, Bergen; Oct. 28; wd. at Monocacy; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Eddy, William A., 22; Aug. 30, '62, Bergen; Oct. 28; prisoner Nov. 18, '64; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Eldred, George F., 21; Sept. 23, '64, Farmington; Sept. 23, 1 year; dis. May 31, '65.
- Ellison, Alonzo, 26; Dec. 20, '63, Bethel; Dec. 22; wd. Cedar Creek; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Ensign, Horace, 43; Dec. 23, '63, Bethany; Dec. 28; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Faber, William, 23; Aug. 21, '62, Alexander; Oct. 28; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Field, John E., 24; Aug. 30, '62, Oakfield; Oct. 28; dis. March 3, '64.
- Finley, Robert, 20; Aug. 28, '62, Batavia; Oct. 28; Sergt., Oct. 12, '63; 1st Sergt., Oct. 16, '64; wd. Cedar Creek; promoted 2d Lieut.
- Fitzgerald, Michael, 19; Aug. 27, '64, Poughkeepsie; Aug. 27; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Forbes, Orson J., 18; Aug. 13, '62, Bethany; Oct. 28; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Foster, Charles, 28; Aug. 21, '62, Alexander; Oct. 28; trans. Jan. 16, '65, V. R. C.
- Foster, Henry, 28; Dec. 30, '63, 29th Cong. Dist.; Dec. 30; trans. Jan. 16, '65, V. R. C.

- Foster, William, 44; Dec. 30, '63, 29th Cong. Dist.; Dec. 30; trans. Jan. 16, '65, V. R. C.
- Frank, John, 18; Aug. 5, '64, Schenectady; Aug. 5, 1 year; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Fritsche, Hermann, 24; Aug. 21, '62, Alexander; Oct. 28; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Fritts, Harvey W., 39; Sept. 8, '64, Spafford; Sept. 8; wd. Cedar Creek; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Gann, George, 38; Aug. 30, '62, Oakfield; Oct. 28; Corp., Dec. 21, '64; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Garratt, Levi T., 36; Aug. 21, '62, Alexander; Oct. 28; dis. Mar. 27, '64.
- Garratt, William L., 23; Jan. 1, '64, Lyons; Jan. 2; trans. as Artificer Dec. 15, '64, V. R. C.
- Gee, Alva A., 19; Jan. 4, '64, Darien; Jan. 5; Corp., no date; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Gee, Samuel D., 23; Jan. 5, '64, Darien; Jan. 5; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Geynor, Joseph, 33; Sept. 14, '64, Albany; Sept. 14, 1 year; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Gillett, Elijah P., 21; Sept. 30, '64, Rochester; Sept. 30, 1 year; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Glor, Paul, 24; Aug. 21, '62, Alexander; Oct. 28; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Godfrey, Arthur, 26; Dec. 28, '63, 29th Cong. Dist.; Dec. 28; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Gray, Charles H., 18; Dec. 26, '63, 29th Cong. Dist.; Dec. 26; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Greenfield, Alonzo, 19; Dec. 16, '63, Savannah; Dec. 1; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A. Vet. 98th N. Y. Vols.
- Griffin, Charles R., 19; Aug. 21, '62, Alexander; Oct. 28; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Griffis, John O., 18; Aug. 30, '62, Batavia; Oct. 28; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Grigers, Frederick, 37; Oct. 7, '64, Kingston; Oct. 7; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Haight, Ira E., 18; Aug. 30, '62, Oakfield; Oct. 28; dis. March 10, '63.
- Hannah, Robert, 22; Sept. 7, '64, Albany; Sept. 7, 1 year; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Hartwell, James, 18; Jan. 4, '64, Forestburg; Jan. 4; k. Oct. 19, '64, Cedar Creek.
- Hassett, John, Jr., 19; Aug. 31, '62, Bergen; Oct. 28; dis. June 16, '65.
- Hermann, John, 32; Aug. 21, '62, Alexander; Oct. 28; Sergt., April 9, '64; dis. July 3, '65.
- Herrington, John, 23; Sept. 7, '64, Albany; Sept. 7, 1 year; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Hilsinger, Chester, 24; Dec. 29, '63, Marathon; dis. June 21, '65, Washington.

- Holenbeck, Abram, 30; Sept. 19, '64, Albany; Sept. 19, 1 year; wd. Nov. 5, '64; dis. June 19, '65.
- Hollenbeck, Arthur, 18; Aug. 31, '62, Bergen; Oct. 28; k. Dec. 31, '64, Petersburg.
- Hollenbeck, Edward J., 18; Aug. 30, '62, Bergen; Oct. 28; trans. April 16, '65, V. R. C.
- Huff, Gershom R., 20; Aug. 29, '64, Venice; Sept. 1, 1 year; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Humphrey, Amos, 25; Aug. 25, '62, Alexander; Oct. 28; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Humphrey, Amos B., 24; Jan. 5, '64, Darien; Jan. 5; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Humphrey, Marcus E., 21; Jan. 5, '64, Darien; Jan. 5; d. Aug. 14, '64, hospital.
- Hutchins, Miles H., 19; Feb. 9, '64, Cortland; Feb. 14; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Jewell, Ezra, 39; Sept. 3, '64, Camillus; Sept. 3, 1 year; wd. Cedar Creek; deserted March 18, '65; a false jewel.
- Johnson, Henry, 18; Aug. 30, '62, Bethany; Oct. 28; trans. Jan. 18, '64, Signal Corps.
- Jones, David, 28; Jan. 18, '64, Darien; Jan. 18; prisoner July 9, '64, Monocacy; dis. April 5, '65.
- Jones, Samuel R., 28; Feb. 23, '64, Springfield; Feb. 23; dis. June 22, '65. Vet. Co. K, 3d N. Y. A.
- Keaf, David, 19; Feb. 26, '64, Oswego; Feb. 26; d. Oct. 7, '64, Fort Simmons.
- Keating, Patrick, 19; Sept. 6, '62, Batavia; Oct. 28; prisoner Dec. 31, '64; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Kelly, Lawrence, 18; Jan. 30, '64, 6th Cong. Dist.; Jan. 20; deserted Feb. 5, '64.
- King, Lebbeus, 23; Aug. 30, '62, Oakfield; Oct. 28; Corp., April, '63; Sergt., April 27, '64; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- King, Stephen R., 24; Aug. 30, '62, Oakfield; Oct. 28; missing after Monocacy, July 9, '64.
- Kingdon, John L., 27; Aug. 25, '62, Bethany; Oct. 28; Corp., Jan. 22, '63; trans. Jan. 18, '64, Signal Corps.
- Kinkner, Joseph, 22; Aug. 19, '64, Utica; Aug. 19, 1 year; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Knapp, Albert H., 23; Aug. 12, '62, Bethany; Oct. 28; Corp., June 1, '64; Sergt., July 1, '64; prisoner July 20, '64; dis. Sept. 19, '65, Rochester.
- Knox, Alonzo H., 18; Aug. 29, '64, Moravia; Sept. 1; wd. Cedar Creek; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Lampson, James, 28; Sept. 8, '64, Albany; Sept. 14, 1 year; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Lamson, William H., 30; Dec. 16, '63, 14th Cong. Dist.; Dec. 16; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A. Veteran.
- Lansing, Isaac, 36; Sept. 12, '64, Albany; Sept. 12; missing after Cedar Creek.

- Lapp, Henry, 25; Sept. 6, '62, Darien; Oct. 28; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Lapp, James M., 19; Aug. 30, '62, Batavia; Oct. 28; trans. as Corp. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Lapp, John M., 29; Aug. 21, '62, Alexander; Oct. 28; dis. Feb. 16, '63.
- Lathrop, Samuel, 26; Sept. 6, '62, Darien; Oct. 28; d. a prisoner Feb. 15, '65, Danville, Va.
- Lee, John, 19; Feb. 3, '64, 3d Cong. Dist.; Feb. 3; deserted Feb. 14, '64.
- Lewis, Benjamin, 18; Aug. 15, '62, Bethany; Oct. 28; dis. March 3, '64.
- Lewis, Hiram, 44; Jan. 2, '64, Sodus; Jan. 4; dis. June 15, '65.
- Livingston, Abner H., 21; Aug. 29, '64, Moravia; Sept. 1, 1 year; dis. June 24, '65.
- Lock, Edwin, 29; Aug. 21, '62, Alexander; Oct. 28; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Lockwood, Norman A., 24; Dec. 20, '63, Ledyard; Dec. 30; dis. July 29, '65, Elmira. Veteran.
- Luplow, Carl, 29; Aug. 30, '62, Oakfield; Oct. 28; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Lybolt, Alonzo, 23; Dec. 21, '63, Forestburg; Dec. 21; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Lybolt, Archibald, 21; Dec. 20, '63, Darien; Dec. 20; prisoner July 9, '64, Monacaey; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Lybolt, Lewis A., 20; Dec. 21, '63, Forestburg; Dec. 21; dis. May 29, '65, hospital, Washington.
- Lyons, Elias, 23; Aug. 31, '62, Bethany; Oct. 28; Artificer, no date; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- McCray, John, 29; Sept. 10, '64, Sheldon; Sept. 10, 1 year; dis. June 16, '65.
- McDonald, John, 20; Aug. 22, '64, Avon; Aug. 22; dis. June 18, '65.
- McIntosh, Angus, 24; Aug. 30, '62, Bergen; Oct. 28; wd. Sept. 19, '64; Corp., no date; dis. July 25, '65.
- McManus, Thomas, 21; Aug. 30, '62, Oakfield; Oct. 28; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- McMillen, Archibald, 23; Aug. 30, '62, Bethany; Oct. 28; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Manney, Barney W., 20; Dec. 31, '63, Forestburg; Dec. 31; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Manney, James H., 24; Dec. 31, '63, Forestburg; Dec. 31; wd. Cedar Creek; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Manney, Thomas J., 18; Dec. 31, '63, Forestburg; Dec. 31; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Marcellus, Alva; 31; Sept. 3, '64, Camillus; Sept. 3, 1 year; wd. Cedar Creek; M. O., June 24, '65.
- Marsh, Joseph, —; Sept. 2, '62, Bethany; Oct. 28; Corp., Sept. 16, '64; dis. July 25, '65.

- Mellon, Morris, 35; Dec. 28, '63, Gerry; Dec. 29; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Mellon, Proctor, 23; Aug. 29, '64, Moravia; Sept. 1, 1 year; d. June 22, '65, hospital.
- Meredith, Marion F., 22; Aug. 21, '62, Alexander; Oct. 28; Corp., June 12, '63; dis. July 6, '65.
- Millard, John B., 24; Dec. 14, '63, Galen; Dec. 29; k. July 9, '64, Monocacy.
- Miller, David, 21; Aug. 30, '62, Batavia; Oct. 28; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Miller, William, 22; Dec. 28, '63, 29th Cong. Dist.; Dec. 28; wd. at Monocacy; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Minturn, William, 25; Aug. 30, '64, Moravia; Sept. 1, 1 year; prisoner Dec. 31, '64; dis. June 21, '65.
- Moore, Jacob, 25; Aug. 31, '62, Bergen; Oct. 28; d. Oct. 22, '64, from wounds received at Cedar Creek.
- Moore, William F., 19; Jan. 5, '64, Darien; Jan. 5; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Morgan, Israel, 33; Dec. 13, '63, Lyons; Dec. 28; dis. June 16, '65.
- Moses, Francis S., 18; Feb. 22, '64, Caneadea; Feb. 22; wd. Cold Harbor; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Moses, Lafayette, 19; Feb. 22, '64, Caneadea; Feb. 23; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Moulton, Albert H., 18; Aug. 21, '62, Alexander; Oct. 28; Corp., March 28, '63; trans. Jan. 10, '64, Signal Corps.
- Moulton, Edward F., 20; Aug. 20, '62, Alexander; Oct. 28; Sergt., Oct. 16, '63; trans. April 9, '64, Signal Corps.
- Moulton, William M., 25; Aug. 21, '62, Alexander; Oct. 28; dis. Jan. 26, '64.
- Moxon, Artemas, 29; Dec. 30, '63, Bennington; Dec. 30; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A. Vet. Co. D, 14th N. Y. Vols.
- Munger, Lucius A., 20; Aug. 29, '62, Bergen; Oct. 28; trans. Jan. 18, '64, Signal Corps.
- Munt, John, 32; Aug. 30, '62, Oakfield; Oct. 28; dis. June 6, '65.
- Newland, Rial, 42; Dec. 21, '63, 29th Cong. Dist.; Dec. 21; a veteran railroad man, he was detailed April 11, '64, and served the government as railroad engineer; dis. May 21, '65.
- Nichols, Moses, 24; Aug. 21, '62, Alexander; Oct. 28; Corp., Oct. 19, '64; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Nulty, Henry, 34; Aug. 14, '62, Batavia; Oct. 28, Corp.; Sergt., April 5, '63; dis. May 25, '65.
- O'Donnell, Michael, 24; Aug. 30, '62, Oakfield; Oct. 18; Corp., Oct. 16, '63; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Oldswager, John, 26; Aug. 21, '62, Alexander; Oct. 28, Corp.; 1st Sergt., June 10, '63; promoted 2d Lieut.
- Paden, Thomas W., 28; Aug. 30, '62, Bergen; Oct. 28; Sergt., no date; k. Oct. 19, '64, Cedar Creek.
- Parish, Francis N., 28; Aug. 5, '62, Bergen; Oct. 28, Q. M. Sergt.; dis. Jan. 21, '64.

- Parrish, William L., 27; Aug. 21, '62, Alexander; Oct. 28, Sergt.; promoted 2d Lieut.
- Patrick, Corydon M., 19; Aug. 29, '64, Moravia; Sept. 1, 1 year; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Peard, John J., 19; Sept. 5, '62, Batavia; Oct. 28; Sergt., June 7, '65; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.; M. O. 2d Lieut.
- Pearsall, Levi, 20; Aug. 30, '64, Moravia; Sept. 1, 1 year; wd. Cedar Creek; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Peck, George W., 29; Aug. 29, '64, Moravia; Sept. 1, 1 year; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Pelton, Stephen, 36; Jan. 13, '64, Sterling; Jan. 15; no M. O.
- Peters, Hugh T., 18; Sept. 4, '62, Darien; Oct. 28; Sergt., no date; dis. April 19, '64.
- Pitkins, David, 31; Sept. 2, '64, Albany; Sept. 2, 1 year; prisoner Dec. 31, '64, Petersburg; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Plant, Robert, 43; Aug. 30, '62, Bergen; Oct. 28; dis. June 6, '65.
- Pollock, John P., 18; Sept. 13, '64, Albany; Sept. 13; dis. May 31, '65, hospital.
- Pond, Edson H., 25; Aug. 29, '62, Oakfield; Oct. 28, Musician; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Porter, James, 18; Aug. 21, '62, Batavia; Oct. 28; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Porter, Nelson, 42; Sept. 3, '64, Camillus; Sept. 6, 1 year; wd. Cedar Creek; d. May 1, '65, hospital, City Point.
- Pulver, Jacob, 27; Dec. 18, '63, Lyons; Dec. 29; dis. May 31, '65.
- Putnam, Norman M., 25; Sept. 5, '62, Batavia; Oct. 28; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Quick, Oscar, 18; Dec. 26, '63, Oswego; Jan. 5; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Randolph, William H., 22; Aug. 31, '62, Bergen; Oct. 28; wd. Cold Harbor; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Rhinehart, Cornelius, 43; Jan. 5, '64, Forestburg; Jan. 5; trans. April 25, '65, 116th Co., 2d Bat., V. R. C.
- Rice, Lyman, 42; Jan. 5, '64, Darien; Jan. 5; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Rich, Alonzo, 19; Aug. 15, '62, Bethany; Oct. 28; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Rich, Ambrose, 25; Aug. 13, '62, Bethany; Oct. 28; d. Jan. 5, '65, hospital.
- Rich, Mortimer, 18; Aug. 13, '62, Bethany; Oct. 28; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Richards, Frederick, 36; Aug. 21, '62, Alexander; Oct. 28; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Richmond, Sidney, 24; Aug. 30, '62, Bergen; Oct. 28; dis. May 23, '65.
- Robertson, George, 31; Dec. 21, '63, Butler; Dec. 28; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Rosecrants, Eli F., 21; Jan. 4, '64, Springport; Jan. 9; prisoner July 9, '64, Monocacy; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.

- Royce, Day, 22; Aug. 29, '64, Moravia; Sept. 1, 1 year; prisoner Dec. 31, '64, Petersburg; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Rumsey, Nathan E., 18; Sept. 6, '62, Bethany; Oct. 28; wd. June 22, '64; deserted Feb. 1, '65.
- Ryan, John, 23; Feb. 3, '64, 3d Cong. Dist.; Feb. 3; wd. Cedar Creek; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Schiller, John D., 25; Aug. 21, '62, Alexander; Oct. 28; Sergt., Oct. 12, '63; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Shadbolt, Edwin, 26; Aug. 21, '62, Alexander; Oct. 28; Corp., July 1, '64; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Shader, Gilbert, 43; Aug. 31, '62, Bergen; Oct. 28; trans. Jan. 22, '64, 22d Co., 2d Bat., V. R. C.
- Shafer, Henry, 35; Sept. 3, '62, Darien; Oct. 28; dis. Mar. 21, '63.
- Shaw, Edsel, 21; Aug. 29, '62, Bethany; Oct. 28; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Shepard, Charles, —; Jan. 25, '64, Fort Corcoran; Jan. 25; dis. Aug. 26, '65, Elmira. Veteran.
- Sherman, John J., 30; Dec. 19, '63, Huron; Jan. 4; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Sleeper, Joseph A., 35; Dec. 29, '63, 29th Cong. Dist.; Dec. 29; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Smead, Charles E., 18; Aug. 13, '62, Bethany; Oct. 28; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Smith, Edward B., 18; Aug. 30, '62, Oakfield; Oct. 28; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Smith, Wallace M., 18; Aug. 30, '62, Oakfield; Oct. 28; dis. June 22, '65.
- Spoor, George D., 19; Sept. 19, '64, Albany; Sept. 19, 1 year; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Spring, David S., 18; Aug. 21, '62, Alexander; Oct. 28; dis. June 9, '65.
- Stephens, John D., 27; Sept. 30, '64, Rochester; Sept. 30, 1 year; deserted April 2, '65.
- Stewart, Alexander C., 24; Dec. 30, '63, Springport; Dec. 30; trans. Oct. 24, '64, 21st Co., 2d Bat., V. R. C.
- Sturgess, Horton, 23; Jan. 3, '64, Auburn; Jan. 5; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Tanger, Frederick, 29; Sept. 3, '62, Alexander; Oct. 28; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Taylor, Stephen, 20; Aug. 31, '62, Batavia; Oct. 28; Corp., Oct. 12, '63; Sergt., Dec. 21, '64; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Thompson, Orville, 28; Aug. 30, '62, Bergen; Oct. 28; Corp., Sept. 4, '64; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Thompson, Stephen, 44; Sept. 6, '62, Bergen; Oct. 28; trans. Jan. 22, '64, V. R. C.
- Tripp, Joseph, 38; Aug. 31, '64, Venice; Sept. 1, 1 year; wd. Cedar Creek; dis. June 16, '65.
- Van Curan, Charles, 18; Aug. 14, '62, Bethany; Oct. 28; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.; also borne as Van Buren.

- Vandenburg, Isaac, 31; Sept. 13, '64, Albany; Sept. 13, 1 year; dis. June 14, '65.
- Vandenburg, John, 19; Feb. 3, '64, 3d Cong. Dist.; Feb. 3; deserted Feb. 16, '64.
- Van Hoesen, John P., 27; Sept. 19, '64, Albany; Sept. 19, 1 year; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Vickers, Frederick, 41; Aug. 21, '62, Bergen; Oct. 28; M. O., July 6, '65.
- Vishion, Henry W., 21; Aug. 13, '62, Bethany; Oct. 28; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Wade, Gilbert C., 18; Sept. 3, '62, Bethany; Oct. 28; Corp., June 5, '64; Sergt., Dec. 21, '64; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Waite, Daniel E., 25; Aug. 29, '62, Batavia; Oct. 28. Sergt.; dis. Jan. 22, '64.
- Walsh, Thomas, 34; Aug. 21, Alexander; Oct. 28, Corp.; Sergt., Feb. 22, '63; dis. March 27, '63.
- Ward, Edwin, 40; Aug. 30, '62, Bergen; Oct. 28; Q. M. Sergt., June 12, '63; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Warren, John J., 28; Sept. 6, '62, Darien; Oct. 28; Corp., April 12, '64; dis. July 25, '65.
- Webster, Peter, 37; Jan. 2, '64, 14th Cong. Dist.; Jan. 2; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Welsh, William, 44; Aug. 21, '62, Alexander; Oct. 28; dis. Apr. 20, '64.
- Wickers, Jonas C., 24; Sept. 6, '62, Darien; Oct. 28; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Wilson, David, 23; Dec. 29, '63, Parma; Dec. 29; prisoner July 9, '64, Monocacy; d. Oct. 26, '64, Danville, Va.
- Wilson, Samuel R., 32; Dec. 5, '63, Galen; Dec. 29; dis. May 15, '65.
- Wing, Eugene B., 23; Aug. 21, '62, Alexander; Oct. 28, Corp.; Sergt., March 28, '63; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Wing, Stephen P., 23; Aug. 21, '62, Alexander; Oct. 28; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Wolfe, Frederick, 29; Dec. 29, '63, Livingston; Dec. 29; wd. Cedar Creek; d. Nov. 24, '64, hospital.
- Worthington, John, 35; Aug. 12, '62, Bethany; Oct. 28; Sergt., June 12, '63; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Wright, William E., 20; Aug. 12, '62, Bethany; Oct. 28, Sergt.; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.
- Zweitsche, Christian, 29; Aug. 21, '62, Alexander; Oct. 28; trans. June 27, '65, 2d N. Y. H. A.

Since Company M, as the 22d Independent Battery, came into the Ninth Feb. 5, 1863, it is obvious that all members of the battery who in any way severed their connection with the same before the above date had no part with our regiment and should not be included in our summaries, but for the sake of associations their names and disposition are here given.

- Edwin F. Clark, mustered as 2d Lieut., Sept. 4, '62, and by special order No. 156, adjutant general's office, War Department, April 4, '63, his commission was revoked and he was M. O. from date of M. L., having never reported for duty.
- Bailey, Freeman, 24; Aug. 30, '62, Oakfield; trans. Oct. 23, '62, 25th Ind. Bat.
- Bassett, William P., 44; Aug. 31, '62, Bergen; trans. Oct. 23, '62, 25th Ind. Bat.
- Blood, Delos, 24; Aug. 14, '62, Batavia; deserted Oct. 3, '62; that blood, though saved, was bad.
- Bradley, Chris. W., 20; Aug. 29, '62, Batavia; Oct. 28; dis. Jan. 17, '63, Washington.
- Brown, Hezekiah, 27; Aug. 31, '62, Bergen; deserted Oct. 24, '62.
- Brown, Miles T., 26; Aug. 15, '62, Bethany; Oct. 28; deserted Dec. 28, '62.
- Brunette, Isaac, 32; Aug. 30, '62, Oakfield; trans. Oct. 23, '62, 25th Ind. Bat.
- Canfield, Jerome, 34; Aug. 21, '62, Alexander; Oct. 28; dis. Dec. 23, '62.
- Cole, William B., 22; Aug. 21, '62, Alexander; Oct. 28; deserted Jan. 1, '63; this Cole made a black mark.
- Colt, Alva N., 19; Aug. 15, '62, Bethany; deserted Oct. 5, '62; he needed breaking.
- Conant, Orson H., 23; Aug. 21, '62, Alexander; Oct. 28; d. Jan. 13, '63, Fort Reno.
- Covey, Diocletian, 33; Aug. 21, '62, Alexander; Oct. 28; deserted Jan. 14, '63.
- Dunn, James, 18; Aug. 30, '62, Bergen; dis. Oct. 22, '62.
- Edwards, George, 40; Aug. 26, '62, Bergen; trans. 25th Ind. Bat.
- Emery, James, 18; Aug. 31, '62, Batavia; trans. Oct. 23, '62, 25th Ind. Bat.
- Fairfield, Charles, 44; Aug. 21, '62, Alexander; trans. Oct. 23, '62, 25th Ind. Bat.
- Ford, Ansel, 21; Aug. 29, '62, Bethany; Oct. 28; d. Dec. 8, '62.
- Fowler, Robert, 28; Aug. 30, '62, Oakfield; Oct. 28; dis. Dec. 14, '62.
- Gowing, Cyrus A., 20; Aug. 29, '62, Batavia; Oct. 28; d. Nov. 20, '62.
- Hatch, James G., 20; Aug. 13, '62, Bergen; Oct. 28; dis. Dec. 25, '62.
- Hill, David, 23; Aug. 29, '62, Bergen; deserted Sept. 23, '62; not the subsequent governor, he deserts nothing.
- Kellner, John, 25; Aug. 30, '62, Oakfield; Oct. 28; d. Jan. 14, '63.
- Kidder, James, 23; Aug. 30, '62, Batavia; Oct. 28; dis. Jan. 7, '63.
- Knapp, Silas, 19; Aug. 12, '62, Bethany; Oct. 28; d. Nov. 26, '62, Camp Barry.
- Kraetzer, Henry L., 21; Aug. 30, '62, Batavia; Oct. 28; d. Dec. 5, '62, Camp Barry.

- Lawrence, George B., 20; Aug. 29, '62, Bergen; Oct. 28; deserted Oct. 15, '62.
- Livingston, Henry, 26; Aug. 31, '63, Bergen; deserted Sept. 24, '62.
- Loomis, Irwin W., 22; Aug. 21, '62, Alexander; Oct. 28; deserted Jan. 1, '63.
- McDowell, Alexander C., 29; Aug. 9, '62, Bergen; deserted Sept. 20, '62.
- Maltby, William H., 23; Aug. 30, '63, Oakfield; Oct. 28; d. Nov. 24, '62.
- Martin, Elias, 23; Aug. 31, '62, Batavia; trans. 25th Ind. Bat.
- Rodgers, George, 18; Aug. 21, '62, Alexander; Oct. 28; dis. Jan. 31, '63.
- Smith, Charles A., 23; Aug. 30, '62, Oakfield; Oct. 28; d. Nov. 22, '62.
- Tisdale, Homer L., 21; Aug. 21, '62, Alexander; Oct. 28; dis. Jan. 9, '63.
- Waite, James M., 18; Aug. 29, '62, Bethany; Oct. 28, 1st Sergt.; promoted, Dec. 28, '62, 2d Lieut., 5th N. Y. H. A.
- West, Warren, 20; Aug. 19, '62, Batavia; Oct. 28; dis. Jan. 31, '63.
- Williams, John W., 18; Aug. 2, '62, Bergen; Oct. 28; d. Dec. 5, '62.
- Wood, Henry, 22; Aug. 13, '62, Bethany; Oct. 28, Artificer; d. Dec. 27, '62.
- Wright, Walter I., 24; Aug. 21, '62, Alexander; Oct. 28; d. Nov. 30, '62.

UNASSIGNED RECRUITS.

The following names are borne on the government rolls as unassigned to companies. Except in certain instances there is no record of muster-out. Consequently the data give only names, ages and muster-in facts. Very likely some names are on the company rolls in some varying form, thus changed through the carelessness of clerks.

The adjutant general's report, 1868, has the name of 2d Lieutenant Vincent "Aguet," commissioned Feb. 11, '63, with rank from Dec. 30, 1862, not mustered. Considerable research develops the facts that his name was Vincent Eugene Agnel, a son of Hyacinth R. Agnel, from 1840 till long after the war professor of French in West Point. Vincent E. was born in West Farms, Westchester county, March 22, 1840; was educated at the public schools of West Point, and by private tutors. He went to New Orleans in the winter of 1862 as a private secretary to General S. B. Holabird, and there died of typhoid fever, Mar. 28, '63. His body lies in West Point cemetery.

The adjutant general's report for 1897 has the name of A. P. Crafts, commissioned assistant surgeon, Sept. 25, '62, not mustered.

Also the same report bears the name of J. N. Knapp, mustered in as adjutant in Albany, Aug. 20, 1862, but was not commissioned. No further record.

The same report has Edward Malone, commissioned assistant surgeon Feb. 18, '65, not mustered.

Allen, Joshua, 38; March 10, '64, Troy; March 10.
 Allen, Milton C., 18; Aug. 23, '64, Genoa; Aug. 23, 1 year.
 Anderson, John, 20; March 3, '64, Brooklyn; March 3.
 Baldwin, George, 23; May 18, '64, Galen; May 18.
 Benedict, Joseph, 43; Sept. 20, '63, Avon; Sept. 20.
 Berdelle, George, 22; Dec. 21, '63, Niles; Jan. 2, '64.
 Berggren, Aden, 49; Jan. 11, '64, Cortland; Jan. 19.
 Bowman, John B., 21; Jan. 4, '64, Auburn; Jan. 4.
 Bowker, Jackson M., 18; Feb. 9, '64, Lansing; Feb. 9.
 Boyd, William, 25; Feb. 27, '64, Syracuse; Feb. 29.
 Boyle, John, 25; Aug. 31, '64, Albany; Sept. 1, 1 year.
 Bradburn, Peter, 44; Sept. 3, '64, Camillus; Sept. 6.
 Bradley, James, 23; Dec. 15, '63, Brooklyn; Dec. 15.
 Brennan, John, 22; Dec. 17, '63, Brooklyn; Dec. 17.
 Brenne, John, 25; Sept. 5, '64, Aurelius; Sept. 5, 1 year.
 Bridenbacker, Jacob, 39; Jan. 6, '64, Troy; Jan. 8.
 Brooks, James P., 23; April 9, '64, New York; April 9.
 Brown, Charles, 19; Aug. 29, '64, Auburn; Aug. 29, 1 year.
 Brown, James S., 24; Feb. 27, '64, Onondaga; Feb. 29.
 Brown, John, 30; Dec. 28, '64, Junius; Dec. 29.
 Brown, John, 29; Dec. 14, '63, Galen; Dec. 15.
 Brown, Thomas, 20; April 15, '64, Westmoreland; April 15.
 Bruce, John, 19; Jan. 7, '64, Syracuse; Jan. 7.
 Bukley, John, 40; Aug. 30, '64, Conquest; Aug. 30, 1 year.
 Burke, William, 22; March 11, '64, New York; March 11.
 Burletes, Henry, 32; Dec. 28, '63, Fayette; Dec. 29.
 Butler, James, 23; Sept. 3, '64, Sennett; Sept. 3, 1 year.
 Butts, Alexander, Jr., 30; Jan. 9, '64, Smyrna; Jan. 9.
 Calipe, William, 34; Sept. 3, '64, Albany; 1 year; M. O., May 7, '65.
 Campbell, Henry, 35; Sept. 1, '64, Skaneateles; 1 year; Sept. 1.
 Cannon, William W., 25; Sept. 6, '64, Albany; Sept. 21, 1 year.
 Carney, John, 28; Sept. 7, '64, Brooklyn; Sept. 7.
 Carroll, Martin, 23; Dec. 15, '63, Brooklyn; Dec. 15.
 Carter, John S., 21; Dec. 14, '62, Albany; Dec. 14.
 Case, Charles, 27; Dec. 31, '63, Galen; Jan. 2, '64.
 Cassidy, William, 19; March 11, '63, Tully; March 11.
 Chadwick, James, 36; Dec. 12, '63, Pembroke; Dec. 12.
 Clark, Charles S., 18; Jan. 9, '64, Brooklyn; Jan. 9.
 Clark, George A., 18; Dec. 14, '64, Albany; Dec. 14.
 Clark, James, 21; Dec. 11, '64, Brooklyn; Dec. 14.
 Clark, James S., 18; Aug. 20, '64, Dryden; Aug. 20, 1 year.
 Clark, Thomas, 25; Sept. 6, '64, Auburn; Sept. 6, 1 year.
 Clay, Frank H., 20; Sept. 13, '64, Avon; Sept. 13, 1 year.

- Coleman, James, 38; Dec. 28, '63, Macedon; Dec. 29; Vet. Co. B. 160th N. Y.
- Comstock, Alexander, 25; Dec. 21, '63, Brooklyn; Dec. 21.
- Comstock, Levi W., 18; Jan. 18, '64, Dewitt; Jan. 25.
- Conger, Hoyt, 21; Dec. 14, '63, Waterloo; Dec. 21.
- Conlon, John, 28; April 7, '64, Jamaica; April 7.
- Connors, John, 19; April 15, '64, Utica; April 15.
- Cook, Daniel, 21; Jan. 2, '64, Auburn; Jan. 5.
- Cook, Edward, 44; Jan. 14, '64, Mexico; Jan. 14.
- Cooley, Michael, 44; Jan. 1, '64, Syracuse; Jan. 4.
- Cornwell, John T., 38; Jan. 9, '64, Macedon; Jan. 12.
- Coupe, William W., 44; Sept. 2, '64, Albany; Sept. 9.
- Coyle, John, 30; Sept. 23, '64, Tarrytown; Sept. 23, 1 year.
- Cranson, Dexter, 44; Dec. 22, '63, Venice; Dec. 22.
- Crawford, Clarence, 18; Dec. 14, '63, Galen; Dec. 14.
- Crawford, James D., 33; Jan. 4, '64, Bolivar; Jan. 4.
- Cromwell, William A., 24; Dec. 16, '63, Macedon; Dec. 16.
- Cross, Albert B., 29; Sept. 8, '64, Sodus; Sept. 8.
- Crothey, Robert, 25; Sept. 3, '64, Scipio; Sept. 3.
- Cune, Patrick M., 23; April 7, '64, Batavia; April 7.
- Cutler, John, 21; March 24, '63, Brooklyn; March 24.
- Dailey, Ezekiel L., 44; Dec. 29, '63, Lyons; Dec. 29.
- Daly, John, 21; Sept. 15, '63, Sodus; Sept. 15.
- Davidson, John, 35; Sept. 3, '64, Albany; Sept. 3; M. O., May 7, '65.
- Deabson, William, 20; Dec. 22, '63, Bethel; Dec. 22.
- Deming, Francis B., 18; Dec. 30, '63, Rose; Jan. 2, '64.
- Derby, Milton, 33; Sept. 1, '64, Huron; Sept. 5, 1 year. Had been in 44th and 105th N. Y.
- Dillen, John, 22; Dec. 21, '63, Brooklyn; Dec. 21.
- Dixon, James, 22; Nov. 23, '63, Brooklyn; Nov. 23. Vet. Co. K, 16th Va. Vols.
- Doodey, John, 19; Nov. 24, '63, Brooklyn; Nov. 24.
- Doumb, George, 22; Oct. 14, '64, New York; Oct. 14.
- Doyle, Arthur, 25; Dec. 30, '63, Wolcott; Dec. 30.
- Doyle, John, 18; March 15, '64, Richland; March 15.
- Downey, Robert, 44; Aug. 30, '64, Oswego; Aug. 30; M. O., July 27, '65.
- Dunmore, James, 24; Jan. 1, '64, Auburn; Jan. 4.
- Early, William, 24; Dec. 12, '63, Brooklyn; Dec. 14.
- Edick, William P., 32; Jan. 21, '64, Geddes; Jan. 21.
- Edwards, William, 21; Dec. 14, '63, Auburn; Dec. 14.
- Elliott, Printis, 53; Jan. 1, '64, Harford; Jan. 1.
- Emerick, Joshua, 38; Dec. 18, '63, Auburn; Jan. 2, '64.
- Evans, Daniel, 23; Dec. 9, '63, Brooklyn; Dec. 9.
- Evers, James, 23; Dec. 12, '63, Brooklyn; Dec. 14.
- Fellows, Thomas, 24; Feb. 29, '64, Washington; Feb. 29.
- Field, Horace, 18; Jan. 29, '64, Sodus; Jan. 29.
- Flynn, David, 22; Dec. 7, '63, Brooklyn; Dec. 7.

- Foster, George T., 24; Sept. 3, '64, Galen; Sept. 3, 1 year.
 Foster, James P., 44; Dec. 19, '63, Butler; Dec. 28.
 Foster, Paul, 23; Feb. 24, '64, Windham; Feb. 24.
 Freer, Isaac, 21; Jan. 5, '64, Onondaga; Jan. 5.
 French, Peter, 31; Jan. 2, '64, Auburn; Jan. 5.
 Frysat, Joseph, 31; Jan. 26, '64, Wolcott; Jan. 26.
 Gaffey, James, 32; Dec. 18, '63, Auburn; Dec. 31.
 Gardner, Adolphus, 18; Dec. 30, '63, Palmyra; Jan. 2.
 Gay, Lawrence, 24; Jan. 1, '63, Palmyra; Jan. 2.
 Genthner, Charles, 18; Dec. 31, '63, Lyons; Jan. 4.
 George, James, 32; Sept. 1, '64, Albany; Sept. 1, 1 year; M. O.,
 May 7, '65.
 Gilhuley, James, 44; Aug. 31, '64, Conquest; Sept. 1, 1 year;
 M. O., July 6, '65.
 Glenn, Frank, 23; Dec. 7, '63, Brooklyn; Dec. 7.
 Goodnow, Washington, 27; Aug. 30, '64, Auburn; Aug. 30.
 Goodrich, Ephraim, 44; Dec. 23, '63, Butler; Dec. 29.
 Gotham, Brainard C., 19; Jan. 16, '64, Russia; Jan. 18.
 Gray, Walter S., 21; Nov. 24, '63, Brooklyn; Nov. 24.
 Hall, Isaac, 18; Jan. 7, '64, Salina; Jan. 7.
 Hamilton, James, 35; Aug. 1, '64, Lyons; Aug. 1.
 Haskell, Daniel, 42; Dec. 28, '63, Aurelius; Dec. 28.
 Hawkins, Elizner, 29; Aug. 28, '64, Ira; Aug. 29.
 Haywood, Alfred, 24; Dec. 26, '63, Sodus; Dec. 29.
 Heady, Lewis, 19; Dec. 29, '63, Sempronius; Dec. 29.
 Henry, John, 20; Jan. 21, '64, Elbridge; Jan. 21.
 Herrington, James S., 18; Jan. 4, '64, Auburn; Jan. 4.
 Hitchcock, George W., 30; Dec. 26, '63, Macedon; Dec. 28.
 Holcomb, Charles R., 20; Jan. 22, '64, Victory; Jan. 22.
 Holden, James, 23; April 7, '64, Jamaica; April 7.
 Horn, Charles V., 21; Dec. 14, '63, Rose; Dec. 15.
 Houser, Charles L., 19; Sept. 3, '63, Dryden; Sept. 3.
 Howard, John, 44; Jan. 6, '63, Clay; Jan. 6; had served in Co. 1,
 149th N. Y. Vols.
 Hoyer, Francis, 26; Aug. 31, '64, Albany; Sept. 7.
 Hyde, John, 23; Sept. 6, '64, Auburn; Sept. 6, 1 year.
 Inorgan, David, 18; Dec. 9, '63, Brooklyn; Dec. 9.
 Ireland, William W., 19; Jan. 8, '64, Lyons; Feb. 11.
 Jennings, Charles H., 31; Sept. 24, '63, Lyons; Feb. 24, '64.
 Johnson, Hogan, 28; Jan. 15, '64, New York; Jan. 15.
 Johnston, John, 32; Dec. 16, '63, Galen; Dec. 29.
 Jones, James, 23; March 11, '64, New York; March 11.
 Jones, Samuel I., 42; Dec. 26, '63, Brooklyn; Dec. 26.
 Kane, John, 24; March 11, '64, New York; March 11.
 Kinney, Joseph, 22; Dec. 29, '63, New Haven; Dec. 29.
 Kramer, George, 18; Jan. 4, '64, Brooklyn; Jan. 4.
 Larkins, John, —; March 15, '64, Richland; March 15.
 Lavey, James, 20; March 3, '64, Brooklyn; March 3.
 Leonard, Charles R., 29; Jan. 28, '64, Cortland; Jan. 28.

- Little, Isaac, 44; Jan. 5, '64, Skaneateles; Jan. 5; had served in Co. F, 160th N. Y. Vols.
- Loafman, James, 19; March 9, '64, Troy; March 9.
- Logan, John, 21; Dec. 4, '63, Brooklyn; Dec. 4.
- Lusk, William, 19; Feb. 23, '64, Troy; Feb. 23.
- Lyman, Charles, 23; Nov. 24, '63, Brooklyn; Nov. 24.
- Lyman, Joseph, 19; Nov. 24, '63, Brooklyn; Nov. 24.
- Lyons, John, 22; Nov. 24, '64, Brooklyn; Nov. 24.
- McCarty, Patrick, 41; Dec. 28, '63, Syracuse; Dec. 28.
- McVicar, John D., 24; Jan. 1, '64, Lyons; Jan. 4.
- Madder, John, 25; Dec. 15, '63, Aurelius; Dec. 30.
- Mahany, Dennis, 19; Feb. 3, '64, Brooklyn; Feb. 3.
- Mann, Asa D., 43; Dec. 22, '63, Venice; Jan. 2, '64.
- Manning, Albert, 30; Sept. 23, '64, Tarrytown; Sept. 23, 1 year.
- Marshall, Henry S., 23; Jan. 4, '64, Geneva; Jan. 4.
- Martin, Henry, 21; March 15, '64, Richland; March 15.
- Martin, Thomas, 20; Sept. 1, '64, Auburn; Sept. 2, 1 year.
- Mead, William H., 44; Dec. 24, '63, Butler; Dec. 28.
- Merritt, Edmund P., 43; Jan. 11, '64, Cortland; Jan. 13.
- Milem, William, 41; Nov. 23, '63, Galen; Nov. 23.
- Miller, Cornelius, 21; Dec. 14, '63, Rose; Dec. 29.
- Miller, John B., 24; Dec. 26, '63, Galen; Dec. 29.
- Miller, Proctor, 23; Aug. 29, '64, Moravia; Sept. 1, 1 year.
- Miller, William A., 40; Feb. 12, '64, Syracuse; Feb. 12.
- Miner, John, 31; Sept. 6, '64, Auburn; Sept. 6, 1 year.
- Moore, George, 23; Sept. 6, '64, Auburn; Sept. 6, 1 year.
- Moore, Horatio E., 47; Feb. 8, '64, Virgil; Feb. 9.
- Morgan, Ebenezer D., 20; Aug. 30, '64, Albany; M. O., May 7, '65.
- Morgan, Henry J., 21; Dec. 9, '63, Brooklyn; Dec. 9.
- Mulligan, Dennis, 21; March 11, '64, New York; March 11.
- Murney, Cornelius, 40; Dec. 23, Junius; Jan. 5, '64.
- Murphey, Michael, 22; Dec. 15, '63, Brooklyn; Dec. 15.
- Murray, Bernard, 21; March 11, '64, New York; March 11.
- Murray, Erastus, 45; Aug. 9, '64, Rose; Aug. 9, 1 year.
- Myers, William A., 22; Sept. 1, '64, Auburn; Sept. 2, 1 year.
- Nichols, John B., 25; Aug. 29, '64, Oxford; Aug. 29, 1 year.
- North, Jesse, 42; Sept. 1, '64, Huron; Sept. 1, 1 year; M. O., Dec. —, '64.
- Norton, Horace, 41; Dec. 30, '63, Schroepfel; Dec. 30.
- Norton, Michael, 21; Dec. 12, '63, Brooklyn; Dec. 12.
- Nots, Thomas, 22; Sept. 6, '64, Auburn; Sept. 6, 1 year.
- O'Keefe, Daniel, 19; Feb. 20, '64, Oswego; Feb. 20.
- Overocker, George W., 18; Aug. 22, '64, Butler; Aug. 22, 1 year.
- Parsons, David, 23; Aug. 31, '64, Ira; Aug. 31, 1 year.
- Parsons, Stephen, 23; Aug. 9, '64, Savannah; Aug. 9.
- Perry, Leonard J., 20; March 1, '64, Kingston; March 1.
- Pettitt, Joseph, 18; Jan. 4, '64, Brooklyn; Jan. 4.
- Potter, Byron, 28; Jan. 13, '64, Macedon; Jan. 15; M. O., July 8, '64.

- Potter, Charles, 25; Jan. 4, '64, Savannah; Jan. 4.
 Potter, George W., 22; Nov. 21, '63, Oswego; Nov. 21.
 Prentiss, James B., 19; Dec. 24, '63, Marion; Dec. 24.
 Quinn, James, 45; Dec. 28, '63, Macedon; Dec. 28.
 Radway, Albert R., 25; Sept. 15, '64, Rochester; 1 year; M. O.,
 May 9, '65.
 Rains, John, 21; Sept. 6, '64, Auburn; Sept. 6, 1 year.
 Rankins, William, 20; Feb. 27, '64, Mexico; Feb. 27.
 Reardon, William, 21; March 3, '64, Brooklyn; March 3.
 Reese, Philip, 18; Dec. 9, '63, Brooklyn; Dec. 9.
 Remington, Orlando, 44; Dec. 31, '63, Brutus; Dec. 31.
 Reyne, James, 30; Sept. 28, '64, Cohocton; Sept. 24.
 Riley, Patrick, 20; Nov. 25, '63, Brooklyn; Nov. 25.
 Riley, Philip, 23; Oct. 25, '64, Albany; Oct. 25, 1 year.
 Ringley, Seth H., 20; Dec. 29, '63, Onondaga; Dec. 29.
 Ritchey, James, 36; Jan. 27, '64, Auburn; Jan. 27.
 Rogers, Thomas, 19; March 11, '64, Clay; March 11.
 Rook, Martin, 20; Feb. 3, '64, Brooklyn; Feb. 3.
 Rorke, John, 18; Feb. 3, '64, Brooklyn; Feb. 3.
 Rosser, Garrett S., 20; Nov. 30, '63, Syracuse; Nov. 30.
 Russell, Henry, 44; Dec. 21, '63, Mentz; Dec. 21.
 Ryan, Morris, 32; Jan. 6, '64, Skaneateles; Jan. 6.
 Ryan, Thomas, 20; Sept. 15, '63, Seneca Falls; Sept. 15.
 Sanders, William, 20; Dec. 22, '63, Albany; Dec. 22.
 Sayers, Henry, 26; March 1, '64, Troy; March 1.
 Scanlon, Patrick, 30; Dec. 26, '63, Junius; Dec. 28.
 Schmidt, Emil, 25; Nov. 9, '64, New York; Nov. 9.
 Scholz, John, 18; Dec. 26, '63, Geddes; Dec. 26.
 Schoonmaker, Alonzo, 18; Jan. 4, '64, Conquest; Jan. 4.
 Seaman, Clinton, 22; Jan. 5, '64, Galen; Jan. 5.
 Shaver, Merritt C., 22; Jan. 11, '64, Smyrna; Jan. 11.
 Shaw, Richard B., 18; Jan. 4, '64, Groton; Jan. 4.
 Sheppard, Arsey M., 21; Feb. 8, '64, Lyons; Feb. 11.
 Sherman, John, 19; Jan. 21, '64, Onondaga; Jan. 21.
 Shumway, Sylvester, 19; Aug. 13, '64, Troy; Sept. 2.
 Sidman, James, 44; Sept. 1, '64, Conquest; Sept. 1, 1 year;
 Sinclair, Manuel, 18; Aug. 20, '64, Sempronius; Aug. 22.
 Slaven, James, 19; Dec. 9, '63, Brooklyn; Dec. 9.
 Smith, Amos H., 27; Aug. 9, '64, Savannah; Aug. 9.
 Smith, Charles, 24; Dec. 21, '63, Brooklyn; Dec. 21.
 Smith, Emery W., 36; Dec. 28, '63, Harford; Dec. 28.
 Smith, George, 21; April 15, '64, Rome; April 15.
 Stetson, Jerome, 23; Dec. 31, '63, Otisco; Jan. 6, '64; M. O.,
 May 7, '64.
 Stravels, John, 24; Sept. 6, '64, Sodus; Sept. 6, 1 year.
 Sullivan, Michael, 18; Feb. 8, '64, Enfield; Feb. 8.
 Swain, Thomas, 20; March 3, '64, Brooklyn; March 3.
 Sweet, Michael M., 40; Dec. 22, '63, Galen; Dec. 29.
 Tafft, Frank F., 27; Sept. 3, '64, Venice; Sept. 3.

- Thompson, Edward, 46; Sept. 22, '63, Montezuma; Dec. 30.
 Thompson, Orson, 18; Dec. 22, '63, Dewitt; Dec. 22.
 Thorp, Thomas, 19; Sept. 1, '64, Auburn; Sept. 1, 1 year.
 Thurston, James, 20; Dec. 31, '63, Syracuse; Dec. 31.
 Tripp, Morton F., 16; Feb. 22, '64, Rose; dis. April 20, '64, Fort
 Baker.
 Turner, Charles, 21; Nov. 24, '63, Brooklyn; Nov. 24.
 Tuttle, Peter, 40; Jan. 13, '64, Syracuse; Jan. 13.
 Utter, George N., 20; Sept. 13, '64, Sodus; Sept. 14, 1 year.
 Van Guilder, Henry A., 18; Sept. 2, '64, Auburn; Sept. 1, 1 year.
 Waldron, Waland, 18; Jan. 25, '64, Marcellus; Jan. 25.
 Webber, Charles S., 24; March 10, '64, Troy; March 10.
 Weed, James, 21; Dec. 4, '63, Brooklyn; Dec. 4.
 Wilber, Austin, 20; Jan. 4, '64, Lincklaen; Jan. 6.
 Whitney, Isaac, 28; Dec. 10, '63, Lyons; Dec. 10.
 Wilkinson, Philester, 41; Sept. 2, '64, Wolcott; Sept. 2, 1 year.
 Williams, Edward, 19; April 15, '64, Augusta; April 15; Vet.
 Co. D, 2d N. Y. A.
 Wilsey, Francis, 24; Dec. 29, '63, Sullivan; Dec. 29.
 Wilson, James, 26; Sept. 3, '64, Somerset; Sept. 3.
 Worrall, Charles, 21; Dec. 15, '63, New York; Dec. 15.
 Wright, Ensign, 32; Dec. 21, '63, Galen; Dec. 21.

TABLE OF AGGREGATES.

	Whole No. belonging.	Killed, died of wounds or other violence.	Died in prisons or parole camp.	Died.	Wounded.	Prisoners.	Officers in colored regiments.	Transferred to 2nd N. Y. H. A.	Transferred to other branches of service.	Discharged from Hospitals.	Deserted.
Original Field and Staff,	14				2			1	2		
COMPANY A.											
Officers,	13		1		2	1		1			
Enlisted Men,	308	25	8	16	47	19	3	49	7	57	21
COMPANY B.											
Officers,	9	1			1	1		1			
Enlisted Men,	206	22	1	9	24	7	11	34	7	22	3
COMPANY C.											
Officers,	16				2						
Enlisted Men,	220	22	11	19	37	21		45	6	26	4
COMPANY D.											
Officers,	14	1			1						
Enlisted Men,	230	12	9	9	20	23	1	44	11	34	9
COMPANY E.											
Officers,	13	2		2	1			2			
Enlisted Men,	244	28	4	22	20	10	1	44	10	27	9
COMPANY F.											
Officers,	13	1						1			
Enlisted Men,	246	12	1	7	15	2	1	58	13	20	36
COMPANY G.											
Officers,	12										
Enlisted Men,	224	9	1	17	18	3	1	43	9	9	5
COMPANY H.											
Officers,	9										
Enlisted Men,	250	16	3	12	23	12		42	6	12	20
COMPANY I.											
Officers,	12							1			
Enlisted Men,	212	6	1	12	11	2	1	78	9	10	10
COMPANY K.											
Officers,	9	1			3			1			
Enlisted Men,	234	30	5	26	22	24		40	5	15	18
COMPANY L.											
Officers,	8				1			2			
Enlisted Men,	200	7	1	13	15	5	1	91	6	18	14
COMPANY M.											
Officers,	10	1			2			2			
Enlisted Men,	236	10	2	9	25	12	1	98	16	14	7
	2962	206	48	173	290	142	21	678	106	264	156

Adding 244 unassigned recruits, and deducting 32 for officers, named twice, the final aggregate is 3,174; but the number 2,962 represents those who made the record for the regiment.



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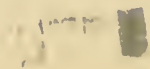
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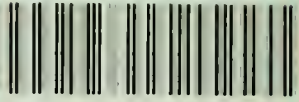


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